T.Wadsworth

S. Jacobs Sc.

REMARKS

MADE, ON A SHORT TOUR,

BETWEEN HARTFORD AND QUEBEC

IN THE

AUTUMN OF 1819.

QUEBEC from POINT LEVI
Pic. 240

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY S. CONVERSE.
1820.

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IN THE

AUTUMN OF 1819:

Benjamin Silliman

BY THE AUTHOR OF A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, HOLLAND AND SCOTLAND.

NEW-HAVEN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. CONVERSE.

1820.

Un... CA... Ottawa

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twelfth day of August, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:—

"Remarks, made on a short tour, between Hartford and Quebec, in the Autumn of 1819: by the Author of a Journal of "Travels in England, Holland and Scotland."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

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1820

PREFACE.

DURING the excursion, which produced this small volume, I began, with an intention of sketching a series, of short articles, in some degree popular and general, in their character, and still of such a cast, as would admit of their being thrown occasionally, into the American Journal of Science.

Before the close of the journey, these remarks, although written hastily, in public houses, and in steam-boats, became too extensive for the object first intended. For reasons, with which it is, perhaps, unnecessary to trouble the reader, it has since been thought advisable to print them, after due revision, in the form in which they now appear.

The geological notices, are, with few exceptions, placed under distinct heads, and may, without inconvenience, be omitted, by those to whom they are uninteresting. But, the geological features of a country being permanent—being intimately connected with its scenery, with its leading interests, and even with the very character of its population, have a fair claim, to delineation, in the observations of a traveller; and this course, however unusual with us, is now common in Europe. I regret, that my limited time did not admit of more extended and complete observations of this nature, and I cannot flatter myself that they are always free from error.

The historical remarks and citations have been the more extended, from an impression, that less has been said by travellers in America, than might have been expected, of scenes and events, which, to Americans, I conceive, must ever be subjects of the deepest interest.

The friend, in whose company this tour was made, having been in the habit, when travelling, of taking hasty outlines of interesting portions of scenery, and of finishing them after his return, did, in this instance, the same; and, although when executed, they were not intended for publication, the drawings, which illustrate some of the scenes in this work, were, at my request, furnished by him.

The engraver, Mr. S. S. Jocelyn, of New-Haven, a young man of twenty, almost entirely *self-taught*, evinces talents, deserving of encouragement, and which have been highly spoken of, by the first historical painter in this country.

This little accidental work does not assume the dignity of a book of travels; it contains no adventure, and claims to be merely a series of remarks, and of statements of facts, respecting some portions of this country, and of a neighbouring province.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

Yale College, August 11th, 1820.

ERRATA.

A few errata, which (although in an unimportant manner,) affect the sense, and a few errors of orthography, had been noted, but, the memorandum containing them, having been mislaid, at too advanced a stage of the printing, to allow time for a reperusal of the book, these things must necessarily go uncorrected.

The only error *of fact*, which I have discovered, is, that we arrived at Burlington, on our return, *at evening*, instead of *morning*; it is, however, *of no moment*.

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TOUR, &c.

Remarks made, on a short tour, between Hartford and Quebec, in the autumn of 1819.

RELAXATION and health, and the gratification of a reasonable curiosity, were our immediate motives, for undertaking this journey. QUEBEC, was our ultimate destination, but, we were not disposed to neglect interesting intervening objects, and as we were unincumbered by business, and travelled by ourselves, we were masters in a good degree, of our own movements.

On the twenty-first day of September, we left Hartford for Albany. A blustering equinoctial, had been howling for two days, but without rain, and, as a severe drought had long prevailed, clouds of dust rose, in incessant eddies, and, driving before a violent wind, filled the atmosphere, and enveloped every object. We were not however prevented by the storm of sand and dust from setting out, nor, by the rain which soon followed, from proceeding. The fine turnpike upon which we commenced our journey was, but a few years since, a most rugged uncomfortable road; now we passed it with ease

and rapidity, scarcely perceiving its beautiful undulations, which, gradually rising, as we receded from the Connecticut river, brought us, within little more than an hour, to the foot of Talcot mountain.

MONTE VIDEO.

After constantly ascending, for nearly three miles, we reached the highest ridge of the mountain, from which a steep declivity of a few rods, brought us to a small rude plain, terminated at a short distance, by the western brow, down which the same fine turnpike road is continued. From this plain, the traveller who wishes to visit a spot called Monte Video, remarkable for the extraordinary beauty of its natural scenery, will turn directly to the north, into an obscure road, cut through the woods, by the proprietor of the place to which it conducts. The road is rough, and the view bounded on the east, by the ridge, which, in many places, rises in perpendicular cliffs, to more than one hundred feet above the general surface of the summit of the mountain. On the west, you are so shut in by trees, that it is only occasionally, and for a moment, that you perceive there is a valley immediately below you.

At the end of a mile and an half, the road terminates at a tenant's house, built in the Gothic style, and through a gate of the same description, you enter the cultivated part of this very singular country residence.

Here the scene is immediately changed. The trees no longer intercept your view upon the left,

and you look almost perpendicularly, into a valley of extreme beauty, and great extent, in the highest state of cultivation, and which although apparently within reach, is six hundred and forty feet below you. At the right, the ridge, which has, until now, been your boundary, and seemed an impassable barrier, suddenly breaks off, and disappears, but rises again at the distance of half a mile, in bold grey masses, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, crowned by forest trees, above which appears a tower, of the same colour as the rocks.

The space or hollow, caused by the absence of the ridge, or what may very properly be called the *back bone* of the mountain, is occupied by a deep lake, of the purest water, nearly half a mile in length, and somewhat less than half that width. Directly before you, to the north, from the cottage or tenant's house and extending half a mile, is a scene of cultivation, uninclosed, and interspersed with trees, in the centre of which, stands the house. The ground is gently undulating, bounded on the west by the precipice which overlooks the Farmington valley, and inclining gently to the east, where it is terminated by the fine margin of trees, that skirt the lake. After entering the gate, a broad foot-path, leaving the carriage road, passes off to the left, and is carried along the western brow of the mountain, until passing the house, and reaching the northern extremity of this little domain, it conducts you, almost imperceptibly, round to the foot of the cliffs, on

which the Tower stands. It then gradually passes down to the north extremity of the lake, where it unites with other paths, at a white picturesque building, overshadowed with trees, standing on the edge of the water, commanding a view of the whole of it, and open on every side, during the warm weather, forming at that season, a delightful summer house, and in the winter, being closed, it serves as a shelter for the boat. There is also another path which beginning at the gate, but leading in a contrary direction, and passing to the right, conducts you up the ridge, to what is now the summit of the south rock, whose top having fallen off, lies scattered in huge fragments, and massy ruins, around and below you.

From this place you have a view of the lake, of the boat at anchor on its surface, gay with its streamers, and snowy awning: of the white building at the north extremity of the water, and, (rising immediately above it,) of forest trees, and bold rocks, intermingled with each other, and surmounted by the Tower.

To the west, the lawn rises gradually from the water, until it reaches the portico of the house, near the brow of the mountain, beyond which, the western valley is again seen.

To the east and north, the eye wanders over the great valley of Connecticut river, to an almost boundless distance, until the scene fades away, among the blue and indistinct mountains of Massachusetts.

The carriage road, leaving the two foot-paths, (just described,) at the gate, passes the cottage and its appendages, inclining at first down towards the water, and then following the undulations of the ground, where the ascent is the easiest, winds gently up to the flat on which the house stands. Along this road the house, the tower, the lake, &c. occasionally appear and disappear, through the openings in the trees; in some parts of it, all these objects are shut from your view, and in no part is the distant view seen, until passing through the last group of shrubbery near the house, you suddenly find yourself within a few yards of the brow of the mountain, and the valley with all its distinct minuteness, immediately below, where every object is as perfectly visible, as if placed upon a map. Through the whole of this lovely scene, which appears a perfect garden, the Farmington river pursues its course, sometimes sparkling through imbowering trees, then stretching in a direct line, bordered with shrubbery, blue, and still, like a clear canal, or bending in graceful sweeps, round white farm houses, or through meadows of the deepest green.

The view from the house towards the east, presents nothing but the lake at the foot of the lawn, bounded on the north and south by lofty cliffs, and on the opposite shore, by a lower barrier of rocks, intermixed with forest trees, from amongst which, a road is seen to issue, passing to the south along the brink of the water, and although perfectly safe, ap-

pears to form, from that quarter, a dangerous entrance to this retired spot.

Every thing in this view, is calculated to make an impression of the most entire seclusion; for, beyond the water, and the open ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, rocks and forests alone meet the eye, and appear to separate you from all the rest of the world. But at the same moment that you are contemplating this picture of the deepest solitude, you may without leaving your place, merely by changing your position, see through one of the long Gothic windows of the same room, which reach to a level with the turf, the glowing western valley, one vast sheet of cultivation, filled with inhabitants, and so near, that with the aid only of a common spy-glass, you distinguish the motions of every individual who is abroad in the neighbouring village, even to the frolicks of the children, and the active industry of the domestic fowls, seeking their food, or watching over, and providing for their young. And from the same window, when the morning mist, shrouding the world below and frequently hiding it completely from view, still leaves the summit of the mountain in clear sunshine, you may hear through the dense medium, the mingled sounds, occasioned by preparation for the rural occupations of the day.

From the boat or summer house, several paths diverge; one of which, leading to the northeast, after passing through a narrow defile, is divided into

two branches; the first passes round the lake, and generally out of sight of it, for a quarter of a mile, until descending a very steep bank, through a grove of evergreens, so dark as to be almost impervious to the rays of the sun, even at noon day, it brings you suddenly and unexpectedly, out, upon the eastern margin of the water, into the same road which was seen from the opposite side, and from thence along it, to the cottage, beyond the foot of the south rock. The other branch of the path, after leaving the defile, passes to the east side of the northern ridge, and thence you ascend through the woods, to its summit, where it terminates at the Tower, standing within a few rods of the edge of the precipice. The tower is a hexagon, of sixteen feet diameter, and fifty five feet high; the ascent, of about eighty steps, on the inside, is easy, and from the top which is nine hundred and sixty feet above the level of Connecticut river, you have at one view, all those objects which have been seen separately from the different stations below. The diameter of the view in two directions, is more than ninety miles, extending into the neighbouring states of Massachusetts and New-York, and comprising the spires of more than thirty of the nearest towns and villages. The little spot of cultivation surrounding the house, and the lake at your feet, with its picturesque appendages of boat, winding paths, and Gothic buildings, shut in by rocks and forests, compose the foreground of this grand Panorama.

On the western side, the Farmington valley appears, in still greater beauty than even from the lower brow, and is seen to a greater extent, presenting many objects which were not visible from any other quarter. On the east, is spread before you, the great plain through which the Connecticut river winds its course, and upon the borders of which the towns and villages are traced for more than forty miles. The most considerable place within sight, is Hartford, where, although at the distance of eight miles in a direct line, you see, with the aid of a glass, the carriages passing at the intersection of the streets, and distinctly trace the motion and position of the vessels, as they appear, and vanish, upon the river, whose broad sweeps are seen like a succession of lakes, extending through the valley. The whole of this magnificent picture, including in its vast extent, cultivated plains and rugged mountains, rivers, towns, and villages, is encircled by a distant outline of blue mountains, rising in shapes of endless variety.

The annexed prints, Nos. 1 and 2, will give some ocular illustrations of the scenery on the top of the mountain. They exhibit different views of the lake, the cultivated lawn, the buildings, the surrounding forest, and rocky pinnacles and tower; but still, it must be remembered, that they give only some parts of the scene *on the top* of the mountain, without conveying any adequate idea, of the altitude

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MOOSE WILDED.

of the place, and scarcely a glimpse of the remote scenery. Indeed, the full illustration of the beauties of this mountain, would require a port folio of views, and would form a fine subject for the pencil of a master.

As the beauty and grandeur of this place depend principally upon certain general facts relative to the geological structure and consequent scenery of the middle region of Connecticut, it may not be amiss to sketch in a very general way what I believe has been nowhere sketched at all.

Scenery and Geology of the Middle Region of Connecticut.

Among the objects which most powerfully arrest the attention of a traveller, natural scenery generally occupies a distinguished place. No person, however heedless in observation, or torpid in feeling, can fail to experience some degree of interest in the features drawn upon the face of the earth by the hand of the Almighty, or to preserve some recollections of them. Even those whose views rise not above their immediate occupations, and who contemplate the earth only as a place on which they may live and act, and as a reservoir from which

emolument may flow, are still attentive to deep sands and rocky defiles, to dangerous bogs and marshes, and to mountain chains, when they defeat or enhance the toils of cultivation, or oppose formidable obstacles to travelling. National character often receives its peculiar cast from natural scenery. The hardy mountaineer, at least in the early stages of society, instinctively despises and easily subdues the soft inhabitant of rich alluvial plains; and the peculiar characteristics of the Scotch Highlander, of the Bedouin Arab, and of the Hindu, are derived as much from the mountains, the sandy deserts, and the luxuriant vallies and plains, which they respectively inhabit, as from other causes. Natural scenery therefore is always worthy of observation, and it will be a never-failing source of delight to those, who, though perhaps not themselves painters or poets, participate in any degree in their faculties and perceptions; and find in mountains, plains, and vallies—in streams, lakes, and woods—in cataracts and caverns—in cultivated regions, and in untamed solitudes—in narrow defiles, and in the boundless horizon, ever varying sources of pleasure, and inexhaustible topics of admiration and praise.

Neither should it be forgotten, that the peculiar features of every landscape are not fortuitous. The nature of the rocks, which, more or less prominent, or buried at a greater or less depth, form the firm substratum of every country, determines also the lineaments of the surface; and although the Arab of

the desert, while he looks over his boundless ocean of sand, and the Norwegian, while he climbs his snowy mountains, is unconscious of this truth, it is still an acquisition to every intelligent mind.

Thus, natural scenery is intimately connected with taste, moral feeling, utility, an instruction.

In no country perhaps, is it more varied than in North America, and it constantly bears a close relation to the geological structure of the different regions. Even in so limited a country as Connecticut, there are features so widely different, as hardly to escape the observation of the most negligent traveller. The greater part of this state being composed of primitive formations, exhibits the usual aspect of such countries, and is, with few exceptions, (and those relating principally to the alluvion of rivers and of the sea shore,) hilly or mountainous.

In most parts of Connecticut, the traveller passes a succession of hills and hollows, bounded by large curves, sometimes sinking deep and rising high, so as to create great inequality of surface—ascents and descents frequently arduous; but rarely, except at fissures and chasms, exhibiting high naked precipices of rock.

But, the hills and mountains are not all similar in their outline, and, in one region in particular, the physiognomy of the country is very peculiar.

At New-Haven, commences the region of secondary trap or greenstone, referred to above. It completely intersects the state, and the state of

Massachusetts, like a belt, and even passes to the confines of the states of Vermont and New-Hampshire.

Through the whole extent of this district, as in a great valley among the ridges, the Connecticut river flows, except below Middletown, near which the river passes through a barrier of primitive country, which continues uninterruptedly to the ocean, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

In the mean time, the trap region passes off in a direction south-westerly, and obliquely, with respect to the Connecticut river, and to the sea coast: it intersects parts of Durham, Guilford, and Branford, and unites again with the primitive in East-Haven, on the eastern side of New-Haven harbour. There, near the light-house, granite ledges are found contiguous to, although not, (as yet,) in absolute contact with the trap.

The other boundaries of this region of secondary trap or *greenstone*, (as it is more frequently called,) may be thus stated, with sufficient accuracy. The primitive forms the western termination of New-Haven harbour, and proceeding northerly, through parts of the towns of Woodbridge, Cheshire, Wolcott, Bristol, Burlington, Canton, and Granby, crosses into Massachusetts by South-Hampton, Northampton, Hatfield, Deerfield, Greenfield, and Bernardston, and terminates very nearly at the Vermont line. Returning, on the eastern side, this region is bounded by parts of Northfield, Montague,

Leveret, Pelham, Belchertown, Granby, &c. and passing into Connecticut at Somers—it is bounded by parts of Ellington, Vernon, Bolton, Glastenbury, and Chatham: at this latter place it again strikes the Connecticut river a little below Middletown, where this sketch commenced.*

This region is more than one hundred miles long, and varies in breadth from three miles to twenty-five. Its basis is composed of stratified rocks, inclined to the east generally at a small angle to the horizon; sand stone is the most conspicuous of these rocks, and it has every variety, from very fine grained, to coarse; sometimes the rock is a breccia or a pudding stone or a mere conglomerate. Generally, beneath the sand stone we find varieties of slaty rocks, sometimes impressed with vegetables and fish, and containing small veins of jet and coal.

The most conspicuous feature of this region is composed of the fine ridges of greenstone trap, which pervade it, generally in the direction of its length, and reach from the sea shore at New-Haven, with little interruption, to Greenfield and Gill, in the northern part of Massachusetts.

These ridges of greenstone repose almost universally upon sand stone,† and as this rock is by the

* I am indebted to Mr. Hitchcock's geological map (see Amer. Jour. of Science, vol. 1, p. 109,) for a part of these boundaries.

† The only exceptions that I am acquainted with, are those mentioned by Mr. Hitchcock in the American Journal of Science, vol. 1, p. 109.

consent of all, regarded as a secondary formation, proceeding from the ruins of other rocks, it follows, of course, that whatever rock reposes upon it, must also be secondary. Hence, these greenstone ranges are called secondary. The rock is called greenstone, from its having, generally, a dark bottle green colour, and trap, from its being often in the form of steps or stairs—the word trap, in the Swedish language, from which it is derived, having this signification. The constituents of the greenstone trap are, generally, the mineral called hornblende, for its basis, with feldspar intimately blended, sometimes visibly and sometimes in distinct crystals.—This rock is not hard, but it is very difficult to break—is sonorous—endures the weather very well, and forms an excellent material for building.

But the most striking circumstance to a traveller, is, the peculiar physiognomy imparted to this region, by the rocks of which we are speaking. Generally, throughout the district whose boundaries have been sketched, the greenstone mountains rise in bold ridges—stretching often, league after league, in a continued line—or with occasional interruptions—or in parallel lines—or in spurs and branches. One front, (and generally it is that which looks westerly,) is in most instances, composed of precipitous cliffs, of naked frowning rock, hoary with time, moss-grown, and tarnished by a superficial decomposition. This front is a perfect barrier, looking like an immense work of art, impassable in most places,

composed frequently of ill-formed pillars* standing, side by side, and receding one behind another, at different elevations, like rude stairs. These pillars terminate, at last, in a regular ridge, well defined like the top of a parapet, and crowned with trees, which at the elevation of from two or three, to seven or eight hundred feet, form a beautiful verdant fringe, often of evergreens, which is finely contrasted with the rocky barrier below. Although this is the general form of these hills, some of them are conical, or, of irregular shapes; but, the barrier-form is so common, that in many parts of this district, the country seems divided by stupendous walls, and the eye ranges along, league after league, without perceiving an avenue, or a place of egress.

Most of the ridges are parallel, and it is when travelling at their feet, that one is most forcibly struck with their castellated appearance. In some parts of the district it is impracticable for many miles, to find a passage for a road, or for a stream; and both, when they cross the direction of the ridges, are wound through narrow rocky defiles, often singularly picturesque and wild, with their lofty impending cliffs, and with their fallen ruins. Indeed, the immense masses of ruins which, both in this district, and in the similar districts of other countries, are collected at the feet of the green stone ridges,

* In some places, as on the front of mount Holyoke near Northampton, they are regular pillars, like those of the giant's causeway.

form a very striking object. Often they slope, with a very sharp acclivity, half, or two thirds of the way up the mountain, and terminate only at the rocky barrier; the ruins are composed of masses of every size, from that of a pebble, which may be thrown at a bird, to entire cliffs and pillars, of many tons weight, which, from time to time, fall, with fearful concussion, into the vallies. This kind of rocky avalanche is so common among the green stone mountains, that it is often heard, and sometimes, in the stillness of night, by those who live in the vicinity.

The cause is obvious. The greenstone rocks are often composed of contiguous, separate, pillars or portions, connected only by juxta position, and severed by fissures, both vertical and horizontal; into the former, the rain and snow water filters; and when it freezes, the rocks are, by the well known and irresistible expansion of the congealing water, strained asunder, and whenever, either by the gradual undermining, produced by the weather, or by the stone diggers, who fearlessly work under the impending cliffs, their centre of gravity ceases to be supported, they come thundering down, like the alpine glaciers, and strew their ruins beneath.

The two bluffs at New-Haven, called the East and the West Rock, have been (especially the former,) in a great measure despoiled of their ruins, and, to some extent, even of their columns, in order to supply the demands of architecture; but in most

parts of the greenstone region of Connecticut and Massachusetts, the venerable piles are undisturbed, and the hoary columns, tempest-beaten for ages, stand, the durable monuments of other times.

On the side of the greenstone ranges, opposite to that which presents a mural front, there is generally a gradual slope; often not of difficult ascent, and covered with trees and verdure, so that a traveller coming first upon the front, or the rear, would, if unaccustomed to such mountains, have no correct idea of the opposite side.

Such are the outlines of the scenery, and of the rocks upon which it depends, in the middle region of Connecticut.

It enables us to understand the peculiarities of the beautiful and grand scenery of Monte Video, which makes this villa, with its surrounding objects, quite without a parallel in America, and probably with few in the world.

To advert again, briefly, to a few of its leading peculiarities. It stands upon the very top of one of the highest of the green stone ridges of Connecticut, at an elevation of more than one thousand two hundred feet above the sea, and of nearly seven hundred above the contiguous valley. The villa is almost upon the brow of the precipice; and a traveller in the Farmington valley, sees it, a solitary tenement, and in a place apparently both comfortless and inaccessible, standing upon the giddy summit, ready, he would almost imagine, to be swept away by the

first blast from the mountain. The beautiful crystal lake is on the top of the same lofty greenstone ridge, and within a few yards of the house; it pours its superfluous waters in a limpid stream, down the mountain's side, and affords in winter, the most pellucid ice that can be imagined. Arrived on the top of the mountain, and confining his attention to the scene at his feet, the traveller scarcely realizes that he is elevated above the common surface. The lake, the Gothic villa, farm house and offices, the gardens, orchards, and serpentine walks, conducting the stranger through all the varieties of mountain shade, and to the most interesting points of view, indicate a beautiful but peaceful scene; but, if he lift his eyes, he sees still above him, on the north, bold precipices of naked rock, frowning like ancient battlements, and on one of the highest peaks, the tall tower, rising above the trees, and bidding defiance to the storms. If he ascend to its top, he contemplates an extent of country that might constitute a kingdom—populous and beautiful, with villages, turrets and towns; at one time, he sees the massy magnificence of condensed vapour, which reposes, in a vast extent of fog and mist, on the Farmington and Connecticut rivers, and defines, with perfect exactness, all their windings; at another, the clouds roll below him, in wild grandeur, through the contiguous valley, and, should a thunderstorm occur at evening, (an incident which every season presents,) he would view with delight,

chastened by awe, the illuminated hills, and corresponding hollows, which every where, fill the great vale west of the Talcot Mountain, and alternately appear and disappear with the flashes of lightning.

Descending this mountain to the west, the traveller is powerfully struck with the view of the enormous masses of greenstone rock, which lie in confusion upon the slope of the mountain. They are the largest masses of this kind of rock, that I have any where seen. One of them is twenty-five feet in diameter. They lie in every form of disorder—alone, or piled one on another, and plainly evincing, agreeably to the general fact in every country, where greenstone mountains abound, that they, more than almost any other, cover their declivities with fallen ruins; that in some period of antiquity, the contiguous ridges were vastly more elevated than at present, and that these dissevered masses, cleaving off from the ridges to which they were attached, were precipitated with irresistible violence, down the side of the mountain, till they found a resting place in solitudes, then trod only by the wild beasts, or by the savage aboriginals.

Alluvial country succeeds to the Talcot mountain, and for miles, we pass over gentle undulations abounding with water-worn pebles.

The red sand stone which every where in Connecticut, as well as in many other countries, forms the basis of the greenstone mountains, makes its appearance in various places, and constitutes, along

with this species of trap, the most common building stone of the country.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRIMITIVE COUNTRY.

At the distance of thirteen miles from Hartford, we crossed the first ridge of gneiss. This was a part of the great barrier of primitive rocks which as I have already stated, bounds the secondary region of Connecticut on the west, and in a moment, changes both the geology and the picturesque features of the country.

It is worthy of remark, that the primitive country, on the eastern side of the Connecticut river, comes in at nearly the same distance from Hartford as on the western side. As we ascend the Bolton hill, going towards Norwich, we come to the primitive rocks, which there, are mica slate, filled with garnets and staurotide. I suppose these two boundaries of the primitive, are therefore about twenty-five miles apart. Generally, the boundary of primitive which limits the great secondary green stone region of Connecticut already described, is distinguished by the contour of the hills, which is rounded, and they are commonly of greater elevation than the ridges of trap or greenstone. Thus it is impossible, for a traveller to go through *the length* of Connecticut, without traversing its secondary greenstone region. As he descends from the high rounded primitive hills, on either side, he will

be struck with the distinct ridges of greenstone rock, and with the long and often narrow vallies between them. Mount Holyoke and mount Tom near Northampton and the blue hills of Meriden, are parts of these greenstone mountains. The State's prison of Connecticut, or Newgate, is in one of these ranges, or rather in the sand stone which lies under it, and from this prison to New-Haven a distance of fifty or sixty miles, one rides almost at the foot of a nearly uninterrupted barrier of greenstone, frequently from four to seven or eight hundred feet high. It is amusing to observe how immediately the materials of the fences and of the buildings, as far as they are constructed of stone, change as soon as the geology of the country changes. For some miles, after we left the Talcot mountain, the materials of these structures continued to be fragments of greenstone and of sand stone; but, as soon as we crossed the line of the primitive, these stones disappeared, and gneiss and other primitive rocks began to exhibit themselves in the houses and fences. Thus, these structures become in some measure, cabinets of the geology of a country, for, the people will of course collect those stones for use, which are most prevalent, and in many instances, they will be loose fragments of the most prevailing rocks; or, if the stones be obtained by quarrying, then they become still surer criteria of the nature of the country.

ZEAL FOR CHURCHES.

In the valley of Northington we passed a beautiful new meeting house. It is a handsome specimen of architecture, and is one of three places of public worship, recently erected in this little parish, which, a short time since, had only one miserable ruinous house, situated in the midst of a forest.

I once attended public worship there on a pleasant but warm summer sabbath. The house was almost embowered in ancient forest trees; it was smaller than many private dwelling houses—was much dilapidated by time, which had furrowed the grey unpainted shingles and clapboards, with many water-worn channels, and it seemed as if it would soon fall. It was an interesting remnant of primeval New-England manners. The people, evidently agricultural, had scarcely departed from the simplicity of our early rural habits; the men were not parading in foreign broadcloth, nor the women flaunting in foreign silks and muslins; but they appeared in domestic fabrics, and both men and women were dressed with simplicity. I do not mean that there were no exceptions, but this was the general aspect of the congregation, and, from the smallness of the house, although there were pews, it seemed rather a domestic than a public religious meeting. The minister corresponded, admirably, with the appearance of the house and congregation, as far as an-

tiquity and primeval simplicity were concerned, but he was highly respectable for understanding, and sustained, even in these humble circumstances, the dignity of his station. He was an old man, with hoary locks, and a venerable aspect, *a man of God, of other times*—a patriarchal teacher—not caring for much balanced nicety of phrase, but giving his flock wholesome food, in sound doctrine, and plain speech. His prayers had that detail of petition—that specific application, both to public and private concerns, and that directness of allusion, to the momentous political events of the day, and their apparent bearing upon this people, which was common among our ancestors, and especially among the first ministers, who brought with them the fervor of the times when they emigrated from England.

This aged minister is still living, but since the destruction of his ancient house, and the division of his people, he is without any particular charge; still, however, although oppressed with the infirmities of advanced life, he occasionally officiates in public. Instead of the ancient house, there have now arisen the three pretty, modern churches.

We are not, however, to infer that increased resources, nor additional zeal for religion has reared these edifices; it was the effect of local jealousies, as to the place, where a new house should be built, and how often, in our New-England villages, do we see this circumstance produce the same result, adding to the beauty, but, perhaps, not always to the harmony and piety of the neighbourhood.

It would be easy to give a considerable list of towns in Connecticut, where two spires rise instead of one, because the people could not agree where *the one* should be placed. Happier would it be, if these separations had always been free from animosity—if they had not sometimes laid the foundation of permanent discord, and if there had been no instance of outrageous violence, and the prostration of all law and order, while people were professing only to honour their Maker, and to benefit their fellow men. But still, who that is friendly to the best interests of mankind can fail to be gratified, with the constant succession of churches and spires which he observes in Connecticut, and who would not prefer the active interest that is manifested on this subject, although attended with occasional irregularities—to that apathy which permits a land to remain without temples to the living God, and rarely salutes the ear with the sound of "the church going bell."

Passing through a part of Canton, we arrived in a little clustre of pretty houses, handsomely situated on the Farmington River.

PECULIARITIES IN THE MANNERS OF AMERICAN INNS

This was a part of New-Hartford where we dined pleasantly; every thing was good, and neatly and well prepared, and we were attended by one of those comely respectable young women, (a daughter of the landlord,) who, so often, in our public

houses, perform these services, without departing from the most correct, respectable, and amiable deportment.

This is a peculiarity in the manners of this country which is not at once understood by a foreigner, and especially by an Englishman. Such a person, if uninstructed in the genius of the country, almost of course presumes, that all those whom he sees in public houses are in servile situations. If he adopt towards them an imperious and harsh manner, he gives offence, and produces coldness, and possibly resentment, so that the interview ends in mutual dissatisfaction. If the traveller should write a book he, of course, enlarges on the rudeness of American manners, and it is very possible that even the servants of our inns may give him some occasion for such remarks, if they are treated as persons of their condition commonly are in Europe. Some years since, to an Englishman emigrating to America, the obvious causes which often disgust the English, and offend the Americans when the former are travelling among the latter, and especially in the smaller towns and villages, were faithfully pointed out. It was strongly recommended to him, rather to ask as a favour, what he had a right to command as a duty—to treat the heads of the public houses, with marked respect, and their sons and daughters, who might be in attendance, and even the servants, with kindness and courtesy, avoiding the use of terms and epithets which might imply inferiority

and servitude, to make their duties as light as possible, to manifest no unpleasant peculiarities, and to make no unreasonable demands, with respect to food, wines and cookery. He was assured, that with such a spirit, he would be treated with respect and kindness—that he would be cheerfully served—that the best the house afforded would be promptly obtained for him, and should he ever visit the same house again, that he would probably be remembered and welcomed with cordiality. He must indeed, occasionally, concede something to familiarity and curiosity, but with an amiable spirit and courteous deportment, he would not meet with rudeness or neglect, or have occasion to write an angry sentence concerning the Americans; and he was told, that even the familiarity and curiosity which are sometimes unpleasant, would be commonly repaid, by the communication of valuable local information.

As the gentleman to whom these remarks were addressed was gay, and had been a military man, he was cautioned not to presume that *any* members, of the families at the public houses, might be treated with levity, for, he would find that fathers and brothers were at hand, and pecuniary considerations would be sacrificed, at once, to the respectability of the house. After this gentleman had travelled fourteen months in the United States, he came to the town, where his adviser resided, and thanked him for his cautions. He said that they had been of the

greatest service to him, that he had found the predictions fully verified, and himself treated with hospitality and kindness, while he had seen others of his countrymen, pursuing an opposite deportment, meet with very unpleasant treatment, and creating both for themselves and others, perpetual dissatisfaction.

RIDE TO SANDISFIELD.

In the afternoon, during a ride of sixteen miles, which brought us to Sandisfield, in Massachusetts, we never left the banks of the Farmington river, which, owing to its windings, and our own, we, crossed during the day, no fewer than seven times, and on as many bridges. We had now left the Albany turnpike, and the great thoroughfare of population and of business, and purposely deviated into one of those wildernesses, which, intersected by roads, and sprinkled with solitary houses, afford the traveller an interesting variety, and easily transport him back in imagination, to the time when the whole of this vast empire was a trackless forest. In a very hilly and almost mountainous region, we found a delightful road, so level, that our horses hardly ever broke their trot; the road generally followed the river, and was laid out, with few exceptions, on the alluvial bottom, which the river had formed. We passed almost the whole distance, through a vast defile, in the forest, which every where hung around

us in gloomy grandeur, presenting lofty trees, rising in verdant ridges, but occasionally scorched and blackened by fire, even to their very tops, and strongly contrasted with the cliffs and peaks of rude rocks, which here and there, rose above the almost impervious forest.

This tract of country had the stillness of a rural scene, embosomed in mountains; there were no villages, and the few scattered farm houses were scarcely near enough, even for rural neighbourhood. Their very graves were solitary: little family cemeteries several times occurred, marked by pretty, white, marble monuments, and by graves covered with the richest verdure, while the gloomy bier stood, hard by, in the field, ready again to support its melancholy burden.

It was quite dark before we arrived at Sandisfield; wind, rain and gloomy portentous clouds, driving over the dark hills, might have made our ride, for a few of the last miles, somewhat anxious, but, our road was good, and the welcome light of the Inn, at length caught our eyes, and a quiet evening, passed with our pens and books, beguiled our time till the hour of repose. A tolerable house was made comfortable, by the assiduity and kindness of its tenants, and our sleep, in a great vacant ball room, was not much interrupted by the rain, dropping on the floor, and by the wind, howling through broken panes of glass.

Sandisfield is thirty-six miles from Hartford.

RIDE TO LENOX.

Our equinoctial still continued, and we set forward before eight in the morning, in the midst of a driving rain. But, as the coachman was wrapped in a weather proof great coat of oiled silk, and we were completely protected from the rain, we pursued our journey, without the slightest inconvenience.

The war of the elements corresponded very well with the wild scenery through which we were to pass. For ten miles, we again followed the course of the Farmington river; our road was one continued vista, through an uninterrupted wilderness of the most lofty trees; occasionally, the wide forest-crowned ridges caught our eyes, as they shewed themselves through the openings of the wood, or towered above its top; but, for the most part, the river, now much diminished in size, murmuring over a rocky channel, and presenting many a formidable barrier of drift wood, recently accumulated by an unexampled deluge of rain, was a principal object of contemplation; while the forest, interspersed with numerous pine trees, rising to a great height, often burnt to their very summits, and tottering to their fall, appeared, as if, only recently invaded by man, and as just beginning to resign its solitary dominion, to the axe and to the fire.

The river, we crossed again and again, till we numbered the ninth time, and then, a few miles from the confines of Lenox, we traced it to its source, in

a small, but pretty lake, of probably half a mile or more in length. Thus we bade adieu to our little river, after having been familiar with it for forty miles, and for nearly thirty, we had constantly travelled upon its banks, finding a smooth road in the midst of a rugged country.

To those who would wish to enjoy an interlude of forest scenery, almost in the wildness of nature, and little more subdued by man, than is necessary to render it comfortable to travel through, this ride, from New-Hartford through Sandisfield, to Lenox, may be strongly recommended. Such a tract, in the midst of populous and well cultivated regions, is in this country rare, and probably more resembles a western wild, than a district in an old and populous state.

Soon after passing this lake, the country began to descend,; another lake of greater magnitude occurred on our left—a river soon succeeded, and we recognized these waters, as the first of those which begin to feed the infant Housatonick.

GEOLOGY.

The rocks on our ride, were, almost invariably, gneiss, frequently intersected by distinct veins of granite, in which feldspar generally predominated. Not far from Lenox we passed two forges, the iron ore for which, we were informed, is dug out of the hills in the vicinity of that town.

As we ascended the hills on which Lenox stands, white primitive lime stone began to appear, in detached masses, in spots uncovered by quarrying, and in ridges crossing the road; the strata were nearly vertical, and like those in Litchfield County in Connecticut, were imbedded in gneiss.

LENOX.

Lenox, the capital of Berkshire county, is a town of uncommon beauty. It is built upon a high hill, on two streets, intersecting each other nearly at right angles; it is composed of handsome houses, which, with the exception of a few of brick, are painted of a brilliant white; it is ornamented with three neat houses of public worship, one of which is large and handsome, and stands upon a hill higher than the town, and a little removed from it. It has a jail, a woollen manufactory, a furnace for hollow ware, an academy of considerable size, and a court house of brick, in a fine style of architecture; it is fronted with pillars, and furnished with convenient offices and a spacious court room; this room is carpeted, and what is more important, contains a library for the use of the bar. Lenox has fine mountain air, and is surrounded by equally fine mountain scenery. Indeed, it is one of the prettiest of our inland towns, and even in the view of an European traveller, (who had eyes to see any thing beautiful, in what is unlike Europe,) it would appear like a gem

among the mountains. I did not count the houses, but should think there might be one hundred houses and stores &c. Its population is one thousand three hundred and ten.*

White marble is often the material of their steps, foundations and pavements. This country abounds with primitive white limestone.

Our dinner and treatment at the inn, were such as a reasonable traveller would have been very well satisfied with, at a country tavern in England. Still, probably no small town in England is so beautiful as Lenox, nor have the Europeans, in general, any adequate idea of the beauty of the New-England villages.—Lenox is fifty eight miles from Hartford.

RIDE TO NEW-LEBANON.

As we ascended a mountainous ridge, two miles on the road to New-Lebanon, a fine retrospect occurred. Immediately below, was a spacious and deep basin, environed by mountains, which, receding one behind another, presented in one view, brilliant forest green, in another, dark hues, almost black, and farther off, ridges and summits struggling through clouds and mist, and rain, in obscure and gloomy grandeur. Beautifully contrasted with these, was the bright clustre of buildings in Lenox, compact, blended by perspective into one rich group, in which turrets, and Gothic pinnacles and Grecian

* Worcester's Gazeteer.

pillars were conspicuous, and seemed like a string of pearls, upon the brow and declivity of the hill, now sunk by comparison, to one of moderate elevation.

It were in vain to attempt to describe all the fine alpine scenery, which, with endless variety, was perpetually occurring and perpetually changing. Rich vallies and basins, were every where, mixed with the hills and mountains, on whose declivities and summits, cultivation had often spread scenes of fertility and beauty.

The lofty Hoosack, with its double summit—the highest mountain in this region, appeared at a distance on our right;—on our left, the fertile vales of Richmond, a scattered agricultural town, and almost before we were aware of it, we wound our way down the steep declivity of the mountain, which bounds the southeast side of the vale of New-Lebanon. We had already passed upon our right, a small village belonging to the people, ludicrously called Shakers or Shaking Quakers.

VILLAGE OF THE SHAKERS.

We did not deviate into this first settlement, because their principal establishment, in this quarter, was immediately before us, and we were indeed not fully clear of the mountain, before we found ourselves in the midst of their singular community. Their buildings are thickly planted, along a street of

a mile in length. All of them are comfortable, and a considerable proportion are large. They are, almost without an exception, painted of an ochre yellow, and, although plain, they make a handsome appearance. The utmost neatness is conspicuous in their fields, gardens, court yards, out houses, and in the very road; not a weed, not a spot of filth, or any nuisance is suffered to exist. Their wood is cut and piled, in the most exact order; their fences are perfect; even their stone walls are constructed with great regularity, and of materials so massy, and so well arranged, that unless overthrown by force, they may stand for centuries; instead of wooden posts for their gates, they have pillars of stone of one solid piece, and every thing bears the impress of labour, vigilance and skill, with such a share of taste, as is consistent with the austerities of their sect. Their orchards are beautiful, and probably no part of our country presents finer examples of agricultural excellenee. They are said to possess nearly three thousand acres of land, in this vicinity. Such neatness and order I have not seen any where, on so large a scale, except in Holland, where the very necessities of existence impose order and neatness upon the whole population; but here it is voluntary.

Besides agriculture, it is well known, that the Shakers occupy themselves much, with mechanical employments. The productions of their industry and skill, sieves, brushes, boxes, pails and other domestic utensils are every where exposed for sale, and

are distinguished by excellence of workmanship. Their garden seeds are celebrated for goodness, and find a ready market. They have many gardens, but there is a principal one of several acres which I am told exhibits superior cultivation.

Their females are employed in domestic manufactures and house work, and the community is fed and clothed by its own productions.

The property is all in common. The avails of the general industry are poured into the treasury of the whole; individual wants are supplied from a common magazine, or store house, which is kept for each family, and ultimately, the elders invest the gains in land and buildings, or sometimes in money, or other personal property, which is held for the good of the society.

It seems somewhat paradoxical to speak of a family, where the relation upon which it is founded is unknown. But still, the Shakers are assembled in what they *call* families, which consist of little collections, (more or less numerous according to the size of the house) of males and females, who occupy separate apartments, under the same roof, eat at separate tables, but mix occasionally for society, labour, or worship. There is a male and a female head to the family, who superintend all their concerns—give out their provisions—allot their employments, and enforce industry and fidelity.

The numbers in this village, as we were informed by one of the male members, are about five hun-

dred, but there are said to be fifteen hundred, including other villages in this vicinity. Their numbers are sustained by voluntary additions, and by proselyting. Poor and ignorant people, in the vicinity, and on the neighbouring mountains in particular, are allured, it is said, by kindness, and presents, to join the society; and destitute widows, frequently come in, with their children, and unite themselves to this community. Where a comfortable subsistence for life, a refuge for old age, and for infancy and childhood, the reputation (at least with the order) of piety, and the promise of heaven are held out to view, it is no wonder that the ignorant, the poor, the bereaved, the deserted, the unhappy, the superstitious, the cynical and even the whimsical, should occasionally swell the numbers of the Shakers.

Their house of public worship is painted white, and is a neat building, which in its external appearance, would not be disreputable to any sect.

Their worship, which I did not have an opportunity of seeing, is said to be less extravagant than formerly; their dancing is still practised, but with more moderation, and for a good many years, they have ceased to dance naked, which was formerly practised, and even with persons of different sexes. Their elders exercise a very great influence over the minds of the young people. The latter believe (as I was assured by a respectable inhabitant of New-Lebanon, but not a Shaker), that the former hold a direct and personal intercourse with Christ and the

Apostles, and that the elders possess the power of inspecting their very thoughts, and their most secret actions. Perhaps this will account for the reputed purity of the Shakers, for whatever may be imagined, it does not appear that any scandalous offences do *now* occur among them, or, at least, that they are brought to light, and it must be allowed that if they were frequent, they could not be concealed.

They profess, it is said, to believe, that Christ has already appeared the second time on the earth, in the person of their great leader, mother Ann Lee, and that the saints are now judging the world.

They have no literature among them, nor do we hear that they are ever joined by people of enlightened minds. We met a party of children apparently coming from school, and I enquired of a Shaker, a middle aged man of respectable appearance, whether the children belonged to the Society; he answered in the affirmative; "But," I replied, "how is that, since you do not have children of your own?" Are these children the offspring of parents who after becoming such, have joined your society, and brought their children with them?" "Yea," was the answer, with a very drawling and prolonged utterance, and at the same time, there was a slight faultering of the muscles of his face, as if he were a little disposed to smile. The children were dressed in a plain costume as the whole society are.

This singular people took their rise in England, nearly half a century ago, and the settlement at New-Lebanon, is of more than forty years standing.

They first emigrated to America in the year 1774, under their spiritual mother, Ann Lee, a niece of the celebrated General Charles Lee, who made a distinguished figure, during the American Revolutionary War.

The order, neatness, comfort and thrift, which are conspicuous among them, are readily accounted for, by their industry, economy, self-denial and devotion to their leaders, and to the common interest, all of which are religious duties among them, and, the very fact that they are, for the most part, not burdened with the care of children, leaves them greatly at liberty, to follow their occupations without interruption.*

But—where is the warrant, either in reason or in scripture, by which whole communities, (not, here and there, individuals, peculiarly situated,) withdraw themselves from the most interesting and important of the social relations—from the tender charities of husband and wife—from the delightful assiduities of parental love—from that relation, on which society

* They have another collection of houses in the vicinity, where I was told they place offending members, who being under discipline, are for the time, excluded from the community, and whom they style *backsliders;* they designate them by saying, "they are *out of the gift.*" I am told that they are not offended by being called Shakers, and do not regard it as an opprobrious epithet. Indeed, I have never heard of a milder or more respectable name by which they either are called, or even wish to be.

stands, and on which, as on a fruitful stock, is grafted, every personal and domestic virtue, and every hope, both for this world and a better!*

By what right are they empowered to recruit their ranks, thinned from time to time by death, by drawing upon the social world, whose obedience to the first law of God and nature, they condemn, while they are dependant upon it, both for their own existence as individuals, and for the continuance of their own unnatural community; however commendable they may be for their industrious, moral and human deportment; *the principle* of their association is, in my opinion, deserving of severe reprobation. But, happily, their example is very little in danger of general imitation; mankind will not, generally, be persuaded to go on a crusade, or to suffer martyrdom, in the cause of celibacy, and I believe it will be long ere the world, according to their ex-

* More is not here attributed to the institution of marriage, than it deserves, for, to try the question, we must ask, not, what is the condition of, here and there, a convent or a monastery, or of a few clusters of Shakers, protected as they are by society, *founded on marriage*, and drawing their recruits from the offspring of its virtuous affections. We must inquire what would be the condition of the world, were the institution of marriage *entirely abolished!* It is obvious, that it would soon become the *universal* theatre of crimes, of every description, which are now only *occasional*, and that *no one solitary* virtue could possibly spring up, or be cherished. Piety itself, could it exist in such a state of things, must (if such paradoxical language can be admitted,) necessarily become exclusively selfish, and indeed, it could find no refuge, except in absolute seclusion, in the dens and caves of the earth.

pectation, is all reformed by becoming a generation of Shakers, for this they say, will constitute the Millenium. Poor human nature—of what is it not capable—what absurdity!—what impiety! (I had almost said,) is there, which it has not sanctioned with the name of religion.

As the Shakers are not now a new people, and as their most prominent peculiarities are well known, I am not disposed to dwell with much minuteness on a subject, in which I confess I have very little complacency: a few particulars more, may however, be added.

They rarely publish any thing respecting their own principles and habits, and we are indebted chiefly to those who have seceded from their community, for the more precise information which we possess respecting them.

Among various publications of this nature—"An account of the people called Shakers, their faith, doctrines and practice, &c. by Thomas Brown," who was, for several years, a member of their society, is probably one of the best. It has every appearance of being written with candor and truth, and although an unpolished performance, exhibits considable ability.

If this book be considered as a fair account of the Shakers, it is manifest, that notwithstanding all the commendation to which they are entitled, for their moral virtues and their habits of order, industry and economy, they are the subjects of the wildest fanat-

icism, and of the most degrading superstition. If it be idolatry and blasphemy, to pronounce a woman, of at least questionable character, to be the Saviour of the world, at his second coming, and thus, in the person of this woman, to blend the attributes of the Son of God, with at least occasional drunkenness, it will be very difficult to acquit the Shakers of these crimes.* I am aware of the ignorance of many of these people, and am not disposed to doubt, that there is real piety among them, any more than I am to deny that industry, sobriety, economy and occasional humanity are conspicuous traits of their characters. They have however, been known to act in a very inhuman manner, in separating and alienating children from parents, and in severing the other dearest ties of our common nature, for the purpose of building up their own sect.

The conclusion of Mr. Brown's book contains the following summary of facts respecting them. Speak-

* I here allude to Ann Lee. She was born in Manchester about the year 1735, and became the wife of Abraham Stanley, a blacksmith, who proved unkind and intemperate. Having been peculiarly unfortunate in the loss of eight infants, owing principally to very severe personal sufferings, during a dangerous crisis, which, at last, had nearly proved fatal, she renounced marriage, declaring it to have been the great original sin, and thus became the leader of the Shakers. They had before practised marriage, but from this time (1771) they have renounced it. Ann Lee, (now called mother Ann, because she was considered as the spiritual mother of her disciples,) claimed the gift of languages, of healing, of discovering the secrets of the heart, of being actuated by the invisible power of God, of sinless perfection, and of

ing of their conversion he says:—"After a number have believed, the next principal labour of the leaders is to gather them into a united interest and order. They assemble every sabbath in their public meeting-house.

They walk to the meeting-house, in order, two and two, and leave it in the same order. Men enter the left hand door of the meeting-house, and women the right hand. In each dwelling-house, is a room called the meeting-room, in which they assemble for worship every evening; the young believers assemble morning and evening, and, in the afternoon of the sabbath, they all assemble in one of these rooms, in their dwelling-house, to which meeting spectators, or those who do not belong to the society, are not admitted, except friendly visitors. Their houses are well calculated and convenient.

immediate revelations. Mr. Brown says, however, of mother Ann, that she sometimes drank spirituous liquors to intoxication, pronouncing them *one of God's good creatures.* She died at Niskeuna in 1784. In what estimation she was held by her followers, may be learned from the following, (must we not say?) *blasphemous* lines, taken from different hymns of the Shakers:

"Christ's second coming was in mother Ann—
"We bless our dear mother the chief corner stone
"Which God laid in Zion his anointed one;
"Let names and sects and parties
"Accost my ears no more;
"My ever blessed mother,
"Forever I'll adore.
"Appointed by kind heaven,
"My Saviour to reveal;
"She was the Lord's anointed,
"To shew the root of sin, &c. &c.

In the great house at Lebanon there are near one hundred; the men live in their several apartments on the right, as they enter into the house, and the women on the left, commonly four in a room. They kneel in the morning by the side of the bed, as soon as they arise, and the same before they lie down; also before and after every meal. The brethren and sisters generally eat at the same time at two long tables placed in the kitchen, men at one, and women at the other; during which time, they sit on benches and are all silent. They go to their meals walking in order, one directly after the other; the head of the family, or elder, takes the lead of the men, and one called elder sister takes the lead of the women. Several women are employed in cooking and waiting on the table—they are commonly relieved weekly by others. It is contrary to order for a man or woman to sleep alone, but two of the brethren sleep together, and the sisters the same. It is contrary to order for a man to be alone with a woman, also to touch one another. If a man presents any thing to a female, or a female to a male, due care must be taken by each one not to touch the other. It is contrary to order for a woman to walk out alone, or to be alone. A man and woman are not allowed to converse together, except in the presence of some of the brethren and sisters. They sometimes have what they call union meetings, when several of the brethren and sisters meet together, sit and converse and smoke their

pipes. If a man is on the road alone from home, in a carriage, it is contrary to order for him to admit a woman to ride with him on any account whatever. It is contrary to order, or the gift as they call it, to leave any bars down, or gates open, or leave any thing they use, out of its proper place, consequently they seldom have any thing lost. It is according to the gift or order, for all to endeavour to keep all things in order; indolence and carelessness they say is directly opposite to the gospel and order of God; cleanliness in every respect is strongly enforced—it is contrary to order even to spit on the floor. A dirty, careless, slovenly or indolent person they say, cannot travel in the way of God, or be religious. It is contrary to order to talk loud, to shut doors hard, to rap at a door for admittance, or to make a noise in any respect; even when walking the floor, they must be careful not to make a noise with their feet. They go to bed at nine or ten o'clock, and rise at four or five; all that are in health go to work about sun-rise, in-door mechanics, in the winter, work by candlelight; each one follows such an employment as the deacon appoints for him. Every man and woman must be employed, and work steadily and moderately. When any are sick they have the utmost care and attention paid to them. When a man is sick, if there is a woman among the sisters, who was his wife before he believed, she, if in health, nurses and waits upon him. If any of them transgress the rules and or-

ders of the church, they are not held in union until they confess their transgression, and that often on their knees, before the brethren and sisters.

Each church in the different settlements has a house called the office, where all business is transacted either among themselves or with other people; each family deposit in the office all that is to be spared for charitable purposes, which is distributed by the deacon to those whom he judges to be proper objects of charity. He never sends the poor and needy empty away.

Mr. Brown is of opinion that they will not "soon become extinct." "Their general character" (he adds,) "of honesty in their temporal concerns, and their outward deportment and order being such, that many may be induced to join them; and as industry and frugality are two great points in their religion, it is likely they will become a rich people." In proof of his opinion he remarks:—"See the once uncultivated wilderness waste of Niskeuna, and other places now turned into fruitful fields—see their neat public edifices towering amidst the surrounding elegance and neatness of their more private habitations—See their ability in their munificent donations to the poor in New-York; —— —— judging of their future prosperity from their present flourishing state and from their being a much more orderly people, (than formerly) it is possible they may increase in number and acquire a prevailing influence in the future destinies of this country."

NEW-LEBANON MINERAL SPRING.

This is a very remarkable fountain. Unlike most mineral waters, it issues from a high hill; the water boils up, in a space of ten feet wide, by three and a half deep; it is perfectly pellucid, so that a pin's head might be seen on the bottom of the spring; gas in abundance, issues from the pebbles, and sand, and keeps the water in constant and pleasing agitation; the fountain is very copious, more so by far than any spring that I have seen, except the springs at Bath in England; the water discharged amounts to eighteen barrels in a minute, and not only supplies the baths very copiously, simply by running down hill to them, but, in the same manner it feeds several mills, and turns the water wheels with sufficient power. Owing to its high temperature it does not congeal in winter which gives it a great advantage for moving machinery. The quantity of water is constant, and varies not perceptibly in any season—so is its temperature which is 73° of Fahrenheit. This temperature, so near the summer heat, makes it truly a thermal water, and causes a copious cloud of condensed vapour to hang over the fountain, whenever the air is cold. There is no film to be seen upon the water, it apparently deposits nothing by standing, but in the course of time, there collects in its channel, an earthy or stony deposit, which eventually becomes copious and hard.

This deposit is rapidly made in the tea kettles, which are speedily incrusted, and their throats choaked by it; it is of a white colour, and its origin can scarcely be a subject of wonder, since the fountain issues from a hill of lime stone.

The water is perfectly tasteless and inodorous—very soft—does not curdle soap—is used for all culinary and domestic purposes—is acceptable to animals, which drink at the stream that flows in a rivulet down the hill, and apparently, differs little from very pure mountain water, except by its remakable temperature; that of the contiguous springs in the same hill is as low as that of any mountain springs —about 50°.

It is found to be very useful in salt rheums and various other cutaneous affections—in some troublesome internal obstructions &c. It augments the appetite and sometimes acts as a cathartic. The bath if used, without previously guarding the stomach, by a draught of the water, sometimes produces sickness at the stomach.

As to the chemical constitution of this water, Professor Griscom, (in 1810) from the application of tests, but without attempting a regular analysis, drew certain conclusions, which are stated in Bruce's Journal v. 1. pa. 158.

Dr. William Meade,* from a regular process of

* See the appendix to Dr. Meade's Experimental Enquiry into the Chemical Properties and Medicinal Qualities of the Ballston and Saratoga Waters.

analysis infers, that the Lebanon Spring contains, in two quarts of the water—

Muriat of Lime, - - -	1 grain.
Muriat of Soda, - - -	1 3-4
Sulphat of Lime, - - -	1 1-2
Carbonat of Lime, - -	3-4
Total, - -	5

The æriform fluids in two quarts of the water, he states thus:—

Azotic gas, (or nitrogen,)	13 cubic inches.
Atmospheric air, - -	8 do. do.
	21

Dr. Meade remarks that the Lebanon water is purer than most natural waters, and purer than the contiguous springs, which flow from the same hill. Its temperature appears therefore to be the only peculiarity to which any medical virtues can be attached. It is beyond a doubt, that tepid waters, not stronger in mineral ingredients than the Lebanon water, do produce salutary effects, as at Bristol and Buxton in England. The Buxton water is very similar to that at Lebanon; it is very copious and a little warmer. Being there some years since, I was forcibly struck with the abundance and purity of the water and with the fine atmosphere and features of the country. As to picturesque scenery, it is however inferior to New-Lebanon, and it is probable

that there is not a mineral spring in the world, surrounded by finer landscapes than this.

Not expecting, when I left home, to visit any mineral spring, I had to regret that I had no reagents or instruments of analysis with me. I brought only instruments necessary for mineralogical and geological observations.

The gas which issues from the spring, is so copious, that I could easily collect it in the usual manner, in bottles filled with the water of the fountain, and inverted in it, with funnels in their mouths.

I ascertained that the gas readily extinguishes a candle—smoke, mingled with it, descends to the bottom of the vessel, and does not rest upon it, as in carbonic acid; the gas does not readily run from the mouth of an inverted bottle, on to a burning candle, but if the candle be held close to the mouth of the bottle, it is extinguished as the gas passes out. I am therefore of opinion with Dr. Meade, that the gas is azot. Indeed, as he justly remarks, the fact that the water is not acidulous or sparkling, although the gas that rises through it is very abundant; that it does not trouble lime water, and is not at all absorbed by it, and that it does not redden litmus paper, sufficiently proves that the gas contains no carbonic acid.*

* The proprietor of the spring, furnished me with a quantity of the solid matter, deposited by boiling the water in tea kettles. I find that it dissolves in nitric acid with great rapidity, and with a very active effervescence, leaving only a small residuum. The

Azot probably imparts no virtues to mineral waters, as it is insoluble in water. Still it is found in many, especially, of the warm springs. Bath water, which boils up with great agitation, owes this movement in part to azot, but, perhaps more to the aqueous vapour, for the water is at the temperature of 116° of Fah. when it first emerges, and is probably much hotter below.

We know that this spring has flowed, thus hot, more than two thousand years; what is the cause? There are no relics of volcanoes here, nor other marks of subterranean heat, except those afforded by the water itself.

SCENERY OF NEW-LEBANON.

Had this remarkable place been situated in Europe, tourists would have pronounced its panegyric, and poets would have made it famous, as Windsor or Richmond Hill, or as the little Isle in Loch Katrin.

Few places have fallen within my observation, which combine both the grand and the beautiful, in

saturated solution is intensely bitter—gives a dense precipitate with fluat of ammonia, and with sulphuric acid becomes solid, so that the glass was inverted without dropping a particle. This residuum from the evaporation of the water in the tea kettles, is tasteless—insoluble in water, and remains unaltered, even in a damp air. All these facts show it to be principally corbonat of lime: the muriats which Dr. Meade found, would of course be removed by the boiling water.—May, 1820.

a higher degree, than the basin of New-Lebanon. Embosomed in mountains, (at this time capped with dark clouds,) which, with their lofty and apparently impassable barriers, seem to shut it out from the rest of the world—verdant and beautiful in its slopes, and in the plain by which they are terminated, and exhibiting a village, with a handsome church and steeple in the bottom of the basin, it powerfully brought to my recollection, the valley of Castleton, in the Peak of Derbyshire. Between the two, there is certainly a striking resemblance, but with some points of disparity.

The Derbyshire mountains are more lofty, and of course, more grand—those of New-Lebanon, while they are cultivated, in some places to their summits, are also extensively crowned with forests, while the Derbyshire mountains are naked as a hillock, shorn by the scythe. The New-Lebanon scenery resembles also, that in the vicinity of the celebrated springs of Bath in England.

At New-Lebanon, the principal lodging house is situated on the slope of one of the high hills and near its summit. The view from the gallery, in the front of this house, is very fine, and much resembles that from the Crescent at Bath; from the latter, you see a beautiful amphitheatre of hills, highly cultivated and verdant, and possessing more wood than is common in England, but the view at Bath, although perhaps more beautiful, from cultivation, is less extensive, and less magnificent and grand, than that at New-Lebanon.

On the side of the New-Lebanon basin, opposite to the spring, at the distance of two miles and an half, upon the declivity of the mountain, and near its base, is the Shaker's village, which, with its green fields and neat houses, is a pleasing object, in the outline of the picture. Nearer still, (as I have already remarked,) and in the very bottom of the basin, is the handsome village of New-Lebanon, composed of neat white houses, and a pretty church, with a spire; and all around, are the grand slopes of mountains which limit the view on every side, and present fields, woods and rocks, and bold ridges, upon which the clouds often repose.

Bristol spring in England is surrounded by the fine scenery of the Avon, and the romantic rock of St. Vincent impends over it, with a good degree of grandeur, but even this scene is very limited compared with that of New-Lebanon, and when at the Bristol spring, the observer is in a deep channel, by the side of the river, and shut out completely from all prospect. From the top of St. Vincent's rock, and from every part of Clifford, and the other eminences around Bristol, and indeed from the upper street of the town itself, there are the finest views.

The famous Springs at Ballston and Saratoga, are situated in disagreeable low bottoms, with scarcely any advantages of scenery, and with no attractions, except those presented by the medicinal powers of the waters, by good cheer, and by genteel company; the first of these advantages is very great, and

those springs are, without doubt, one of the greatest natural bounties of heaven to this country. The other two may be enjoyed at New-Lebanon, where we found pleasant company, and a house extremely comfortable, in every thing except the beds, which were very hard.

For those who wish to enjoy fine rural scenery, bold, picturesque and beautiful, with the best mountain air, and such advantages to health, as this copious fountain presents, nothing can be better in its kind than New-Lebanon. Its waters must be admirable for bathing.

New-Lebanon spring is twelve miles from Lenox and seventy miles from Hartford.

It is situated just within the limits of the State of New-York, and very near both the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut. A stone similar to a mile stone, denoting the boundary line between the states of Massachusetts and New-York, occurs on the slope of the mountain, as we descend toward the village of the Shakers.

In the valley of New-Lebanon, there is a family vault which struck us on entering the village. It is a neat cemetery, covered by a high mound; a marble table lies on the top, and (what constitutes its singularity) it has a flag staff, similar to those in forts; we supposed it must be a mausoleum for some military man, but we were informed that it was the vault of a private family, of the name of

Hand, and that whenever any member of the family dies, a black flag is hoisted on the flag staff.

RIDE TO ALBANY.

The morning after our arrival at the New-Lebanon spring, the equinoctial storm, which had never deserted us, poured literally floods of rain; they ran in torrents, down the steep hills of New-Lebanon, while the black clouds and the clusters of vapour hung over the tops and around the sides of the mountains, or, driven by the gusts of wind, swept with gloomy grandeur, along the frowning ridges. It appeared as if we were imprisoned for the day, and we solaced ourselves with the pleasant society, of the small but intelligent party, which we found at the Springs.

About 10 o'clock, the rain so far ceased, that we resumed, and afterwards continued our ride, although rain and sun-shine, and alternate currents of hot and cold air, made it a day of singular fluctuation.

Stephen-Town, Nassau and Schodack, through which we passed, presented nothing particularly interesting. At Greenbush, we observed the extensive barracks, erected during the late war, for the accommodation of the United States' troops; being white, and standing upon elevated ground, they make a pleasing appearance—aside from the pensive sensations, associated with all military spectacles. Near the river, we examined an abandoned pit, dug for

coal, and a sulphureous mineral water; the latter has been considerably spoken of, but, on the present occasion, was weak both in taste and smell, owing, I suppose, to the recent heavy rains, and to its being left without any shelter to protect it from the weather. Some winters since, a bottle of it which had been brought to me, happened to freeze, and broke, when the offensive hepatic gas filled the house to the no small annoyance of the family.

From the barracks, we descended a considerable hill, before we reached the bank of the river; a horse-boat conveyed us over the Hudson, and before night, we were safely landed at a very comfortable house in the city of Albany.

GEOLOGY.

At New-Lebanon, a few miles east of the springs, the geology of the country undergoes a great change, and the whole tract, thence to Albany, is, without doubt, a transition country. Bluish grey transition lime stone, in immense strata, traversed by white veins of calcareous spar, is found at New-Lebanon. Its texture is nearly compact, its structure slaty, and its inclination to the horizon considerable. Grauwacke makes its appearance, about seven miles on the road towards Albany, and continues to be abundant at intervals. Common transition slate and a red slaty rock of a very fine, and indeed almost imperceptible grain, apparently between a sand st[illegible]

and a slate are abundant. The strata on the road are in many places, much decomposed. The slate thrown out of the pit at Greenbush, where the excavation was made for coal, is evidently transition slate, having often a tortuous appearance and a glistening surface, as if covered with a varnish or with plumbago. It is just such slate as is found in connection with the anthracite of Rhode-Island. It appears therefore, that good bituminous coal is not to be expected at Greenbush; the incombustible coal, the anthracite, may indeed be found, but it would be much less valuable than the other kind.

I have several times had occasion to remark, that the picturesque features of a country depend very much on its geology. This remark is particularly verified by the country just spoken of. After leaving New-Lebanon, we soon lose that bold scenery which I have described, and which often so eminently characterizes primitive countries. The transition lime-stone, I am aware, is occasionally Alpine in its appearance, as in the Peak of Derbyshire, and it is so in the New-Lebanon basin.

But, the transition and slaty formation, which immediately succeeds, presents hills of moderate elevation, without ridges, peaks, defiles or deep hollows, and bounded by gentle outlines and large curves. It would be too much to say, that this is the invariable character of transition countries, but compared with the primitive in the immediate vicinity, I believe they usually possess this appearance.

We must not, however, insist with too much rigor upon the application of the systematic arrangements of other countries to this. Many parts of our primitive formations, occupy a low level, and some of our primitive slaty rocks are not highly inclined in relation to the horizon.*

The ridges of greenstone trap at Greenfield, in Massachusetts, are higher than the granite of Northfield and Montague, in the same vicinity, and at Leverett, the granite is low, and the puddingstone rises to the heighth of five or six hundred feet, and far above the granite. The Sugar-Loaf Mountain, in the southern part of Deerfield, is composed of conglomerate, and is five hundred feet high above the contiguous plain. Mount Toby, on the opposite side of the river in Sunderland, is between eight and nine hundred feet high, and these hills are higher than the greenstone, granite and other rocks in that region.†

ALBANY.

Albany contains from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, and is the second city in the State (we might almost say empire,) of New-York. Its latitude is 42° 38′ N.; it is one hundred and sixty miles from New-York, and one hundred sixty-four from

* This is the fact with vast ledges of gneiss on the southern and eastern shores of lake Champlain.

† See Mr. Hitchcock's account of Deerfield, &c.—American Journal of Science, &c.—Vol I.

Boston. It rises, for the most part, rapidly from the river, and exhibits a very handsome appearance from the Greenbush side. The greater part of the population, however, is on the flat ground, immediately contiguous to the river, where the Dutch, who founded the town, first commenced building, agreeably to their established habits in Holland. Instances are innumerable, where people continue from habit, what was at first begun from necessity, and this seems to have been the fact in the present case. The town extends about two miles north and south, on the river, and in the widest part, nearly one mile east and west. It is perfectly compact—closely built, and as far as it extends, has the appearance of a great city. It has numerous streets, lanes, and alleys, and in all of them, there is the same closeness of building, and the same city-like appearance.

The principal streets and especially Market, State and Pearl streets, are spacious, and the houses in general, are handsome and commodious; many are large, and a few are splendid. State-street is very wide, and rises rapidly from the river, up a considerably steep hill. The Capitol stands at the head of it. This is a large and handsome building of stone,* furnished with good rooms for the govern-

* I could not but regret that the tessellated marble pavement of the vestibule, otherwise very handsome, was shamefully dirtied by tobacco spittle: such a thing would not be suffered in Europe. It is however, unfortunately, only a sample of the too general

ment and courts of law; in the decorations and furniture of some of these apartments, there is a good degree of elegance, and even some splendor.—There is also a State Library, just begun; it does not yet contain one thousand volumes, but they are well selected, and a fund of five hundred dollars per annum is provided for its increase, besides three thousand dollars granted by the legislature to commence the collection.

The view from the Balcony of the Capitol is rich and magnificent: the mountains of Vermont and of the Catskill are the most distant objects, and the banks of the river are very beautiful, on account of the fine verdure and cultivation, and of the numerous pretty eminences, which bound its meadows.

The Academy of Albany, situated on the Capitol Hill, is a noble building, of Jersey free stone. Although it has (as stated to me by Dr. B——) cost ninety thousand dollars, only the lower rooms are finished. Schools are, however, maintained, in it, for nearly two hundred children, and it is prosperous, under the able direction of Dr. T. R. Beck, and of several assistant teachers.

This Institution was erected at the expence of the city of Albany, and is honourable to its munificence, although a plainer building. which, when

reatment of public buildings, and places in the United States, nd constitutes no *peculiar* topic of reproach, in this instance; but is particularly offensive in so fine a building.

completely finished, would have cost much less money, would probably have been equally useful, and might have left them, out of their ninety thousand dollars, a handsome fund, in addition to what they now possess.

There is a large and convenient brick building for a Lancasterian school, but I did not go into it.

Among the interesting things of Albany is the seat of the late General Schuyler, situated quite in the country, at the south end of the town. It is memorable, principally, from its *historical* associations. It was the seat of vast hospitality and the resort of the great men of the revolution.

Even Gen. Burgoyne, with his principal officers, was lodged and entertained there, after his surrender, although he had devastated Gen. Schuyler's beautiful estate at Saratoga, and burned his fine country seat.

The house of the late Gen. Schuyler, is spacious and in its appearance, venerable; it has, long since, passed away from the family, and is now possessed by a furrier.

At the opposite, or northern extremity of Albany, and almost equally in the country, is situated the seat of the patroon, Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer. It is well known, that he possesses a vast patrimonial estate of forty miles square, lying in the vicinity of Albany, which has descended, unbroken, from his early American ancestors. Such a phenomenon, in a republican country, is very remarka-

ble, and cannot fail, in spite of our early prejudices and the strong bias of national feelings, to excite a degree of admiration, if not of veneration. We are still more disposed to indulge these feelings, when we find the hereditary possession of such wealth, associated with distinguished excellence, in public and private life, with the most amiable and unassuming manners, and with a princely, although discriminating liberality.

The house (which was built by the father of the present patroon,) is a palace. It stands on the flat ground, by the river, and looks down market street, which here terminates abruptly. The house has in the rear, nothing but green fields and beautiful rural scenes. It is embowered in groves, and shrubbery, and reminded me powerfully, of some of the fine villas in Holland, to which, both in situation and appearance, it bears a strong resemblance.

Among the gentry and professional and literary men of Albany, there are individuals of distinguished eminence. But, eminent men, of our own time and country, are rather too near, for much minuteness of delineation. Were it not for the restraint thus imposed by delicacy, it would be a task, by no means ungrateful, to draw likenesses from the life, and to exhibit the combined effect of talent, learning, and social virtues. An American in Europe, is free from this embarrassment, and should he here discover a mind of amazing vigor and activity—always glowing—always on the wing—replete

with various and extensive knowledge, flowing out in the most rapid, ardent and impressive eloquence, while simplicity and familiarity of manners were associated with a high minded integrity, and independence, he would fearlessly pronounce the possessor of such qualities an original and captivating man.

Albany is the great thoroughfare and resort of the vast western regions of the State; its streets are very bustling; it is said that two thousand waggons sometimes pass up and down State-street in a day; it must hereafter become a great inland city.

It stands near the head of sloop navigation and of tide water: sloops of eighty tons come up to the town, besides the steam-boats of vastly greater tonnage, but of a moderate draught of water.

In addition to the public buildings, that have been already mentioned, Albany has a City-Hall, a Jail, an Alms-House, a State Arsenal, two Market-Houses, four Banks, a Museum, eleven houses of public worship, and a public Library containing about four thousand volumes.*

The private library of Chancellor Kent, does honour to him and to learning. It contains between two and three thousand volumes of choice books. The collection on jurisprudence, embraces not only the English, but the civil and French law. It contains Latin, Greek, English and French Classics—belles lettres--history—biography—travels, and books in most branches of human learning. The numerous

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

manuscript remarks and annotations, on the blank leaves and margins of the books, evince that they are not a mere pageant, and at a future day will form some of the most interesting of our literary relics.

The situation of Albany is salubrious, and eminently happy, in relation to the surrounding country, which is populous and fertile. No one can estimate the importance of the regions west, which, in their progressive increase, and aided by the stupendous canal, now in progress, must pour a great part of their treasures through this channel.

Albany has been memorable in American history. It was the rendezvous, and the point of departure, for most of those armies, which, whether sent by the mother country, or, raised by the colonies themselves, for the conquest of the Gallo-American dominions, and of the savages, so often, during the middle periods of the last century, excited, and more than once, disappointed the hopes of the empire. It was scarcely less conspicuous in the same manner, during the war of the revolution and during the late war with Great Britain. Few places, on this side of the Atlantic, have seen more of martial array, or heard more frequently the dreadful "note of preparation." Still, (except perhaps in some of the early contests, with the Aborigines) it has never seen an enemy; a hostile army has never encamped before it; nor have its women and children ever seen "the smoke of an enemy's camp."

More than once, however, has a foreign enemy, after fixing his destination for Albany, been either arrested, and turned back in his career, or visited the desired spot in captivity and disgrace.

The French invasions from Canada never came nearer than Schenectady.* In 1777, the portentous advances of the British armies from Quebec, and of the British fleets and armies, from New-York, threatening a junction at Albany, and filling the new States with alarm, and the Cabinet of St. James with premature exultation, met a most signal discomfiture.

Albany was the seat of the great convention, held in 1754, for the purpose of bringing about a confederation of the Colonies, for their mutual defence and general benefit, and it has been signalized, by not a few other meetings, for momentous public purposes.

We passed a part of three days in Albany, and were not without strong inducements to protract our stay. The public houses are excellent, affording every accommodation and comfort, with that quiet and retirement, and that prompt civility, so commonly found in English Inns, and which, until within a few years, were so rare in those of America. Polished and enlightened society, and the courtesies of hospitality held out still stronger at-

* In 1690, Schenectady was suddenly assaulted, in the night, by the French and Indians, and its miserable inhabitants either massacred, or dragged, in the depth of winter, into captivity.

tractions, but our allotments of time did not permit us to remain any longer, and we hastened to set our faces towards the British dominions.

BANKS OF THE HUDSON, ABOVE ALBANY.

We determined to go by Whitehall, as we wished to avail ourselves, of the rapid and comfortable conveyance, to the confines of Canada, now established on Lake Champlain. Being unwilling however, to pass rapidly by, or entirely to avoid, all the interesting objects on the road, we adopted such an arrangement, as might permit us to take the banks of the Hudson and Lake George in our route. Indeed, from Albany, upon the course proposed, every part of our way was to be over *classical ground.* History sheds a deeper interest over no portion of the North American States. He who venerates the virtues and the valour, and commisserates the sufferings of our fathers, and he, who views, with gratitude and reverence, the deliverances which heaven has wrought for this land, will tread with awe, on every foot of ground between Albany and the northern lakes.

We were obliged, on this occasion, to deny ourselves a visit to Schenectady, and its rising literary institution, and to the waters of Ballston and Saratoga. Leaving them therefore to the left, we proceeded along the banks of the Hudson, principally on the western shore.

This is a charming ride. The road is very good, and absolutely without a hill; the river, often placid and smooth, but sometimes disturbed by a rocky bottom, is almost constantly in sight, and flows through beautiful meadows, which are commonly bounded, at small distances from the Hudson, by verdant hills, of moderate height, and gentle declivity. The strata of rocks are, almost invariably, the transition slate. They present scarcely any variety. The direction of the strata is so nearly that of the river, that they form but an inconsiderable angle with it; they often protrude their edges into view, because they have a very high inclination to the horizon, apparently about 45°,* or, perhaps in some instances, a few degrees less. The rock is easily broken up, and reduced to small fragments; and therefore forms an excellent material for the roads. The banks of the river frequently present a natural barrier, formed by the same kind of rock. Nearly six miles from Albany, we crossed the river into Troy.

SINGULAR HORSE FERRY-BOAT.

The ferry-boat is of most singular construction. A platform covers a wide flat boat. Underneath the platform, there is a large horizontal solid wheel, which extends to the sides of the boat; and there

* I had no opportunity to judge, except by the eye, as we rode along.

the platform, or deck, is cut through, and removed, so as to afford sufficient room, for two horses to stand on the flat surface of the wheel, one horse on each side, and parallel to the gunwale of the boat. The horses are harnessed, in the usual manner for teams—the whiffle trees being attached to stout iron bars, fixed horizontally, at a proper height, into posts, which are a part of the fixed portion of the boat. The horses look in opposite directions, one to the bow, and the other to the stern; their feet take hold of channels, or grooves, cut in the wheels, in the direction of radii; they press forward, and, although they advance not, any more than a squirrel, in a revolving cage, or than a spit dog at his work, their feet cause the horizontal wheel to revolve, in a direction opposite to that of their own apparent motion; this, by a connection of cogs, moves two vertical wheels, one on each wing of the boat, and these, being constructed like the paddle wheels of steam-boats, produce the same effect, and propel the boat forward. The horses are covered by a roof, furnished with curtains, to protect them in bad weather; and do not appear to labour harder than common draft horses, with a heavy load.

The inventor of this boat, is Mr. Langdon, of Whitehall, and it claims the important advantages of simplicity, cheapness and effect. At first view, the labour appears like a hardship upon the horses, but, probably this is an illusion, as it seems very immaterial to their comfort, whether they advance with

their load, or cause the basis, on which they labour, to recede.

TROY, LANSINGBURGH, AND WATERFORD.

Troy, six miles north of Albany, is a beautiful city, handsomely built, and regularly laid out; its appearance is very neat; it stands principally on the flat ground, by the Hudson—contains five thousand inhabitants—a court-house, jail, market-house, and two banks, a public library, a Lancasterian school, and five places of public worship. It has an intelligent and polished population, and a large share of wealth. A number of its gentlemen have discovered their attachment to science, by the institution of a Lyceum of Natural History, which, fostered by the activity, zeal, and intelligence of its members, and of its lecturer, Mr. Eaton, promises to be a public benefit, and to elevate the character of the place.

Near it, on the opposite side of the river, are extensive and beautiful barracks, belonging to the United States, with a large park of artillery. Below the town, are fine mill seats, on which are already established, several important manufactures, for which kind of employments, Troy appears very favourably situated. Small sloops come up to this town, which, for size, and importance, is the third, or fourth in the state.

We had to regret that the arrangements of our journey did not permit us to pass as much time in Troy, as, under other circumstances, would have been both useful and agreeable.

Lansingburgh, through which we passed, three miles north of Troy, is inferior to it in the number and quality of its buildings. Its population is not far from two thousand. It is a large and handsome settlement, situated, principally, on one street, and has an academy, a bank, and four* places of public worship. Sloops come up to this place, and it enjoys a considerable trade.

It was formerly more flourishing, than at present. Troy has, for a good many years, gained the pre-eminence, and seems likely to retain it.

Waterford is a pretty village, of one thousand inhabitants, and stands on the western bank of the Hudson, at its confluence with the Mohawk, where several islands, producing the appearance of several mouths, give diversity to a very beautiful scene. It is ten miles north of Albany. From the Lansingburgh side, we crossed into it, over a commodious bridge. The name of this place, was formerly Half-Moon point. It is memorable, as having been the most southern point, to which the American army, under General Schuyler, retreated, before the then victorious General Burgoyne. In the contiguous islands, in the mouth of the Mohawk, they took their stand, and were preparing to form a

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

camp, so strong, that their enemy would not be able to force it. This was in August, 1777. On the 19th of that month, General Schuyler was superceded in command by General Gates. Colonel Morgan's regiment of riflemen, dispatched from the main army by General Washington, arrived on the 23d; and on the 8th of September, the army again turned northward, and marched to Stillwater, to face General Burgoyne. From this place, therefore, we are to pass over the most interesting scenes of that campaign.

GENERAL BURGOYNE'S EXPEDITION.

Of that momentous period, I am not now about to re-write the history, which may be found, perhaps, sufficiently detailed, in various authors.* But, in travelling over ground, which has been the scene of memorable actions, it is both instructive and interesting, to advert concisely, to some of the most prominent events.

In May, 1775, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, and the small marine force on the lake, had been taken by surprise, by the Americans, led by Colonels Allen and Arnold, and thus, the command of the lakes George and Champlain, had been acquired

* Ramsay's History of the American Revolution, Gordon's History, Marshall's Life of Washington, Wilkinson's Memoirs, Annual Register, Burgoyne's State of the Expedition from Canada, &c.

without bloodshed, and with comparatively little effort.

This opened the way for the invasion of Canada, which was undertaken, in form, in the summer of 1775, it being supposed that the Canadians were disaffected to the British government, and needed nothing, but the appearance of an American army, to induce a general revolt.

Accordingly, in September, 1775, General Schuyler, with General Montgomery, proceeded to the Sorel river, and took post at the Isle-aux-Noix, eight or nine miles above St. Johns, and eleven below the egress of the river from Lake Champlain.

General Schuyler falling sick, the command devolved on General Montgomery, who, in the course of a few weeks, reduced the forts of St. Johns and Chambly, on the river Sorel, and captured Montreal, and the towns of Sorel, and the Trois Rivieres, on the St. Lawrence. Early in December, he formed a junction with General Arnold, who, in November, arrived at Point Levi, opposite to Quebec, with the little army which he commanded, (having traversed the hideous wilderness between the Kennebec and St. Lawrence rivers,) and the two armies united, scarcely equalling one thousand men, proceeded, in due form, to invest Quebec.

The siege, from the want of heavy cannon, proving ineffectual, they made a desperate assault, on the last day of December. This terminated in the death of Montgomery, and the defeat of the enter-

prise; the army, however, kept its ground, in the vicinity of Quebec, till spring, and maintained, partly a siege, and partly a blockade of the place.

On the return of spring, and the arrival of British reinforcements, the American army gradually retired up the St. Lawrence; and, although largely reinforced, from time to time, till it eventually amounted to eight thousand men, it was not able to retain possession of the country; but, by degrees, after various conflicts, more or less important, relinquished all that had been gained, by so much effort and blood.

In June, 1776, the evacuation of Canada was complete, and the great objects, originally in view, of uniting Canada to the states, and of preventing invasion from that quarter, were entirely defeated. Still, the Americans held the command of the lakes, and Sir Guy Carleton, who commanded in Canada, made such astonishing efforts to prepare a navy, that, by the autumn of 1776, he had a force much superior to that of the Americans.

A desperate conflict ensued, in October of the same year; and General Arnold, who commanded the American flotilla, although he did every thing which valour could accomplish, witnessed the complete destruction of this little navy.

Thus the principal obstacles, that prevented the invasion of the new States, from Canada, were removed, and the tide of war, with a powerful reflux, was soon to roll back from the North.

The troops, destined for the intended invasion, were already in Canada, and General Burgoyne, their future commander, returned to England in the autumn of 1776, to digest the plan of the intended campaign. By an exertion of arbitrary authority, he was made to supercede General Sir Guy Carleton, who had commanded, with much ability, during the preceding campaign, and whose only fault, in the view of the English ministry, was, probably, his humanity and clemency to the Americans; his magnanimity, however, led him still to do every thing in his power to forward the service. In the spring of 1777, General Burgoyne returned to Canada, took the command, and the armament proceeded on its destination.

It was led by accomplished and experienced officers;—it was furnished with a most formidable train of brass artillery, and with all the apparatus, stores, and equipments, which the nature of the service required, and which the art of man had invented. Veteran corps of the best troops of Britain and Germany, formed almost the whole of this dreaded army, while Canadians, and American loyalists, furnished it with rangers, scouts, and spies, and a numerous array of savages, with their own dress, and weapons, and with their own characteristic ferocity, increased the terrors of its approach. It numbered, according to common estimation, ten thousand strong, including every description of force; an army, which, considering the theatre of action, was equal to ten

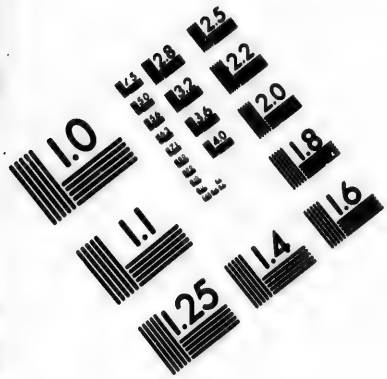
times that number in the ordinary wars of Europe. It is probable, however, that this force was somewhat overrated, by the Americans, as the regular troops did not exceed, (according to the statement of the British officers,) seven thousand men. Unmolested in its progress, from St. John's, up the lake, it landed and invested Ticonderoga on the first and second days of July.

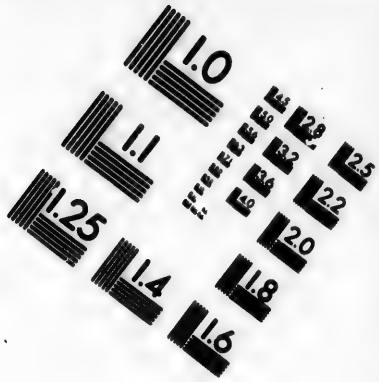
This post, the key of the North, had not been attempted by Sir Guy Carleton, after the destruction of the American flotilla, in the preceding October. It had, in the mean time, been strengthened by additional works, and men, and the command of it committed to General St. Clair, an officer of the highest standing. The country looked to him for a vigorous defence, and expected that he would stem the tide of invasion, and fix bounds to its proud billows. But, that country, little knew the really feeble, and ill provided state of the garrison, and its utter incompetency, to contend with the formidable army by which it was now invested. Had it been even much stronger than it was, its strength would have been rendered unavailing, by the unexpected occupancy of Sugar Loaf Hill, or Mount Defiance, hitherto deemed inaccessible, and equally neglected, by all previous commanders, whether French, British or Americans, and had the latter now thought proper to possess it, they could not have spared troops for the purpose. From this completely

commanding, and very contiguous position,* General Burgoyne was already prepared, to pour down into the garrison, a certain and deadly fire from his artillery; while, not an effective shot could be returned.

The Eagle, perched in the covert of the rock, was poising his wings to dart upon the defenceless prey, that was crouching beneath him, and nothing but precipitate flight could save the victim. Accordingly, on the night of the fifth of July, Ticonderoga was abandoned: the baggage, stores, hospital, ordnance and moveable provisions were dispatched to Skeensborough, by water, in the little American flotilla, while the main body of the garrison, having crossed the lake to Fort Independence, defiled to the left, into Vermont. They were closely pursued by a detachment of the British, under General Frazer, and of the Germans under General Reidesel, who, the next day, brought them to action, and the obstinate and sanguinary conflicts at Hubberton, evinced, that although in retreat, they were still very formidable. This little army led by General St. Clair, after a circuitous march, reached the Hudson, at Batten Kill, and soon joined General Schuyler, who, with the main army, was a few miles above, at Fort Edward. General Burgoyne, with the great body of the British troops, proceed-

* Only one thousand four hundred yards, from Ticonderoga, and one thousand five hundred from Mount Independence, on the opposite shore.—(*General Burgoyne.*)





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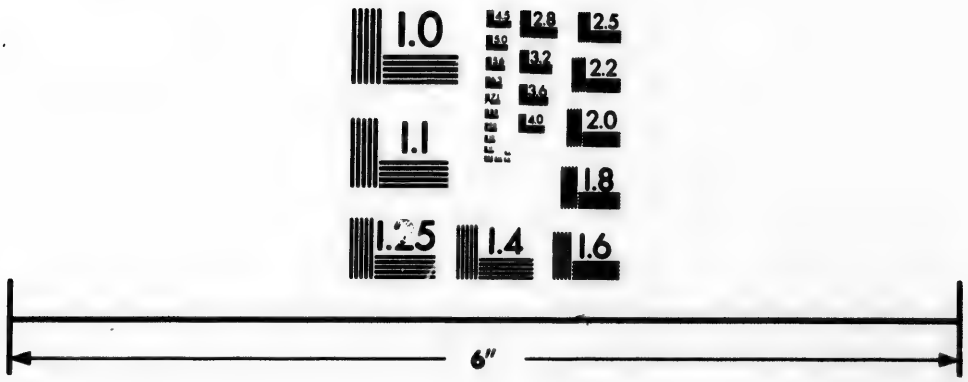

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ed, in pursuit of his enemy, up the lake, to Skeensborough, and destroyed the American flotilla, baggage and stores, while General Philips with most of the stores of General Burgoyne, went up lake George to Fort George, situated at its head. General Schuyler's army continued to retreat, down the Hudson, to Saratoga and Stillwater, and, at last, to Van Shaick's island, in the mouth of the Mohawk, where it took post, on the eighteenth of August.

From Skeensborough, General Burgoyne, with extreme difficulty, and after several weeks of severe labour, and one considerable battle near fort Anne, cleared the passage to Fort Edward; for General Schuyler, in consequence of General Burgoyne's halting, nearly three weeks, at Skeensborough, had time to throw very formidable obstructions in his way. He felled innumerable trees into Wood Creek, and across the roads, by Fort Anne; he demolished bridges, and by every other means in his power, so impeded his march, that the British army did not arrive at Fort Edward, on the Hudson, till the 30th of July. A junction was at length formed at this place, between the main body, and the division that went by lake George.

In order to enable General Burgoyne to move down the Hudson, it was necessary to transport the stores, boats and ammunition, a distance of sixteen miles, over a very difficult country, from Fort George to Fort Edward. But still on the fifteenth of August, there was at Fort Edward, only four days' provision in advance.

On the sixteenth, Colonel Baum, who with his Germans, had been detached by Burgoyne, to seize a magazine of stores at Bennington, in Vermont, and to countenance the loyalists in that quarter, was totally defeated and slain, by General Stark; most of his detachment were either killed or made prisoners; and Colonel Breyman, who had been sent to succour Baum, and who arrived on the same ground, a few hours after the battle, was also defeated, and with extreme difficulty, regained the main army with the greater part of his troops.

In the mean time, Colonel St. Leger, in consequence of an arrangement, made in England, had proceeded, early in August, with an army of British and Indians, to attack Fort Stanwix, called also Fort Schuyler, on the Mohawk. This was intended to operate, as a diversion in favour of Burgoyne; to distract the Americans, and, in case of success, to bring down a powerful force, upon their flank.

This expedition was attended with some success, in the defeat of Colonel Herkimer, who fell into an ambuscade, while advancing with the militia, of the vicinity, to relieve the Fort; he was slain, with many of his party; but a successful sally from the Fort—the reported advance of General Arnold, with a force greatly magnified by the artful representations of some friendly Indians, and the fears and fickleness of the savages, in the British army, eventually defeated St. Leger's expedition, and caused him to retreat, in extreme confusion and distress.

Thus, General Burgoyne was disappointed of any collateral aid, from St. Leger, and the signal defeat at Bennington, not only deprived him of any supply of provisions, from that source, but lost him a sixth part of the regular troops in his army, and revealed the important secret, that regular troops could be beaten by militia. These events revived the courage of the Americans, gave them time to rally and to recruit their armies, and very materially embarrassed and retarded the movements of General Burgoyne.

To retreat was to abandon the objects of his expedition, and to disappoint the expectations of his government; to advance, although with increasing difficulties, and dangers, was therefore the only alternative. Accordingly, on the thirteenth and fourteenth of September, he passed the Hudson river, on a bridge of boats, not far from Fort Miller, and advanced, without any material opposition, to Saratoga and Stillwater, till, on the seventeenth, his advanced guard was within four miles of the American army, now returning northward. On the eighteenth, the fronts of the two armies were almost in contact, and some skirmishing ensued, but without bringing on a general engagement.

Thus, we have passed in very rapid review, the principal events, which preceded, and induced the crisis of General Burgoyne's expedition. The two armies were now so situated that the catastrophe

could not long be averted, and the four succeeding weeks, were pregnant with dangers and difficulties, and fruitful in the waste of human life.

* * * * * * *

We had so arranged our journey, as to lodge at Stillwater, and we were even desirous to stay in the very house, which in the plans, accompanying General Burgoyne's "State of the expedition from Canada," is called "Swords' house."

This small house, which is still in tolerable repair, and is now kept as a tavern, was, for some time, the British head quarters, and hospital, and was rendered very memorable by the events which happened in and near it.

We arrived, at night fall, in the midst of a hard rain; obtained the refreshments we needed, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. Willing to arrest the impressions of the moment, I wrote down such thoughts as the scene suggested.

SWORDS' HOUSE AT STILLWATER—*Ten o'clock at night.*

We are now on memorable ground. Here, much precious blood was shed, and now, in the silence and solitude of a very dark and rainy night—the family asleep, and nothing heard but the rain and the Hudson, gently murmuring along, I am writing in the very house; and my table stands, on the very

spot in the room where General Frazer breathed his last, on the eighth of October, 1777.

He was mortally wounded in the last of the two desperate battles fought on the neighbouring heights, and, in the midst of the conflict, was brought to this house, by the soldiers. Before me lies one of the bullets, shot on that occasion; they are often found, in ploughing the battle field.

Blood is asserted, by the people of the house, to have been visible here, on the floor, till a very recent period.

General Frazer was high in command, in the British army, and was almost idolized by them: they had the utmost confidence in his skill and valour, and that the Americans entertained a similar opinion of him, is sufficiently evinced, by the following anecdote, related to me at Ballston Springs, in 1797, by the Hon. Richard Brent, then a member of Congress, from Virginia,* who derived the fact from General Morgan's own mouth.

In the battle of October the seventh, the last pitched battle, that was fought between the two armies, General Frazer, mounted on an iron grey horse, was very conspicuous. He was all activity, courage, and vigilance, riding from one part of his division to another, and animating the troops by his example.* Wherever he was present, every thing prospered, and, when confusion appeared in any part of

* Since deceased.

the line, order and energy were restored by his arrival.

Colonel Morgan,* with his Virginia riflemen, was immediately opposed to Frazer's division of the army.

It had been concerted, before the commencement of the battle, that while the New-Hampshire and the New-York troops, attacked the British left, Colonel Morgan with his regiment of Virginia riflemen, should make a circuit so as to come upon the British right, and attack them there. In this attempt, he was favoured by a woody hill, to the foot of which the British right extended. When the attack commenced on the British left, "true to his purpose, Morgan, at this critical moment, poured down, like a torrent from the hill, and attacked the right of the enemy in front and flank."† The right wing soon made a movement to support the left, which was assailed with increased violence, and while executing this movement, General Frazer received his mortal wound.

In the midst of this sanguinary battle, Colonel Morgan took a few of his best riflemen aside; men in whose fidelity, and fatal precision of aim, he could repose the most perfect confidence, and said to them: "that gallant officer is General Frazer; I

* Afterwards General Morgan—the hero of the battle of the Cowpens, and distinguished through the whole war, by a series of the most important services.

† Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 268.

admire and respect him, *but it is necessary that he should die*—take your stations in that wood, and do your duty." Within a few moments General Frazer fell, mortally wounded.*

How far, such personal designation is justifiable, has often been questioned, but those who vindicate war at all, contend, that to shoot a distinguished officer, and thus to accelerate the conclusion of a bloody battle, operates to save lives, and that it is, *morally*, no worse, to kill an illustrious, than an obscure individual; a FRAZER, than a common soldier; a NELSON,† than a common sailor. But, there is something very revolting to humane feelings, in a mode of warfare, which converts its ordinary chances into a species of military execution. Such instances, were, however, frequent, during the campaign of General Burgoyne; and his aid, Sir Francis Clark, and many other British officers, were victims of American marksmanship.

The Baroness Reidesel, the lady of Major General the Baron Reidesel, in some very interesting letters of hers, published at Berlin, in 1800, and in part republished in translation, in Wilkinson's memoirs, states that she, with her three little children, (for she had, with this tender charge, followed the

* He was supported on his horse by two officers, till he reached his tent; he said that he saw the man who shot him, that he was a rifleman, and posted in a tree.

† Nelson was killed by a sharp shooter from the tops of the Santissima Trinidada.

fortunes of her husband, across the Atlantic, and through the horrors of the campaign) occupied this house, which was the only refuge, within protection of the British army. The rooms which it contained remain, to this day, as they then were, although some other rooms have been since added.

The house stood at that time, perhaps one hundred yards from the river, at the foot of the hill; it was afterwards removed to the road side, close by the river, where it now stands.

The Baroness, with her little children, occupied the room, in which we took tea, and General Frazer, when brought in wounded, was laid in the other room. In fact, as it was the only shelter that remained standing, it was soon converted into a hospital, and many other wounded and dying officers were brought to this melancholy refuge.

Thus a refined and delicate lady, educated in all the elegance of affluence and of elevated rank, with her little children, was compelled to witness the agonies of bleeding and dying men, among whom, some of her husband's and of her own particular friends, expired before her eyes. She imparted to them of her few remaining comforts and soothed them by offices of kindness. This distinguished lady was not without female companions, who shared her distresses, or felt with keenness their own misfortunes. Among them was lady Harriet Ackland, the wife of Major Ackland, who commanded the British grenadiers. Every thing that

has been said of the Baroness Reidesel, will apply to her. News came, from time to time, from the heights, that one officer and another was killed, and among the rest that Major Ackland was desperately wounded, and a prisoner with the enemy.

Major, (called in General Burgoyne's narrative, *Colonel*) Ackland, had been wounded in the battle of Hubberton, but had recovered, and resumed the command of the Grenadiers. He was wounded, the second time, in the battle of October 7, and found by General (then Colonel Wilkinson,) who gives the following interesting statement of the occurrence :*——"with the troops, I pursued the hard pressed, flying enemy, passing over killed and wounded, until I heard one exclaim, 'protect me, Sir, against this boy.' Turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer, who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, 'I had the honour to command the Grenadiers;" of course I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place, on the back of a Captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire, and was deposited here, to save the lives of both."†

* Memoirs, Vol. I. pa. 271.

† Anbury relates, (Travels, Vol. I. pa. 394,) that after Ackland was deposited, by Captain Shrimpton, he offered fifty guineas to the Grenadiers, who were flying by him, if any one of them, would

"I dismounted, took him by the hand and expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded; 'not badly,' replied this gallant officer, and accomplished gentleman, 'but very inconveniently, I am shot through both legs; will you, Sir, have the goodness, to have me conveyed to your camp?' I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his (the servant's) seat, and ordered him to be conducted to head quarters."

Two other ladies, who were in the same house with madam Reidesel, received news, the one, that her husband was wounded, and the other, that hers was slain; and the Baroness herself, expected, every moment to hear similar tidings; for the Baron's duties, as commander in chief, of the German troops, required him to be frequently exposed to the most imminent perils.

The Baroness Reidesel, gives, in her narrative, the following recital, respecting General Frazer's death:—"severe trials, awaited us, and on the 7th of October, our misfortunes began; I was at breakfast,

convey him into camp; that a very stout Grenadier, undertook it, but being overtaken by the Americans, both were made prisoners. Anbury's book, however, although it contains many interesting occurrences, which so far as they are stated, on his own knowledge, are probably related with correctness—is evidently a *made up* work, and what is curious enough, many parts of it, and by far the most important parts, are taken, almost verbatim, from General Burgoyne's "State of the Expedition from Canada"—although that work was not published, till three years after Anbury's letters are *dated*.

with my husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day, I expected the Generals Burgoyne, Philips and Frazer, to dine with us. I saw a great movement among the troops; my husband told me, it was a mere reconnoissance, which gave me no concern, as it often happened. I walked out of the house, and met several Indians, in their war dresses, with guns in their hands. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out War! War! (meaning that they were going to battle.)—This filled me with apprehensions, and I had scarcely got home, before I heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees, till at last, the noise became excessive. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests, whom I expected, General Frazer was brought, on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead, for the wounded General. I sat trembling in a corner; the noise grew louder, and the alarm increased: the thought that my husband might, perhaps, be brought in, wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me, and distressed me exceedingly.

General Frazer said to the surgeon, 'tell me if my wound is mortal, do not flatter me.' The ball had passed through his body, and unhappily for the General, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim, with a sigh, 'O, FATAL AMBI-

TION! POOR GENERAL BURGOYNE! O, MY POOR WIFE!' He was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that 'IF GENERAL BURGOYNE WOULD PERMIT IT, HE SHOULD LIKE TO BE BURIED AT 6 O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, ON THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN, IN A REDOUBT WHICH HAD BEEN BUILT THERE.' Towards evening, I saw my husband coming; then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me."

The German Baroness spent much of the night in comforting lady Harriet Ackland, and in taking care of her children, whom she had put to bed. Of herself she says—"I could not go to sleep, as I had General Frazer and all the other wounded gentlemen in my room, and I was sadly afraid, my children would awake, and by their crying, disturb the dying man, in his last moments, who often addressed me, and apologised '*for the trouble he gave me.*' About 3 o'clock in the morning, I was told, he could not hold out much longer; I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About eight o'clock in the morning, he *died*. After he was laid out, and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet, we came again into the room, and we had this sorrowful sight before us the whole day; and, to add to the melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of my acquaintance was brought in wounded."

What a situation for delicate females—a small house, filled with bleeding and expiring men—the battle roaring and raging all around—little children to be soothed and protected, and female domestics, in despair, to be comforted—cordials and aids, such as were attainable, to be administered to the wounded and dying—ruin impending over the army, and they knew not what insults, worse than death, might await themselves, from those whom they had been taught to consider as base, as well as cowardly.

Both these illustrious females learned, not long after, a different lesson. I have already remarked, that Major Ackland was wounded and taken prisoner. His lady, with heroic courage, and exemplary conjugal tenderness, passed down the river, to our army, with a letter from General Burgoyne, to General Gates, and although somewhat detained on the river, because it was night when she arrived, and the centinel could not permit her to land, till he had received orders from his superior, she was, as soon as her errand was made known, received by the Americans, with the utmost respect, kindness, and delicacy. Her husband, many years after the war, even lost his life, in a duel, which he fought with an officer, who called the Americans cowards. Ackland espoused their cause, and vindicated it in this unhappy manner.

General Burgoyne, in his "State of the expedition from Canada," has mentioned, with much respect and feeling, the case of lady Harriet Ackland. It

seems she came with her husband to Canada, early in the year 1776, and accompanied him through that campaign, in all the varieties of travelling and of season, "to attend, in a poor hut, at Chambly, upon his sick bed." At the opening of the campaign of 1777, she, by the positive injunctions of her husband, remained at Ticonderoga, till, hearing of his being wounded at Castleton, she went over to him, and, after his recovery, persisted in following his fortunes, with no other vehicle, than a little two-wheeled tumbril, constructed in the camp on the Hudson. She, with the Major, was, on a particular occasion, near perishing in the flames, in consequence of their hut taking fire in the night. As the grenadiers, whom Major Ackland commanded, were attached to the advanced corps, this lady was exposed to all their fatigues, and to many of their perils, and was at last obliged, during the battle of the 7th of October, to take refuge "among the wounded and dying."

With respect to her proposal, to go over to the American camp, to take care of her husband, General Burgoyne remarks,* "Though I was ready to believe, (for I had experienced,) that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted, not only

* State of the expedition, &c. page 128.

for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort, above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give, was small indeed; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told, she had found from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her, was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection." ——— "It is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received, and accommodated by General Gates, with all the humanity and respect, that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved."

I omit to quote General Burgoyne's statement, that lady Harriet Ackland was detained through the night in the open boat, because, we are now informed, on the authority of Generals Wilkinson* and Dearborn, that this was a total misrepresentation, although, probably, not originating with General Burgoyne. It seems General Dearborn (then a Major,) commanded, at the post where the boat was hailed. As soon as the character of the lady was known, she was immediately provided with a comfortable apartment, and refreshments, and fire, and, in the morn-

* Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 263.

ing, was forwarded on her way to the camp. "Let such," adds General Burgoyne, "as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger, recollect that the subject of them was a woman, of the most tender and delicate frame; of the gentlest manners; habituated to all the soft elegancies, and refined enjoyments, that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a state, in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, become indispensably necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such trials."

Lady Reidesel, immediately on the surrender of the army, received on the spot, from General Schuyler, (and that spot was his own devastated estate,) the most kind and soothing attentions, which she and her children so eminently needed, and afterwards, in the family of this magnanimous and generous man, she experienced from Mrs. Schuyler and her daughters, all the attentions and sympathies of friendship.

After the surrender, and the officers had gone over to General Gates' army, General Reidesel sent a message to his lady, to come to him with her children. She says in her narrative, "I seated myself once more, in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp. As I passed on, I observed, (and this was a great consolation to me,) that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but they all greeted us, and even shewed compassion in their countenances, at the sight of a woman with

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small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, *took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears.* "You tremble," said he, addressing himself to me, "be not afraid." "No," I answered, "you seem so *kind* and *tender* to my children, it inspires me with courage." He now led me to the tent of General Gates." ——— "All the Generals remained to dine with General Gates."

"The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, "You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with a free will." I said, "YOU ARE CERTAINLY A HUSBAND AND A FATHER, you have shewn me so much kindness."

"I now found that he was General SCHUYLER. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef steaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter! Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner: I was content; I saw all around me were so likewise; and what was better than all, my husband was out of danger! When we had dined, he told me his residence was at Albany, and that General Burgoyne intended to honour him as his guest, and invited myself and children to do so likewise. I asked my husband how I should act; he told me to

accept the invitation." ——— "Some days after this, we arrived at Albany, where we so often wished ourselves; but, we did not enter it, as we expected we should, victors! We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife, and daughters, not as enemies, but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautifully finished house to be burnt; in fact, they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of *their own* injuries in the contemplation of *our* misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, "You shew me great kindness, although I have done you much injury." "*That was the fate of war*," replied the brave man, "let us say no more about it."

Thus, not only General Burgoyne, but a number of the most distinguished officers of the army, including Baron Reidesel, and Major Ackland, and their ladies, were actually lodged for [illegible] and most hospitably entertained, in the [illegible] the man, whose elegant villa at Saratoga, they had wantonly* burnt, and whose fine estate there they had spoiled.

* * * * * * *

*It was asserted, in justification, that the house was burnt to prevent its being a cover for the Americans, and that the estate was ravaged in foraging.

Retiring at a late hour to my bed, it will be easily perceived, that the tender and heroic ideas, associated with this memorable house, would strongly possess my mind. The night was mantled in black clouds, and impenetrable darkness; the rain, increasing, descended in torrents, upon the roof of this humble mansion; the water, urged from the heights, poured with loud and incessant rumbling, through a neighbouring aqueduct; and the Hudson, as if conscious that blood had once stained its waters, and its banks, rolled along with sullen murmurs;—the distinguished persons, who, forty-two years since, occupied this tenement—the agonized females—the terrified imploring children—and the gallant chiefs, in all the grandeur of heroic suffering and death, were vividly present to my mind—all the realities of the night, and the sublime and tender images of the past, conspired to give my faculties too much activity for sleep, and I will not deny that the dawning light was grateful to my eyes!

THE BATTLE GROUND.

The rain having ceased, I was on horseback at early dawn, with a veteran guide to conduct me to the battle ground. Although he was seventy-five years old, he did not detain me a moment; in consequence of an appointment the evening before, he was waiting my arrival at his house, a mile below our inn, and, declining any aid, he mounted a tall

horse, from the ground. His name was Ezra Buel,* a native of Lebanon, in Connecticut, which place he left in his youth, and was settled here, at the time of General Burgoyne's invasion. He acted, through the whole time, as a guide to the American army, and was one of three, who were constantly employed in that service. His duty led him to be always foremost, and in the post of danger; and he was, therefore, admirably qualified for my purpose.

The two great battles, which decided the fate of Burgoyne's army, were fought, the first on the 19th of September, and the last, on the 7th of October, on Bemus' heights, and very nearly on the same ground, which is about two miles west of the river.

The river is, in this region, bordered for many miles, by a continued meadow, of no great breadth; upon this meadow, there was then, as there is now, a good road, close to the river, and parallel to it. Upon this road, marched the heavy artillery and baggage, constituting the left wing of the British army, while the advanced corps of the light troops, forming the right wing, kept on the heights which bound the meadows.

The American army was south and west of the British, its right wing on the river, and its left resting on the heights. We passed over a part of their camp a little below Stillwater.

* Called *colloquially*, in the neighbourhood, *Major Buel*, a rank which he never had in the army, but which was *facetiously* assigned him, while in the service, by his brother guides. He is much respected as a worthy man.

A great part of the battle ground was occupied by lofty forest trees, principally pine, with here and there a few cleared fields, of which the most conspicuous in these sanguinary scenes, was called Freeman's farm, and is so called in General Burgoyne's plans. Such is nearly the present situation of these heights, only there is more cleared land; the *gigantic* trees have been principally felled, but a considerable number remain, as witnesses to posterity; they still shew the wounds, made in their trunks and branches, by the missiles of contending armies; their roots still penetrate the soil, that was made fruitful by the blood of the brave, and their sombre foliage still murmurs, with the breeze, which once sighed, as it bore the departing spirits along.

My veteran guide, warmed by my curiosity, and recalling the feelings of his prime, led me, with amazing rapidity, and promptitude, over fences and ditches—through water and mire—through ravines and defiles—through thick forests, and open fields—and up and down very steep hills; in short, through many places, where, alone, I would not have ventured; but, it would have been shameful for me not to follow, where a man of seventy-five would lead, and to reluctate at going, *in peace*, over the ground, which the defenders of their country, and their foes, once trod, in steps of blood.

On our way to Freeman's farm, we traced the line of the British encampment, still marked by a breast work of logs, now rotten, but retaining their

forms; they were, at the time, covered with earth, and the barrier between contending armies, is now a fence, to mark the peaceful divisions of agriculture. This breast work, I suppose to be a part of the line of encampment, occupied by General Burgoyne, after the battle of the 19th of September, and which was stormed on the evening of the 7th of October.

The old man shewed me the exact spot, where an accidental skirmish, between advanced parties, of the two armies, soon brought on the general and bloody battle of September 19.

This was on Freeman's farm, a field which was then cleared, although surrounded by forest. The British picket here occupied a small house,* when a part of Colonel Morgan's corps fell in with, and immediately drove them from it, leaving the house almost "encircled with their dead." The pursuing party almost immediately, and very unexpectedly, fell in with the British line, and were in part captured, and the rest dispersed.

This incident occurred at half past twelve o'clock; there was then an intermission till one, when the action was sharply renewed; but it did not become general, till three, from which time it raged with unabated fury till night. "The theatre of action" (says Gen-

* Major Forbes, of the British army, states, that the American picket occupied the house: both facts might have been true at different periods of the affair.

eral Wilkinson,*) was such, that although the combatants changed ground a dozen times, in the course of the day, the contest terminated on the spot where it began. This may be explained in a few words. The British line was formed on an eminence in a thin pine wood, having before it Freeman's farm, an oblong field, stretching from the centre towards its right, the ground in front sloping gently down to the verge of this field, which was bordered, on the opposite side, by a close wood: the sanguinary scene lay in the cleared ground, between the eminence occupied by the enemy, and the wood just described; the fire of our marksmen from this wood, was too deadly to be withstood, by the enemy, in line, and when they gave way and broke, our men, rushing from their covert, pursued them to the eminence, where, having their flanks protected, they rallied, and charging in turn, drove us back into the wood, from whence a dreadful fire would again force them to fall back; and in this manner, did the battle fluctuate, like waves of a stormy sea, with alternate advantages for four hours, without one moment's intermission. The British artillery fell into our possession at every charge, but we could neither turn the pieces upon the enemy nor bring them off; the wood prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the lintstock was invariably, carried off, and the rapidity of our transitions did not allow us time to provide one; the slaugh-

* Memoirs, Vol. I. p. [illegible]

ter of this brigade of artillerists was remarkable, the Captain (Jones) and thirty-six men being killed or wounded out of forty-eight. It was truly a gallant conflict, in which death, by familiarity, lost his terrors, and certainly a drawn battle, as night alone terminated it: the British army keeping its ground in rear of the field of action, and our corps, when they could no longer distinguish objects, retiring to their own camp. Yet General Burgoyne claimed a victory."

It had, however, with respect to him, all the consequences of a defeat: his loss was between five and six hundred, while ours was but little more than half that number; his loss was irreparable, ours easily repaired, and in proportion to our entire army, as well as absolutely, it was much less than his.

The stress of the action, as regarded the British, lay, principally on the twentieth, twenty-first and sixty-second regiments; the latter which was five hundred strong, when it left Canada, was reduced to less than sixty men, and to four or five officers.*

General Burgoyne states, that there was scarcely ever an interval of a minute [illegible] broke, when some British officer was not [illegible] by the American riflemen, posted in the trees, in the rear and on the flank of their own line. A shot which was meant for General Burgoyne, severely wounded Captain Green, an Aid of General Phillips: the mistake was owing to the Captain's having a rich laced fur-

* Gordon.

niture to his saddle, which caused the marksman to mistake him for the General.

Such was the ardor of the Americans, that, as General Wilkinson states, the wounded men, after having their wounds dressed, in many instances returned again into the battle.

The battle of the seventh of October, was fought on the same ground, but it was not so stationary; it commenced farther to the right, and extended, in its various periods, over more surface, eventually occupying not only Freeman's farm, but it was urged by the Americans, to the very camp of the enemy, which, towards night, was most impetuously stormed, and in part carried.

The interval between the nineteenth of September, and the seventh of October, was one of great anxiety to both armies; "*not a night passed, (adds General Burgoyne,) without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon our pickets; no foraging party could be made without great detachments to cover it; it was the plan of the enemy to harrass the army, by constant alarms, and their superiority of numbers enabled them to attempt it, without fatigue to themselves. By being habituated to fire, our soldiers became indifferent to it, and were capable of eating or sleeping when it was very near them; but I do not believe that either officer or soldier ever slept during that interval, without his clothes, or that any general officer or commander of a regiment, passed a single night, without being

* State of the Expedition.

upon his legs, occasionally, at different hours, and constantly, an hour before day light."

The battle of the seventh was brought on by a movement of General Burgoyne, who caused one thousand five hundred men, with ten pieces of artillery, to march towards the left of the American army, for the purpose of discovering whether it was possible to force a passage; or, in case a retreat of the royal army should become indispensable, to dislodge the Americans from their entrenchments, and also to cover a forage, which had now become pressingly necessary. It was about the middle of the afternoon, that the British were observed advancing, and the Americans, with small arms, lost no time in attacking the British grenadiers and artillery, although under a tremendous fire from the latter; the battle soon extended along the whole line: Colonel Morgan, at the same moment, attacked, with his riflemen, on the right wing; Colonel Ackland, the commander of the grenadiers, fell, wounded; the grenadiers were defeated, and most of the artillery taken, after great slaughter.

After a most sanguinary contest, of less than one hour, the discomfiture and retreat of the British became general, and they had scarcely regained their camp, before the lines were stormed with the greatest fury, and part of lord Balcarras' camp, was for a short time in our possession.

I saw this spot, and also that where the Germans, under Colonel Breymen, forming the right reserve

of the army, were stormed, in their encampment, by General Learned, and Colonel Brooks, now Governour Brooks, of Massachusetts. General Arnold was wounded on this occasion; Colonel Breyman was killed; and the Germans were either captured, slain, or forced to retreat in the most precipitate manner, leaving the British encampment on the right, entirely unprotected, and liable to be assailed the next morning. All the British officers bear testimony to the valour and obstinacy of the attacks of the Americans. The fact was, the British were sorely defeated, routed, and vigorously pursued to their lines, which, it seems probable, would have been entirely carried by assault, had not darkness, as in the battle of the 19th, put an end to the sanguinary contest. It is obvious, from General Burgoyne's own account, and from the testimony of his officers, that this was a severe defeat; and such an one as has rarely been experienced by a British army; this army was reduced by it to the greatest distress, and nothing but night saved them from destruction.

I was on the ground where the grenadiers, and where the artillery were stationed. "Here, upon this hill," (said my hoary guide,) "on the very spot where we now stand, the dead men lay, thicker than you ever saw sheaves on a fruitful harvest field." "Were they British, or Americans?" "Both," he replied, "but principally British." I suppose that it is of this ground, that General Wil-

kinson remarks, it "presented a scene of complicated horror and exultation. In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards, lay eighteen grenadiers, in the agonies of death; and three officers, propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding, and almost speechless."

My guide, proceeding with his narrative, said, "there stood a British field piece, which had been twice taken, and re-taken, and finally remained in our possession: I was on the ground, and said to an American Colonel, who came up at the moment, 'Colonel, we have taken this piece, and now we want you to *swear it true to America*;' so the Colonel swore it true, and we turned it around, and fired upon the British, with their own cannon, and with their own ammunition, still remaining unconsumed in their boxes." I presume General Wilkinson alludes to the same anecdote, when he says, "I found the courageous Colonel Cilley a straddle on a brass twelve pounder, and exulting in the capture."

I was solicitous to see the exact spot where General Frazer, received his mortal wound. My old guide knew it perfectly well, and pointed it out to me. It is in a meddow, just on the right of the road, after passing a blacksmith's shop, and going south a few rods. The blacksmith's shop is on a road, which runs parallel to the Hudson—it stands elevated, and overlooks Freeman's farm.

The night of October 7th, was a most critical one for the royal army; in the course of it, they abandoned their camp, changed their whole position, and retreated to their works upon the heights, contiguous to the river, and immediately behind the hospital.

I saw various places, where the dead were interred; a rivulet, or creek, passes through the battle ground, and still washes out from its banks, the bones of the slain. This rivulet is often mentioned in the accounts of these battles, and the deep ravine through which it passes; on our return, we followed this ravine, and rivulet, through the greater part of their course, till they united with the Hudson river.

Farm houses are dispersed, here and there, over the field of battle, and the people often find, even now, gun-barrels and bayonets, cannon balls, grape shot, bullets, and human bones. Of the three last, I took from one of these people, some painful specimens;—some of the bullets were battered and misshaped, evincing that they had come into collision with opposing obstacles.

Entire skeletons are occasionally found; a man told me, that, in ploughing, during the late summer, he turned one up; it was not covered more than three inches with earth; it lay on its side, and the arms were in the form of a bow; it was, probably, some solitary victim, that never was buried. Such are the memorials still existing, of these great mili-

tary events; great, not so much on account of the numbers of the actors, as from the momentous interests at stake, and from the magnanimous efforts to which they gave origin.

I would not envy that man his state of feeling, who could visit such fields of battle without emotion, or who, (being an American,) could fail to indulge admiration and affection, for the soldiers and martyrs of liberty, and respect for the valour of their enemies.

GENERAL FRAZER'S GRAVE.

Having taken my guide home to breakfast, we made use of his knowledge of the country, to identify with certainty, the place of General Frazer's interment.

General Burgoyne mentions, two redoubts, that were thrown up, on the hills behind his hospital; they are both still very distinct, and in one of these, which is called the great redoubt, by the officers of General Burgoyne's army, General Frazer was buried. It is true, it has been disputed, which is the redoubt in question, but our guide stated to us, that within his knowledge, a British Sergeant, three or four years, after the surrender of Burgoyne's army, came, and pointed out the grave. We went to the spot; it is within the redoubt, on the top of the hill, nearest to the house, where the General died, and corresponds with the plate in Anbury's travels, taken from an original drawing, made by Sir Francis

Clark, aid to General Burgoyne, and with the statement of the General in his defence, as well as with the account of Madam Reidesel.

General Frazer, when dying, sent with the "kindest expression of his affection, for General Burgoyne, a request, that he might be carried without parade, by the soldiers of his corps, to the great redoubt, and buried there."

The circumstances of this memorable interment, have been often mentioned.

The body, attended by General Burgoyne, and the other principal officers of the army, who could not resist the impulse to join the procession, moved winding slowly up the hill, within view of the greater part of both armies, while an incessant cannonade from the Americans, who observed a collection of people, without knowing the occasion, covered the procession with dust;—the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Brudenel, went through the funeral service, with perfect composure, and propriety, notwithstanding the cannonade, and thus the last honors were paid one of the chiefs of the British army.

The Baroness Reidesel, who was a spectator, speaks of the funeral service, as being "rendered unusually solemn and awful, from its being accompanied by constant peals from the enemy's artillery," and adds—"many cannon balls, flew close by me, but I had my eyes directed to the mountain, where my husband was standing amidst the fire, of the ene-

my, and of course, I could not think of my own danger."

General Burgoyne's eloquent delineation of the the same scene, although often quoted before by others, is too interesting to be omitted on the present occasion:—"The incessant cannonade, during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice, with which the clergyman officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation, upon every countenance; these objects will remain, to the last of life, upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness, added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master, that the field ever exhibited. To the canvass and to the page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive; long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

The place of the interment, was formerly designated, by a little fence, surrounding the grave. I was here in 1797, twenty-two years ago, the grave was then distinctly visible, but the remains have been since dug up, by some English gentlemen, and carried to England.

The circumstances of the British were now very distressing, and they constantly expected a renewed attack from the Americans. Speaking of the death of General Frazer, General Burgoyne remarks: "The whole of the 8th of October was correspondent to this inauspicious beginning. The hours were measured by a succession of immediate cares, increasing doubts and melancholy objects. The enemy were formed in two lines. Every part of their disposition, as well as the repeated attacks on lord Balcarras' corps, and the cannonade from the plain, kept the troops in momentary expectation of a general action. During this suspense, wounded officers, some upon crutches, and others even carried upon hand barrows, by their servants, were occasionally ascending the hill, from the hospital tents, to take their share in the action, or follow the march of the army. The Generals were employed in exhorting the troops."

That commander, who, in the commencement of the campaign, had uttered in his general orders, the memorable sentiment—"this army must not retreat," was now compelled to seek his safety by stealing away in the night, from his victorious enemy. Numerous fires were lighted—several tents left standing, and the retreat was ordered to be conducted with the greatest secrecy. The army commenced its retrograde motion at nine o'clock on the night of the eighth, pursuing the river road, through the meadows. It moved all night; but the

succeeding day was excessively rainy, and the roads so bad, that they did not reach Saratoga, a distance of only six miles, till the evening of the ninth. The rains had so swelled the Fishkill, that they did not pass that rivulet till the morning of the tenth, when, finding their enemies already in possession of the fords of the Hudson, they took up a strong position which proved their final one.

General Burgoyne left his hospital, containing more than three hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of General Gates, who in this, as in all other instances, exhibited towards the enemy, the greatest humanity and kindness.

Swords' house, where Mr. W. and myself lodged, was the centre of this military hospital, and was occupied by the wounded officers, while the common soldiers were comfortably accommodated, in the vicinity, in tents.

The researches and observations of the morning had detained us till rather a late hour, when, taking leave of our venerable guide,* we proceeded northward on our journey, pursuing exactly the route of the retreating British army.

* I must not, however, leave him without mentioning that he was wounded in this campaign: he bared his aged breast, and shewed me where a bullet had raked along superficially cutting the outer integuments of the thorax, and carrying with it into the wound, portions of his clothes.

THE LAST ENCAMPMENT.

Six days more of anxiety, fatigue and suffering, remained for the British army. They had lost part of their provision batteaux, when they abandoned their hospital, and the rest being exposed to imminent danger, the small stock of provisions remaining was landed under a heavy fire, and hauled up the heigths. On these heights, close to the meadows bordering on the river, they formed a fortified camp, and strengthened it by artillery. Most of the artillery however, was on the plain. General Gates' army soon followed that of Burgoyne, and stretched along south of the Fishkill, and parallel to it; the corps of Colonel Morgan, lay west and north of the British army, and General Fellows with three thousand men, was on the east of the Hudson, ready to dispute the passage. Fort Edward was soon after occupied by the Americans—a fortified camp was formed on the high ground, between the Hudson and Lake George, and parties were stationed up and down the river; thus, the desperate resolution which had been taken in General Burgoyne's camp, of abandoning their artillery and baggage, and (with no more provisions than they could carry on their backs,) forcing their way by a rapid night march, and in this manner gaining one of the lakes, was rendered abortive.

Every part of the camp of the royal army was exposed, not only to cannon balls, but to rifle shot; not a single place of safety could be found, not a corner where a council could be held, a dinner taken in peace, or where the sick, and the wounded, the females and the children, could find an asylum.—Even the access to the river was rendered very hazardous by the numerous rifle shot; and the army was soon distressed for want of water. General Reidesel, and his lady and children, were often obliged to drink wine instead of water, and they had no way to procure the latter, except that a soldier's wife ventured to the river for them, and the Americans, out of respect to her sex, did not fire at her.

To protect his family from shot, General Reidesel, soon after their arrival at Saratoga, directed them to take shelter, in a house, not far off. They had scarcely reached it, before a terrible cannonade was directed against that very house, upon the mistaken idea, that all the Generals were assembled in it. "Alas," adds the Baroness, "it contained none but wounded and women; we were at last obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge, and, in one corner of this, I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth, with their heads in my lap, and, in the same situation, I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor soldier, who was lying on a table, for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by

a shot which carried away his other; his comrades had left him, and when we went to his assistance, we found him in a corner of the room, into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing. My reflections on the danger to which my husband was exposed, now agonized me exceedingly, and the thoughts of my children, and the necessity of struggling for their preservation, alone sustained me." A horse of General Reidesel was in constant readiness for his lady to mount, in case of a sudden retreat, and three wounded English officers, who lodged in the same house, had made her a solemn promise, that they would, each of them, take one of her children upon a horse, and fly with them, when such a measure should become necessary. She was in a state of wretchedness on account of her husband, who was in constant danger, exposed all day to the shot, and never entering his tent to sleep, but notwithstanding the great cold, lying down whole nights by the watch fires. "In this horrid situation," they remained six days, till the cessation of hostilities, which ended in a convention, for the surrender of the army; the treaty was signed on the sixteenth, and the army surrendered the next day.*

On the present occasion, I did not visit the British fortified camp. When I was here, in 1797, I examined it particularly. It was then in perfect preservation, (I speak of the encampment of the

* Baroness Reidesel's Narrative, in Wilkinson's Memoirs.

British troops, upon the hill, near the Fishkill,) the parapet was high, and covered with grass and shrubs, and the platforms of earth to support the field pieces, were still in good condition. No devastation, of any consequence, had been committed, except by the credulous, who had made numerous excavations in the breast works, and various parts of the encampments, for the purpose of discovering the money, which the officers were supposed to have buried, and abandoned. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they never found any money, for private property was made sacred by the convention, and even the public military chest was not disturbed: the British retained every shilling that it contained. Under such circumstances, to have buried their money, would have been almost as great a folly, as the subsequent search for it. This infatuation, has not however gone by, even to this hour, and still, every year, new pits are excavated by the insatiable money diggers.*

THE FIELD OF SURRENDER.

We arrived at this interesting spot, in a very fine morning; the sun shone, with great splendor, upon

* This appears to be a very common popular delusion; in many places, on the Hudson, and about the lakes, where armies had lain, or moved, we found money-pits dug; and, in one place, they told us, that a man bought of a poor widow, the right of digging in her ground for the hidden treasure.

the flowing Hudson, and upon the beautiful heights, and the luxuriant meadows, now smiling in rich verdure, and exhibiting images of tranquility and loveliness, very opposite to the horrors of war, which were once witnessed here.

The Fishkill, swollen by abundant rains, (as it was on the morning of October 10th, 1777, when General Burgoyne passed it with his artillery,) now poured a turbid torrent along its narrow channel, and roaring down the declivity of the hills, hastened to mingle its waters with those of the Hudson.

It was upon the banks of the Fishkill, that the British army surrendered. We passed the ground, where stood the tents of General Gates, and where he received General Burgoyne, and the principal officers of his army. General Wilkinson's account of this interview is interesting: "Early in the morning of the 17th, I visited General Burgoyne in his camp, and accompanied him to the ground, where his army was to lay down their arms, from whence we rode to the bank of the Hudson's river, which he surveyed with attention, and asked me whether it was not fordable. 'Certainly, Sir; but do you observe the people on the opposite shore?' 'Yes, (replied he,) I have seen them too long.' He then proposed to be introduced to General Gates, and we crossed the Fishkill, and proceeded to head quarters, General Burgoyne in front, with his adjutant-General Kingston, and his aids de camp Captain lord Petersham, and Lieutenant Wilford behind

him; then followed Major General Phillips, the Baron Reidesel, and the other General officers, and their suites, according to rank. General Gates, advised of Burgoyne's approach, met him at the head of his camp, Burgoyne in a rich royal uniform, and Gates in a plain blue frock; when they had approached nearly within swords' length, they reined up, and halted, I then named the gentlemen, and General Burgoyne, raising his hat mos' gracefully, said 'The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner;' to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, promptly replied, 'I shall always be ready to bear testimony, that it has not been through any fault of your excellency.' Major General Phillips then advanced, and he, and General Gates saluted, and shook hands with the familiarity of old acquaintances. The Baron Reidesel, and the other officers, were introduced in their turn."

We passed the ruins of General Schuyler's house, which are still conspicuous, and hastened to the field where the British troops grounded their arms. Although, in 1797, I paced it over with juvenile enthusiasm,* I felt scarcely less interested on the present occasion, and again walked over the whole tract. It is a beautiful meadow, situated at the intersection of the Fishkill with the Hudson, and north of the former. There is nothing now to distinguish

* In company with the Hon. John Elliott, now a Senator from Georgia, and John Wynn Esq. from the same State.

the spot, except the ruins of old Fort Hardy, built during the French wars, and the deeply interesting historical associations which will cause this place to be memorable to the latest generation. Thousands and thousands, yet unborn, will visit this spot, with feelings of the deepest interest, and it will not be forgotten till Thermopylæ, and Marathon, and Bannockburn and Waterloo, shall cease to be remembered. There, it will be said, were the last entrenchments of a proud invading army; on that spot stood their formidable park of artillery—and here, on this now peaceful meadow, they piled their arms! their arms, no longer terrible, but now converted into a glorious trophy of victory!

REFLECTIONS AND REMARKS.

I have adverted but little to the sufferings of the American army, because but little, comparatively, is known of what they individually endured. Excepting the inevitable casualties of battle, they must have suffered much less than their enemies; for they soon ceased to be the flying, and became the attacking and triumphant party. Colonels Colburn, Adams, Francis and many other brave officers and men, gave up their lives, as the price of their country's liberty, and very many carried away with them the scars produced by honourable wounds. The bravery of the American army was fully acknowledged by their adversaries.

"At all times," said Lord Balcarras, "when I was opposed to the rebels, they fought with great courage and obstinacy." "We were taught by experience, that neither their attacks nor resistance was to be despised." Speaking of the retreat of the Americans, from Ticonderoga, and of their behaviour at the battle of Hubberton, Lord Balcarras adds: "circumstanced as the enemy were, as an army very hard pressed, in their retreat, they certainly behaved with great gallantry;" of the attack on the lines, on the evening of the 7th of October, he says: "the lines were attacked, and with as much fury as the fire of small arms can admit."

Lord Balcarras, had said, that he never knew the Americans to defend their entrenchments, but added: "the reason why they did not defend their entrenchments was, that they always marched out of them and attacked us." Captain Money, in answer to the question, whether on the 19th of September, the Americans disputed the field with obstinacy, answered, "they did, and the fire was much hotter than I ever knew it any where, except at the affair of Fort Anne," and speaking of the battle of October 7th, and of the moment when the Americans, with nothing but small arms, were marching up to the British artillery, he adds: "I was very much astonished, to hear the shot from the enemy, fly so thick, after our cannonade had lasted a quarter of an hour." General Burgoyne gives it as his opinion, that as rangers, "perhaps

there are few better in the world, than the corps of Virginia riflemen which acted under Colonel Morgan." He says, speaking of the battle of September 19th, that, "few actions have been characterised by more obstinacy, in attack or defence. The British bayonet was repeatedly tried ineffectually."

Remarking upon the battle of the 7th of October, he observes: "if there be any persons who continue to doubt that the Americans possess the *quality* and *faculty* of fighting, call it by whatever term they please, they are of a prejudice, that it would be very absurd longer to contend with;" he says, that in this action the British troops "retreated hard pressed, but in good order," and that "the troops had scarcely entered the camp, when it was stormed with great fury, the enemy rushing to the lines, under a severe fire of grape shot and small arms."

In a private letter, addressed to Lord George Germain, after the surrender, he says, "I should now hold myself unjustifiable, if I did not confide to your Lordship, my opinion, upon a near inspection of the rebel troops. The standing corps that I have seen, are disciplined. I do not hazard the term, but apply it to the great fundamental points of military institution, sobriety, subordination, regularity and courage."

It is very gratifying to every real American to find, that for so great a prize, his countrymen, (their enemies themselves being judges,) contended so

nobly, and that their conduct for bravery, skill and humanity, will stand the scrutiny of all future ages.

From the enemy it becomes us not to withhold the commendation that is justly due; all that skill and valour could effect, they accomplished, and they were overwhelmed at last by complicated distresses, and by very superior numbers, amounting at the time of the surrender, probably, to three for one, although the disparity was much less, in the two great battles.

The vaunting proclamation of General Burgoyne, at the commencement of the campaign; some of his boasting letters, written during the progress of it, and his devastation of private property reflect no honour on his memory. But, in general, he appears to have been a humane and honourable man, a scholar and a gentleman, a brave soldier and an able commander. Some of his sentiments have a higher moral tone than is common with men of his profession, and have probably procured for him more respect, than all his battles. Speaking of the battle of the 7th, he says, "in the course of the action, a shot had passed through my hat, and another had torn my waistcoat. I should be sorry to be thought, at any time, insensible to the protecting hand of Providence; but I ever more, particularly considered (and I hope not superstitiously) a soldier's hair breadth escapes as incentives to duty, *a marked renewal of the trust of being*, for the purposes of a public station; and under that reflection,

to lose our fortitude, by giving way to our affections; to be divested by any possible self-emotion from meeting a present exigency, with our best faculties, were at once dishonour and impiety."

Thus have I adverted, I hope not with too much particularity, to some of the leading circumstances of the greatest military event which has ever occurred in America; but compared with the whole extent and diversity of that campaign, the above notices, however extended, are few and brief. I confess, I have reviewed them with a very deep interest, and have been willing to hear some of the distinguished actors speak in their own language.—Should the notice of these great events tend, in any instance, to quench the odious fires of party, and to rekindle those of genuine patriotism—should it revive in any one, a veneration for the virtues of those men who faced death, in every form, regardless of their own lives, and bent only on securing to posterity, the precious blessings, which we now enjoy; and above all, should we thus be led to cherish a higher sense of gratitude to heaven, for our unexampled privileges, and to use them more temperately and wisely, the time occupied in this sketch, will not have been spent in vain. History presents no struggle for liberty, which has in it more of the moral sublime than that of the American revolution. It has been, of late years, too much forgotten, in the sharp contentions of party, and he who endeavours to withdraw the public mind

from those debasing conflicts, and to fix it on the grandeur of that great epoch—which, magnificent in itself, begins now, *to wear the solemn livery of antiquity, as it is viewed through the deepening twilight of almost half a century*, certainly performs a meritorious service, and can scarcely need a justification. The generation that sustained the conflict, is now almost passed away; a few hoary heads remain, seamed with honourable scars—a few *experienced* guides can still attend us to the fields of carnage, and point out the places where they and their companions fought and bled, and where sleep the bones of the slain. But these men will soon be gone;* tradition and history, will, however, continue to recite their deeds, and the latest generations will be taught to venerate the defenders of our liberties—to visit the battle-grounds, which were moistened with their blood, and to thank the mighty God of battles, that the arduous conflict, terminated in the entire establishment of the liberties of this country.

* I cannot suppress, the expression of the pleasure, with which, a few days since, I observed his Excellency Governor Brooks, still vigorous and alert, occupying a station of useful and honourable eminence, and receiving a voluntary tribute of respect from his fellow citizens at Boston, almost forty three years after he so gallantly carried the camp of Colonel Breyman, on the evening of October 7, 1777, and contributed, most essentially, (as well as on many other occasions) to the happy issue of the campaign.—(June, 1820.)

STILLWATER TO SANDY-HILL.

This ride of twenty-two miles we took before dinner. After viewing the field of surrender, which is seven miles above Stillwater, and thirty-two above Albany, we passed on two miles farther, to the bridge, at Fort Miller, where we crossed to the eastern side of the Hudson.

On coming near the head waters of this river, we begin to tread on ground famous, not only in the war of the revolution, but, in those numerous and bloody campaigns, of a still earlier date, in which the French and the savages carried fire and slaughter, into the vast frontier of the northern English Colonies. The contests then sustained, were distinguished by immense sacrifices, efforts and sufferings on the part of the English Colonies; sacrifices, efforts and sufferings, which, notwithstanding the great aids, occasionally received, from the mother country, scarcely admitted, for a long course of years, of any serious and permanent intermission. Fort Miller was one of the posts established in those wars, and formed a link in the chain, which connected the upper waters of the Hudson with those of the lakes George and Champlain, and of course, with Canada. Fort Miller, is completely levelled, and I know not of any particular event, of signal importance, connected with its history, except that here, or a little way below, General Burgoyne,

when proceeding to Stillwater, on the 13th and 14th of September, 1777, passed most of his army over the Hudson.

From this place we pursued our journey, along the left bank of the river, to Fort Edward, and Sandy Hill.

In the whole distance, from Albany to the latter place, (nearly fifty miles,) there is scarcely a hill, even of moderate elevation, and the scenery is extremely similar to that which, I have already described.

The river, sprinkled with islands, flows through beautiful meadows, and appears, in many places, smooth and glassy as a mirror, and its motion is scarcely perceptible, either to sight or hearing; again, it is agitated, and with ripples and waves, is urged over a shallow and rocky bottom, or, dashes rapidly, down a more sudden and more rocky declivity; but, in every variety of surface, it forms always, a pleasing and interesting object.

GEOLOGY.

It was not in my power, to make many very precise observations on the nature of the hills, by which the meadows are bounded. On Bemus' heights, the soil and forest, hid almost every rock from view; the solitary projections were, however, generally slaty, like the rocks along the river, which, with very few exceptions, were slate—of the trans-

ition class, (as I suppose ;) the direction of the strata was, more generally, like that of the other great rock formations of the north : that is, somewhat to the east of north, and to the west of south; their dip appeared extremely variable, but I believe they were never flat, nor vertical, and the structure of the strata was often, extremely confused and tortuous.*

FORT EDWARD.

At this Fort, we first observed the canal, which is destined to connect the head waters of Lake Champlain with those of the Hudson. It is now on the point of being united with this river, and they are constructing the walls of the Canal of a very handsome hewn stone: it is obtained, as I am informed, near Fort Anne, and presents to the eye, aided by a magnifier, very minute plates and veins, which feebly effervesce, with acids, and appear to enclose an extremely, fine black mineral, resembling hornblende; the stone is impressed by steel, and feebly fires with it; is it a peculiar kind of calcareous sand stone? It is of a dark hue, and is shaped into handsome blocks, by the tools of the workmen. I was gratified to see such firm and massy walls constructed of this stone; indeed, in point

* The observations of Mr. Amos Eaton, (Index to the Geology of the Northern States, second edition,) of Dr. William Meade, (Experimental Enquiry, &c.) and of Dr. John H. Steel, (Analysis of the Mineral waters of Saratoga, &c.) may be advantageously consulted as to the geology of the regions bordering on the upper waters of the Hudson.

of solidity and beauty, they would do honour to the modern wet docks of Great Britain.

It is intended to have a lock at this place, where there is a considerable descent into the Hudson.

There is a village at Fort Edward, bearing the same name, and I ought to have remarked that there are villages, at Stillwater, Saratoga and Fort Miller; but there is nothing particularly interesting in either of them. Fort Edward, however, is memorable, on account of its former importance; It is situated near the great bend of the Hudson, and formed the immediate connexion with Lake George, which is sixteen miles, and with Lake Champlain, which is twenty-two miles distant. It was originally only an entrenched camp, and was constructed by the unfortunate Colonel Williams, afterwards slain, in 1755, near Lake George; but as its situation was important, it was soon converted into a regular Fort. Its walls, built of earth, were raised thirty feet high, with ditches corresponding in depth and width, and it was defended by cannon. It stands on the brink of the Hudson, and the embankment was continued along the river.

The walls appear to be, in some places, still twenty feet high, notwithstanding what time and the plough have done to reduce them; for the interior of the Fort, and in some places, the parapet are now planted with potatoes.

I know not that this Fort was ever beseiged or stormed, although it was often threatened. In the

last French war, it was an important station, and in General Burgoyne's campaign, it formed the medium of communication with Lake George, whence the provisions were brought forward for the use of the British army, which was detained on this account, at and near Fort Edward, for six weeks, by which means, they lost the best part of the season for military operations—as they moved down the river, they relinquished the connexion with Fort Edward and Lake George, and were never able to recover it.

MASSACRE OF MISS M'CREA.

The story of this unfortunate young lady is well known, nor should I mention it now, but for the fact, that the place of her murder was pointed out to us, near Fort Edward.

We saw, and conversed with a person, who was acquainted with her, and with her family; they resided in the village of Fort Edward.

It seems, she was betrothed to a Mr. Jones, an American refugee, who was with Burgoyne's army, and being anxious to obtain possession of his expected bride, he dispatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British army. Where were his affection and his gallantry, that he did not go himself, or at least that he did not accompany his savage emissaries!

Sorely against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends, she committed herself to the care of these fiends;—strange infatuation in her lover, to solicit such a confidence—stranger presumption in her, to yield to his wishes; what treatment had she not a right to expect from such guardians!

The party set forward, and she on horseback; they had proceeded, not more than half a mile from Fort Edward, when they arrived at a spring, and halted to drink. The impatient lover had, in the mean time, dispatched a second party of Indians, on the same errand; they came, at the unfortunate moment, to the same spring, and a collision immediately ensued, as to the promised reward.*

Both parties were now attacked, by the whites, and at the end of the conflict, the unhappy young woman was found tomahawked, scalped and (as is said,) tied fast to a pine tree just by the spring. Tradition reports, that the Indians divided the scalp, and that each party carried half of it to the agonized lover.

This beautiful spring, which still flows limpid and cool, from a bank near the road side, and this fatal tree we saw. The tree which is a large and ancient pine, "fit for the mast of some tall ammiral" is wounded, in many places, by the balls of the whites, fired at the Indians; they have been dug out as far as they could be reached, but others still remain in this ancient tree, which seems a striking em-

* Which is said to have been a barrel of rum.

blem, of wounded innocence, and the trunk, twisted off at a considerable elevation, by some violent wind, that has left only a few mutilated branches, is a happy, although painful memorial of the fate of Jenne M'Crea.*

Her name is inscribed on the tree, with the date 1777, and no traveller passes this spot, without spending a plaintive moment in contemplating the untimely fate of youth and loveliness.

The murder of Miss M'Crea, (a deed of such atrocity and cruelty as scarcely to admit of aggravation,) occurring as it did, at the moment when General Burgoyne, whose army was then at Fort Anne, was bringing with him to the invasion of the American States, hordes of savages, "those hell-hounds of war,"† whose known and established mode of warfare, were those of promiscuous massacre,‡ electrified the whole continent, and indeed,

* General Hoyt of Deerfield, informs me, that the received accounts of the circumstances attending the murder of Miss M'Crea are in some particulars incorrect; he states, that he has ascertained that she was not murdered at this spring, but in the road, at a little distance from it.

† Lord Chatham.

‡ It is true that General Burgoyne, in his celebrated speech to the Indians, at the river Boquet, at the opening of the campaign, (June 24, 1777,) reprobated such proceedings, and bound the savages, (whom however he called "brothers" and "friends,") down to European rules of warfare; but, who would expect, that a fine speech and a few rhetorical flourishes, even if sanctioned by rewards and punishments *in prospect* would restrain the habitual, I had almost said, the *innate* ferocity of an American barbarian. All that

the civilized world, producing an universal burst of horror and indignation. General Gates did not fail to profit by the circumstance, and in a severe but, *too personal* remonstrance, which he addressed to General Burgoyne, charged him with the guilt of the murder, and with that of many other similar atrocities. His *real guilt*, or that of his government, was, *in employing the savages at all* in the war; in other respects he appears to have had no concern with the transaction; in his reply to General Gates, he thus vindicates himself: "In regard to Miss M'Crea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have laboured to give it, to make it as sincerely lamented and abhorred by me, as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off, for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion, in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim. Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands, and though, to have punished

happened, might therefore have been anticipated, and had General Burgoyne's army continued to be successful, the savages, instead of deserting him, as they did, in the hour "of his utmost need," would have spread murder and desolation every where, in spite of speeches, rules or remonstrances.

The French, the English and the Americans, are however, all chargeable with a common guilt, differing however in degree, in employing the savages, in the various wars on this continent.

him by our laws, or principles of justice, would have been perhaps unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced by my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon under the terms which I presented, and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischiefs."

SANDY HILL, AND THE MASSACRE THERE.

Sandy Hill* "is delightfully situated just above Baker's falls—it contains a woollen manufactory, a court house, a bank, an academy for young ladies and about eighty houses." This pretty, and flourishing village is regularly laid out, and composed of neat and handsome houses, many of which surround a beautiful central green. The village of Sandy Hill is of recent origin, and the scite on which it stands, was formerly the scene of Indian barbarities.

From Mr. H. a very respectable inhabitant, I learned the following singular piece of history.

Old Mr. Schoonhoven, recently living in this vicinity, and probably still surviving, although at the great age of more than fourscore, informed Mr. H. that during the last French war, he, and six or seven other Americans coming through the wilderness, from Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake

* Worcester's Gazeteer.

George, to Sandy Hill, had the misfortune to be taken prisoners by a party of the savages. They were conducted to the spot, which is now the central green of Sandy Hill, and ordered to sit down in a row, upon a log. Mr. Schoonhoven pointed out to Mr. H. the exact place where the log lay; it was nearly in front of the house, where we dined. The Indians then began, very deliberately, to tomahawk their victims, commencing at one end of the log, and splitting the skulls of their prisoners, in regular succession; while the survivors, compelled to sit still, and to witness the awful fate of their companions, awaited their own, in unutterable horror. Mr. Schoonhoven was the last but one, upon the end of the log, opposite to where the massacre commenced; the work of death had already proceeded to him, and the lifted tomahawk was ready to descend, when a chief gave a signal to stop the butchery. Then approaching Mr. Schoonhoven, he mildly said, "do you not remember that (at such a time) when your young men were dancing, poor Indians came, and wanted to dance too; your young men said "no!—Indians shall not dance with us;" but you (for it seems, this chief had recognized his features only in the critical moment) you said, Indians shall dance—now I will shew you that Indians can remember kindness." This chance recollection, (*providential*, we had better call it) saved the life of Mr. Schoonhoven, and of the other survivor.

Strange mixture of generosity, and cruelty! For a trifling affront, they cherished and glutted vengeance, fell as that of infernals, without measure of retribution, or discrimination of objects; for a favour equally trifling, they manifested magnanimity, exceeding all correspondence to the benefit, and capable of arresting, the stroke of death, even when falling with the rapidity of lightning!*

EXCURSION TO LAKE GEORGE.

This interesting region lay to the left of our proposed route to Lake Champlain; to visit would demand nearly twenty miles of additional travelling, through very bad roads; Mr. W. was already familiar with the scene; I therefore took an extra conveyance with which I was furnished at Sandy Hill, by the civility of Mr. H. who did me the favour to

* Considering the moral and intellectual light of the American savages, we may, however, well ask whether this act, atrocious as it is, manifests more that is abhorrent to every humane—every just—every moral—every christian, nay to every *truly honourable* feeling than the lamentable practice of duelling, that dreadful national sin of this country; that foul stain on our character as a moral and religious people; that sin which *ascertains* no man's courage, but *demonstrably proves* that man's cowardice, who dares not encounter the *opinions* of fighting men, but prefers the violation of the most sacred *laws* both of GOD and MAN; *that sin, which sends to a premature grave those who have defended the nation by their valour, and honoured it by their councils, and their wisdom;* that sin, for whose victims, thousands of American hearts are now bleeding, and for which, all good men mourn, and angels weep!!

accompany me on the excursion, (for there was no public vehicle) and leaving Mr. W. to pursue his journey to Fort Anne, where I agreed to meet him, I parted with him four miles above Sandy Hill at Glenn's falls.

GLENN'S FALLS.

We stopped for a few moments at this celebrated place. It is not possible that so large a river as the Hudson is, even here, at more than two hundred miles from its mouth, should be precipitated over any declivity, however moderate, without a degree of grandeur. Even the various rapids which we had passed above Albany, and still more, the falls at Fort Miller Bridge, and Baker's falls, at Sandy Hill, had powerfully arrested our attention, and prepared us for the magnificent spectacle now before us. I regretted that I could not, more at leisure, investigate the geology of this pass, both for its own sake, and for its connexion with this fine piece of scenery.

The basis of the country here, is a black lime stone, compact, but presenting spots that are crystallized, and interspersed, here and there, with the organized remains of animals, entombed, in ages past, in this mausoleum. The strata are perfectly flat, and are piled upon one another, with the utmost regularity, so that a section, perpendicular to the strata, presents almost the exact arrangement of

hewn stones in a building. Such a section has been made by the Hudson, through these calcareous strata; not however all at once; a number of layers are removed, either through a part of the width of the river, or through the whole of it; and, a few feet further down the stream, the layers, next below, are removed; and thus, by stairs, or rather by broad platforms, not however without frequent irregularties, and deep channels cut by the water in the direction of the river, the way is prepared for this fine cataract.

Down these platforms, and through these channels, the Hudson, when the river is full, indignantly rushes, in one broad expanse; now, in several subordinate rivers, thundering and foaming among the black rocks, and at last, dashing their conflicting waters, into one tumultuous raging torrent, white as the ridge of the tempest wave, shrouded with spray, and adorned with the hues of the rainbow. Such is the view from the bridge immediately at the foot of the falls, and it is finely contrasted with the solemn grandeur of the sable ledges below, which tower to a great height above the stream.

I do not know the entire fall of the river here, but should think, judging from the eye, that it could not be less than fifty feet,* including all its leaps, down the different platforms of rock.

* This estimate being made without measurement, and as I have not at hand, any *authority* on the subject of the height of these falls, I wish the *conjecture* in the text to be regarded as such merely.

Through an uninteresting country, partly of pine barren, and partly of stony hills, I arrived at nightfall, at the head of Lake George, and found a comfortable inn, in the village of Caldwell, on the western shore.

As we approached Lake George, fragments of primitive rocks, began to appear, and I observed numerous loose masses of granite, on the steep stony hills, near the lake. I was much struck with the formidable difficulties which General Burgoyne had to encounter in transporting his stores, and his boats, and part of his artillery, over this rugged country: at that time, without doubt, vastly more impracticable than at present.

PROSPECT FROM THE HEAD OF LAKE GEORGE.

Sept. 28.—In the first grey of the morning, I was in the balcony of the Inn, admiring the fine outline of the mountains, by which Lake George is environed, and the masses of pure snowy vapour, which, unruffled by the slightest breeze, slumbered on its crystal bosom. During all the preceding days of the tour, there had not been a clear morning, but now, not a cloud spotted the expanse of the heavens, and the sky and the lake conspired to exalt every feature, of this unrivalled landscape.

The morning came on with rapid progress; but the woody sides of the high mountains, that form the eastern barrier, were still obscured, by the lin-

gering shadows of night, although, on their tops, the dawn was now fully disclosed, and their outline, by contrast with their dark sides, was rendered beautifully distinct; while, their reversed images, perfectly reflected from the most exquisite of all mirrors, presented mountains pendent in the deep, and adhering by their bases, to those, which at the same moment, were emulating the heavens.

A boat had been engaged, the evening before, and we now rowed out upon the lake, and hastened to old Fort George, whose circular massy walls of stone, still twenty feet high, and in pretty good preservation, rise upon a hill about a quarter of a mile from the southern shore of the lake. I was anxious to enjoy, from this propitious spot, the advancing glories of the morning, which by the time we had reached our station, were glowing upon the mountain tops, with an effulgence, that could be augmented by nothing but the actual appearance of the king of day.

Now, the opposite mountains—those that form the western barrier, were strongly illuminated down their entire declivity, while the twin barrier of the eastern shore (its ridge excepted) was still in deep shadow; the vapour on the lake, which was just sufficient to form the softened blending of light and shade, while it veiled the lake only in spots, and left its outline and most of its surface perfectly dis-

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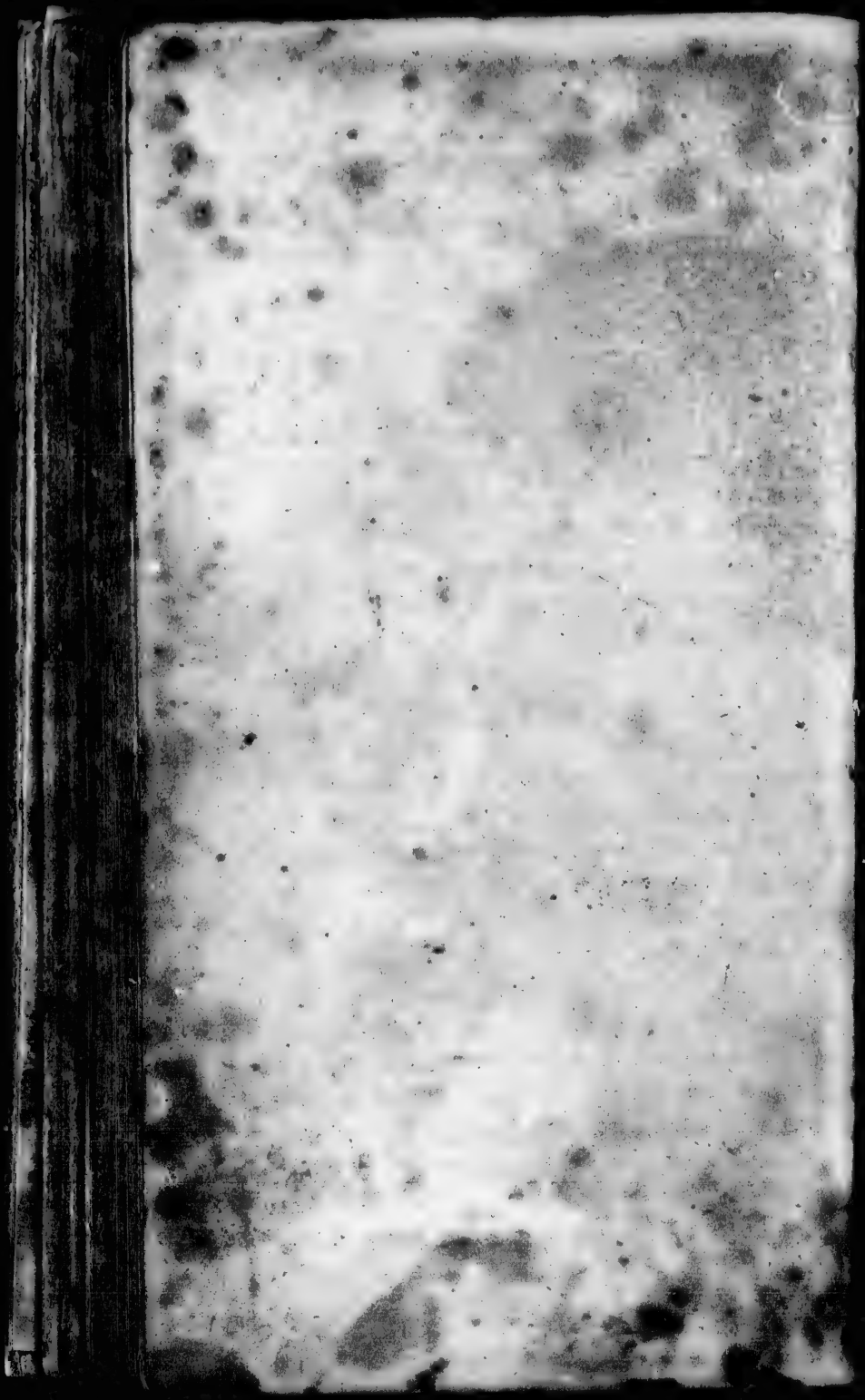
LAKE GEORGE.



clivity, by which we ascend from the lake, to the old fort, upon the walls of which we are supposed to stand, and they, of course, are not in view. On the very shore, we observe one of the old barracks, formerly belonging to the fort, now exhibiting a tavern sign, and, till within a few years, constituting the only place of accommodation to those who visited Lake George. At this place, although principally covered by the water, are the ruins of the old military quay or pier, formerly extending a good way into the lake, and affording important facilities to the numerous expeditions, that have sailed upon Lake George.

REMARKS ON LAKE GEORGE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Every one has heard of the transparency of the waters of Lake George. This transparency is, indeed, very remarkable, and the same, (as we might indeed well suppose it would be,) is the fact with all the streams that pour into it. After the day light became strong, we could see the bottom perfectly, in most places where we rowed, and it is said, that in fishing, even in twenty or twenty-five feet of water, the angler may select his fish, by bringing the hook near the mouth of the one which he prefers.

Bass and trout are among the most celebrated fish of the lake; the latter were now in season, and nothing of the kind can be finer; this beautiful fish,

elegantly decorated, and gracefully formed, shy of observation, rapid in its movements, and delighting, above all, in the perfect purity of its element, finds in Lake George, a residence, most happily adapted to its nature. Here it attains a very uncommon size, and exhibits its most perfect beauty and symmetry. The delicate carnation of its flesh, is here also most remarkable, and its flavour exquisite.

If the lovers of the sublime and beautiful, visit Lake George, for its scenery, and the patriotic, to behold the places where their fathers stemmed the tide of savage invasion; the epicure also, will come, not to cherish the tender and the heroic, nor to admire the picturesque and the grand, but to enjoy the native luxuries of the place.

The lake is about a mile wide near its head, and is sometimes wider, sometimes narrower than this, but rarely exceeding two miles, through its length of thirty-six miles. It is said to contain as many islands, as there are days in the year.

I had scarcely any opportunities of observing the mineralogy and geology of this region.

The beautiful crystals of quartz, which all strangers obtain at Lake George, are got on the islands in the lake; one about four miles from its head, (and called, of course, the *diamond* island,) has been principally famous for affording them; there is a solitary miserable cottage upon this island, from which we saw the smoke ascending;—a woman, who lives in it, is facetiously called "the lady of the

lake," but, probably no Malcolm Greme, and Rhoderic Dhu will ever contend on her account.

Crystals are now obtained from other islands, I believe, more than from this, and they are said no longer to find the single loose crystals in abundance on the shores, but break up the rocks for this purpose. Poor people occupy themselves in procuring crystals, which they deposit at the public house, for sale.

The crystals of Lake George, are hardly surpassed by any in the world, for transparency, and for perfection of form; they are, as usual, the six-sided prism, and frequently terminated at both ends by six-sided pyramids. These last must, of course, be found loose, or, at least, not adhering to any rock; those which are broken off, have necessarily only one pyramid.* I procured specimens of the rocky matrix, in which the crystals are formed; it is of quartzoze nature, and contains cavities finely studded with crystals.

The crystals of Lake George frequently contain a dark coloured foreign substance, enclosed all around, or partially so; its nature, I believe, has not been ascertained; it may be manganese, titanium, or iron.

I had no opportunity to see the rocks, except those on which Fort George stand, and which form

*I have a crystal from Lake George, obtained by a soldier, and presented to the late President Dwight, which is between five and six inches long, by three broad, and is perfectly limpid, and well crystalized.

the barrier of the lake, at its head; they are a dove-coloured, compact lime-stone, of a very close grain, and smooth conchoidal fracture; they very much resemble the marble of Middlebury, (Vermont,) and, I suppose, belong to the transition class. I could get no view of the rocks of the two lateral barriers, but, from what I afterwards saw, I conclude they are primitive, and probably (at least the eastern one,) gneiss.*

The vulgar, about the lake, say, that in some places, *it has no bottom*; by which, doubtless, ought to be understood, that it is in some places so deep as not to be fathomed by their lines; I know of no attempts to ascertain its greatest depth.

The mountains are extensively, or rather almost universally in dense forest; rattle snakes and deer abound upon them, and hunting is still pursued here with success.

I was credibly informed, that, a few years since, there was a man in this vicinity, who had the singular power, and the still stranger temerity, to catch *living* rattle snakes with his naked hands, without wounding the snakes, or being wounded by them; he used to accumulate numbers of them in this manner, for curiosity, or for sale, and, for a long

*Dr. Meade (Experimental Enquiry, &c. p. 5,) remarks, that the eastern side of Lake George is composed of transition rocks; the *head* of this lake appears, indeed, to be transition lime-stone, and possibly *its bed* may be the same; although the quartz from the islands, (which I have not visited,) gives a different indication; *both barriers* are, however, undoubtedly primitive.

time, persisted, uninjured, in this audacious practice; but, at last, the awful fate, which all but himself, had expected, overtook him; he was bitten, and died. Surely no motive, except one springing from the highest moral duty, could have justified such an exposure.

In some places, the mountains, contiguous to the shores, are rocky and precipitous. Tradition relates, that a white man, closely pursued, in the winter season, by two Indians, contrived to reach the ice, on the surface of the lake, by letting himself down one of these precipices, and, before the Indians could follow, he was on his skaits, and darting, "swift as the winds along," was soon out of their reach.

I am not informed that the height of the mountains, about Lake George, has ever been measured; they appeared to my eye, generally, to exceed one thousand feet, and probably the highest may be fifteen hundred, or more.

The wreck of a steam-boat, recently burnt to the waters edge, lay near the tavern: it gave great facility in going up this beautiful lake to Ticonderoga; parties and individuals, were much in the habit of making this tour; and, were there a good road, instead of a very bad one, from Glenn's falls to Lake George, and were the steam-boat re-established, it must become as great a resort, as the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, or as Lock Katrin, now immortalized by the muse of Scott.

The village of Caldwell, built entirely since the American war, contains five or six hundred inhabitants, with neat buildings, public and private, and a very large commodious public-house, well provided and attended, so that strangers, visiting the lake, can have every desired accommodation. This village, I am informed, has arisen principally from the exertions of one enterprising individual, from whom it derives its name, as well as its existence. He has lived to see his labours crowned with success, and a pretty village now smiles at the foot of the western barrier of Lake George, on ground where the iron ramparts of war are still visible; for, on this very ground, the Marquis Montcalm's army was entrenched, at the siege of Fort William Henry, in 1757.

BATTLES OF LAKE GEORGE.

In the wars of this country, Lake George has long been conspicuous. Its head waters formed the shortest, and most convenient connexion, between Canada, and the Hudson, and hence the establishment of Fort William Henry, in 1755, and, in more recent times, of Fort George, in its immediate vicinity.

This most beautiful and peaceful lake, environed by mountains, and seeming to claim an exemption from the troubles of an agitated world, has often bristled with the proud array of war, has wafted its most formidable preparations on its bosom, and has

repeatedly witnessed both the splendors and the havoc of battle.

Large armies have been, more than once, embarked on Lake George, proceeding down it, on their way to attack Ticonderoga and Crown Point; this was the fact with the army of Abercrombie, consisting of nearly sixteen thousand men, including nine thousand troops from the colonies, and a very formidable train of artillery, which, on the fifth of July, 1758, embarked at the south end of Lake George, on board of one hundred twenty-five whale boats, and nine hundred batteaux.

What an armament for that period of this country! What a spectacle, on such a narrow quiet lake! It is said by an eye witness, to have been a most imposing sight. Little did this proud army imagine, that within two days, they would sustain, before Ticonderoga, a most disastrous defeat, with the loss of nearly two thousand men, and of lord Howe,* one of their most beloved and promising leaders, and that they would so soon return up the lake, in discomfiture and disgrace. In July, of the next summer, (1759,) Lake George was again covered with an armament, little inferior in numbers, to that of General Abercrombie, but vastly superior in success; for Ticonderoga and Crown Point, were abandoned at its approach, and General Amherst,

* Father of the Howe, who figured so much during the revolutionary war.

its fortunate leader, obtained an almost bloodless victory.*

FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

The remains of this old fort are still visible; they are on the verge of the lake, at its head; the walls, the gate, and the out-works, can still be completely traced; the ditches have, even now, considerable depth, and the well that supplied the garrison, is there, and affords water to this day; near, and in this fort, much blood has been shed.

In August, 1755, *General*, afterwards *Sir* William Johnson, lay at the head of Lake George, with an army, about to proceed to the attack of Crown Point; they were troops raised by the northern colonies.

Baron Dieskau, who commanded the French forces in Canada, leaving Ticonderoga, came down Lake Champlain, through south bay, and was proceeding to the attack of Fort Edward, which contained not five hundred men, and had been reported to Dieskau, to be without cannon. To the succour of this fort, General Johnson detached one thousand men, and two hundred Indians, under Colonel Williams of Deerfield.

* Colonel Roger Townshend was killed by a cannon shot, while reconnoitering, on almost the same spot, where lord Howe was killed, the year before; he is said to have resembled him much, "in birth, age, qualifications, and character."

Dieskau's army, having in the mean time, learned, that there were cannon at Fort Edward, and being assured that General Johnson's camp was without artillery or entrenchments, importuned their General to change his purpose of attacking Fort Edward, and to lead them northward, to assail Johnson's camp. Dieskau yielded to their wishes, and turned his course accordingly. The mountains, which form the barriers of Lake George, continue to the south, after they leave the lake, forming a rugged, narrow defile, of several miles in length, most of which was then, and still is, filled with forest trees.

In this defile, about four miles from General Johnson's camp, Colonel Williams' party, which left the camp, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, of September 6, 1755, very unexpectedly fell in with the army of Baron Dieskau; the two armies met in the road, front to front; the Indians of Dieskau's army were in ambuscade, upon both declivities of the mountain, and thus it was a complete surprise, for Colonel Williams had unhappily neglected to place any scouts upon his wings. A bloody battle ensued, a deadly fire was poured in upon both flanks.—Colonel Williams* endeavouring to lead

* I am informed by General Hoyt, of Deerfield, that Colonel Williams' remains, (or such as are believed to be his,) have recently been found, with the skull perforated by a ball.

If I mistake not, the observation was made by, or under the immediate direction of General Hoyt, who has taken much pains, by accurate and minute examinations, conducted by himself on

his men against the unseen enemy, was instantly shot through the head, and he, and hundreds of his party, including old Hendrick, the chief of the Mohawks, and forty Indians were slain. The remainder of the party, under the command of Colonel Whiting, retreated into the camp. They came running in, in the utmost confusion and consternation, and perhaps owed their safety, in a great measure, to another party, which, when the firing was heard, and perceived to be growing louder and nearer, was sent out to succour them.

Judge Kent informed me, that old Mr. Van Skoik, of Kinderhook, has recently related to him that, arriving the next day, on the ground where the battle was fought, he saw three hundred men, dead on the spot, and Baron Dieskau lying, mortally wounded, in the English camp, on the bed of General Johnson. This wound was received in a second, and still greater battle, fought the same day. Dieskau, after the retreat of Williams' party, marching on with spirit, attacked General Johnson's entrenched camp,

the spot, to investigate the precise facts, as to the places and circumstances of some of our most interesting military events.—Surely, it is high time that similar efforts were made in all similar places; after the present generation is gone, original witnesses can no longer be found; and there are few immediate incentives to patriotism, that are more effectual, than such exact local histories, of great military events, and particularly, of the catastrophes of distinguished men, who have died for their country. I trust General Hoyt will pardon me for this public mention of him, and for the expression of my wish that his interesting researches may not be withheld from the public.—June, 1820.

and although he fought with long and persevering valour, his army, in a great measure deserted by the Canadians and Indians, was repulsed with immense slaughter. Dieskau, wounded in the leg, and unable to follow his retreating army, was found leaning against a tree; he began to feel for his watch, in order to deliver it up to the soldier, who was approaching him; but the soldier supposing him to be searching for a pistol, unhappily fired a charge into his hips which caused his death.

Nor did this battle terminate the fighting of this bloody day. The remains of Dieskau's army retreated, about four miles, to the ground where Colonel Williams had been defeated in the morning, and the rear of the army were there sitting upon the ground, had opened their knapsacks, and were refreshing themselves, when Captain McGinnies, who with two hundred men, had been dispatched from Fort Edward, to succour the main body, came up with this portion of the French army, thus sitting in security, and attacked and totally defeated them, although he was himself mortally wounded. Thus were three battles fought in one day,* and almost upon the same ground. This ground I went over. Remains of the encampment are still to be found, in the woods. The neighbouring mountain, in which the French so suddenly made their appearance, is, to this day, called *French Mountain*, and

* Smollet and some other writers place this last battle on the next day.

this name, with the tradition of the fact, will be sent down to the latest posterity. I was shewn a rock by the road at which a considerable slaughter took place.

THE BLOODY POND.

Just by the present road, and in the midst of these battle grounds, is a circular pond, shaped exactly like a bowl; it may be two hundred feet in diameter, and was, when I saw it, *full of water, and covered with the pond lilly.* Alas! this pond, now so peaceful, was the common sepulchre of the brave; the dead bodies of most of those who were slain on this eventful day, were thrown, in undistinguished confusion into this pond; from that time to the present, it has been called the *bloody pond*, and there is not a child in this region, but will point you to the French mountain, and to the bloody pond.—I stood with dread, upon its brink, and threw a stone into its unconscious waters. After these events, a regular fort was constructed at the head of the lake and called Fort William Henry.

MASSACRE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

The three battles of September 6th, were not the end of the tragedies of Lake George. The Marquis de Montcalm after three ineffectual attempts upon Fort William Henry, made great efforts to besiege it in form, and in August, 1757,

having landed ten thousand men near the fort, summoned it to surrender. The place of his landing was shewn me, a little north of the public house; the remains of his batteries and other works are still visible; and the graves and bones of the slain are occasionally discovered.

He had a powerful train of artillery, and although the fort and works were garrisoned by three thousand men, and were most gallantly defended by the commander, Colonel Monroe, it was obliged to capitulate; but the most honourable terms, were granted to Colonel Monroe, in consideration of his great gallantry. The bursting of the great guns, the want of ammunition, and above all, the failure of General Webb to succour the fort, although he lay idle at Fort Edward with four thousand men, were the causes of this catastrophe.

The capitulation was, however, most shamefully broken; the Indians attached to Montcalm's army, while the troops were marching out of the gate of the fort, dragged the men from the ranks, particularly the Indians in the English service, and butchered them in cold blood—they plundered all without distinction, and murdered women and little children, with circumstances of the most aggravated barbarity.* The massacre continued all along the

* Men and women had their throats cut, their bodies ripped open, and their bowels, with insult, thrown in their faces.—Infants and children were barbarously taken by the heels, and their brains dashed out against stones and trees. The Indians pursued the English nearly half the way to Fort Edward, where the greatest number of them arrived in a most forlorn condition.

road, through the defile of the mountains, and for many miles, the miserable prisoners, especially those in the rear, were tomahawked and hewn down in cold blood; it might well be called the *bloody defile*, for it was the same ground that was the scene of the battles, only two years before, in 1755. It is said that efforts were made by the French to restrain the barbarians, but they were not restrained, and the miserable remnant of the garrison with difficulty reached Fort Edward pursued by the Indians, although escorted by a body of French troops. I passed over the whole of the ground, upon which this tragedy was acted, and the oldest men of the country still remember this deed of guilt and infamy.

Fort William Henry was levelled by Montcalm, and has never been rebuilt. Fort George was built as a substitute for it, on a more commanding scite, and although often mentioned in the history of subsequent wars, was not I believe the scene of any very memorable event.

It was the depot for the stores of the army of General Burgoyne, till that commander relinquished his connexion with the lakes, and endeavoured to push his fortunes without depending upon his magazines in the rear.

Having occupied a very busy morning in visiting the memorable places at the head of Lake George, and having procured specimens of the mineral productions of this region, I proceeded on my journey to Fort Anne. Mr. H——, my obliging compan-

ion, attended me, and we were necessitated to return some miles through the gorge of the mountains, and again to view the bloody pond, the French mountain, and the bloody defile. Rarely, I presume, have such scenes of horror been exhibited so often, within so narrow a space. We may confidently trust, that they will never be repeated; that Lake George, traversed no longer by armies, its forests and its mountains undisturbed by the roar of cannon, and its waters polluted no more by blood; but visited in peace, by the lovers of the sublime and beautiful, and arrayed in its own grandeur and loveliness, will hereafter exhibit the tragical history of other times, only to impart a pensive tenderness and a moral dignity to the charming scenes with which the story of these events is associated.

As we emerged from the defile, and turned to the left, around the base of the mountains that form the eastern barrier of Lake George, we had many opportunities of admiring the grandeur of that barrier, and of contemplating all that wildness of landscape, which, it may be presumed, has undergone little change, since it was traversed by the prowling savage, intent on the chase, or on his more beloved employment, the destruction of his fellow creatures. In this dreadful occupation he has, however, been more than rivalled by the polished nations of America and of Europe; who, if they do not pursue war with the atrocity of the savage, seem to have fol-

lowed it with all his eagerness, and have often identified themselves with his most horrid cruelties, by calling him in as an ally and a friend, and marching by his side to slaughter those who are connected by the *common*, (it ought to be by the *sacred*) tie of christianity.

In the progress of our ride, we emerged from mountain scenery, and saw many good farms, and much arable and pasture land. The country became much less rugged, although the roads were little improved by art; for they were common and often obscure cross roads.

We met with no adventure, and the failure of one of our waggon wheels, which obliged us to walk, and to sustain the machine for the last two miles, did not prevent our arriving at the appointed hour of dinner at old Fort Anne, which Mr. Wadsworth had already reached before me.

Fort Anne was another post established in the French wars. It stood about midway between Fort Edward and the most southern point of Lake Champlain, and at the head of batteaux navigation on Wood Creek. I did not go to its scite, the ruins of which, I am told, are almost obliterated; its well, however, is still to be seen. There is a considerable village here, which bears the name of the Fort.

BATTLE NEAR FORT ANNE.

Leaving Fort Anne we crossed Wood Creek, and our journey to Whitehall was almost constantly along its banks, or very near them.

At a narrow pass between some high rocks and the river, we were shewn the place where, on the 8th of July, 1777, the 9th British regiment, belonging to General Burgoyne's army, sustained a heavy loss, by a conflict with the Americans under Colonel Long.

After the surrender of Ticonderoga, General Burgoyne endeavoured to keep up the alarm, by spreading his parties over the country. With this view, Colonel Hill, at the head of the 9th regiment, was dispatched after Colonel Long, who, with four or five hundred men, principally the invalids and convalescents of the army, had taken post at Fort Anne, and was directed by General Schuyler to defend it. Colonel Long, with his party, did not wait an attack from the enemy, but boldly advanced to meet them. "At half past ten in the morning, (says Major Forbes,* of the British regiment,) they attacked us in front, with a heavy and well directed fire; a large body of them passed the creek on the left, and fired from a thick wood across the creek on the left flank of the regiment: they then began to recross the creek and attack us in the rear; we then

* Burgoyne's state of the expedition, &c.

found it necessary to change our ground, to prevent the regiment's being surrounded; we took post on the top of a hill to our right. As soon as we had taken post, the enemy made a very vigorous attack, which continued for upwards of two hours; and they certainly would have forced us, had it not been for some Indians that arrived and gave the Indian whoop, which we answered with three cheers; the rebels soon after that gave way."— The giving way of the Americans was, however, caused, not by the terror of the war whoop, but by the failure of their ammunition. The fact was, the British regiment was worsted, and would probably have been taken or destroyed, had Colonel Long been well supplied with ammunition. It was said by Captain Money, another British officer, that the fire was even heavier than it was in the obstinate battle of September 19th, on Bemus' heights. The scene of this battle is very correctly described above, by Major Forbes.

On leaving the street of Fort Anne village, we crossed a bridge over Wood Creek, and were now on its left bank. Immediately after, we came to a narrow pass, only wide enough for the carriage, and cut, in a great measure, out of a rocky ledge, which terminates here, exactly at the creek. This ledge is the southern end of a high rocky hill, which converges towards Wood Creek, and between the two is a narrow tract of level ground, which terminates at the pass already mentioned. On this ground the

battle took place, and the wood on the right bank of the creek, from which the Americans fired upon the left flank of the British, is still there, and it was up this rocky hill that they retreated and took their stand.

General Burgoyne, as usual, claimed a victory in this affair, which is understood to have been a bloody contest, as indeed it obviously must have been, from the narrowness of the defile, and the consequent nearness of the contending parties.—Captain Montgomery, of Colonel Hill's regiment, was left wounded on the field, and taken prisoner by the Americans, which could not have been the fact, had the Royal party been victorious.

Immediately after leaving this battle ground we arrived on the banks of the canal, which they are now digging from the Hudson to Lake Champlain. Being almost constantly in sight of it, and very often as near it as possible, we were seriously incommoded by deep gullies and heaps of miry clay, thrown out by the canal diggers, through which we were compelled to drag our way; and when we were not in the mud, we found a road excessively rough and uncomfortable, from the united effect of much rain and much travelling, with occasional hot sunshine, in a country whose basis is a stiff clay. We rode almost constantly in sight of Wood Creek, as well as of the canal.

The rocks on our ride were immense strata of gneiss, often so full of garnets, that the ledges ap-

peared, at a great distance, spotted with red and brown. These primitive hills have every appearance of being continued, uninterruptedly, to Lake George, and it is evident that its eastern barrier must be primitive.

After a very fatiguing journey from Fort Anne, several miles of which I walked, we arrived safely at Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain, a little before night.

I am told there are on parts of the road from Fort Edward, remains of the causeway, which General Burgoyne, with so much labour, caused to be constructed for the passage of his army, but I did not see them. It will be remembered that his route was from Skeensborough, (now Whitehall) to Fort Edward.

WHITEHALL—THE CANAL.

The canal terminates twenty-two miles from Fort Edward, at Whitehall, where they are now constructing a lock, with handsome massy hewn stone. There is a considerable descent to the surface of Lake Champlain, and Wood Creek, whose mouth and that of the canal are side by side, here rushes down a considerable rapid with some grandeur. This is the place formerly called the falls of Wood Creek at Skeensborough.

As Wood Creek is really a river, navigable by larger boats than those which will probably pass on

the canal, and as the canal and river from Fort Anne, a distance of about ten or eleven miles, are often close together, so that a stone might be thrown from the one to the other, a traveller does not at once see why the larger natural canal should, with vast expense,* be deserted for the smaller artificial one. Perhaps the shortening of distance, by avoiding the numerous windings of the creek—the obtaining of a better horse road for dragging the boats—security from the effects of floods and drought, in altering the quantity of water—and the securing of a more adequate supply of water for that part of the canal between Fort Anne and the Hudson, may be among the reasons, and, in either case, there must be locks at Whitehall. However this may be, I cannot doubt that some good reason must have influenced those who directed this undertaking, although it may not be obvious to a stranger.†

* The whole expense of the canal is said to have been estimated at $781,000.—*Worcester's Gazetteer.*

† As I walked along, I interrogated a plain man, (apparently a substantial farmer,) through whose possessions the canal passed, why they dug the canal by the side of Wood Creek, which appeared, of itself, to be sufficient. He replied, with a good deal of petulant warmth, that it was to cut up people's land, and to expend a great deal of money, and thus to buy influence and votes, and that this part of the canal was perfectly useless. I mention the circumstance, not as entering at all into this man's views, or as supposing him the least in the right, but merely to give a specimen of a species of local irritation, which, I believe is not uncommon in similar cases, where farms are intersected by canals,

WHITEHALL PORT.

This is a well built, and apparently thriving little place, situated on both branches of the muddy Wood Creek, which on its way to the gulf of St. Lawrence, sluggishly flows through the village, till it makes its escape, into Lake Champlain; it then tumbles down a steep declivity, over a bed of rocks, and foams, and roars, as if in exultation, at making its escape from its own Lethean channel.

Whitehall anciently called Skeensborough, was famous in General Burgoyne's campaign. Here he destroyed the little American flotilla, in July, 1777, and the baggage and stores of the American army; and here he had his head quarters for some time, while preparing to pass his army and heavy artillery over land to Fort Edward.

Whitehall is situated at the bottom of a narrow defile in the mountains, and has the bustle and crowded aspect of a port, without the quiet and cleanliness of a village. Some of the houses are situated on elevations and declivities, and some in the bottom of the vale—some are of wood, and others of brick, but I was gratified to see many of them handsomely constructed of stone—of the fine Gneiss rock which abounds here—the two parts

or by new turnpike roads, or where these facilities for transportation give a new direction to travelling, or to trade, or alter the estimated value of property.

of the town are connected by a bridge over Wood Creek. The population of this town is between two and three thousand, and the village contains a Presbyterian meeting-house, four warehouses, ten stores, and more than an hundred dwelling houses.*

The fever and ague is now, very prevalent here, and many sallow faces, and feeble frames, are to be seen about the streets.

The country, both up Wood Creek, and down the lake, contiguous to the town, looks as if it might nourish fever and ague, but the inhabitants deny that it is their inheritance, and profess to consider the visitation of this summer as fortuitous. I am afraid that their canal, with its stagnant waters, will not help them to more health. A thick fog prevailed here, most of the time that we were in the place, and rendered it uncomfortable to move out of doors till the middle of the forenoon, when it blew away.

This will probably, become a considerable place, situated as it is, at the head of the lake navigation, and at the point of communication, between the Hudson and Lake Champlain. It derives some little importance, from the small navy maintained on the lake, in time of war; there is a small naval arsenal here and at present there are a few naval officers and men at this station.

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

THE OLD MAN OF THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

Two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road, to Albany, lives HENRY FRANCISCO, a native of France, and of a place which he pronounced *Essex*, but doubtless this is not the orthography, and the place was, probably, some obscure village, which may not be noticed in maps and Gazetteers.

Having a few hours to spare, before the departure of the steam boat for St. John's, in Canada, we rode out to see, (probably,) the oldest man in America. He believes himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old, and the country around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence, (a plain farmer's house, not painted, rather out of repair, and much open to the wind,) he was up stairs, at his daily work, of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver, and although more than eighty years old, she weaves six yards a day, and the old man can supply her with more yarn than she can weave. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up stairs to him, but he soon came down, walking somewhat stooping, and supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience, than most persons exhibit at eighty-five or ninety. His stature is of the middle size, and although his person is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little, even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expres-

sion bright, cheerful, and intelligent; his features are handsome, and considering that they have endured through one third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and, wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time; his eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian, and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly snow white, except where it is thick in his neck; when parted there, it shews some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century.

He still retains the front teeth of his upper jaw: his mouth is not fallen in, like that of old people generally, and his lips, particularly, are like those of middle life; his voice is strong and sweet toned, although a little tremulous; his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of usual strength, with distinct articulation, enables him to understand; his eyesight is sufficient for his work, and he distinguishes large print, such as the title page of the Bible, without glasses; his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and expectoration.

He informed us, that his father, driven out of France, by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam; by his account, it must have been on account of the persecutions of the French protestants, or

Hugonots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam, his father married his mother, a Dutch woman, five years before he was born, and, before that event, returned with her, into France. When he was five years old, his father again fled on account of "de religion," as he expressed it, (for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities.) He says, he well remembers their flight, and that it was in the winter; for, he recollects, that, as they were descending a hill, which was covered with snow, he cried out to his father, "O fader, do go back and get my little carriole,"—(a little boy's sliding sledge or sleigh.)

From these dates we are enabled to fix the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact, for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then sixteen years old, the 31st day of May, old style. His father, (as he asserts,) after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France, by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and afterwards in England, where he resided, with his family, at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686; to have been expelled from France in 1691, and therefore, to have completed his hundred and thirty-third year on the eleventh of last June; of course, he is now more than three months advanced in his hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is notorious, that about this

time, multitudes of French protestants fled, on account of the persecutions of Louis XIV, resulting from the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which occurred October 12, 1685, and, notwithstanding the guards upon the frontiers, and other measures of precaution, or rigor, to prevent emigration, it is well known, that for years, multitudes continued to make their escape, and that thus Louis lost six hundred thousand of his best and most useful subjects. I asked Francisco, if he *saw* Queen Anne crowned; he replied, with great animation, and with an elevated voice, "Ah! dat I did, and a fine looking woman she was too, as any you dat will see now a-days."*

He said he fought in all Queen Anne's wars, and was at many battles, and under many commanders, but his memory fails, and he cannot remember their names, except the Duke of Malborough, who was one of them.

He has been much cut up by wounds, which he shewed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare.

He came out, with his father, from England, to New-York, probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date.

He said, pathetically, when pressed for accounts of his military experience, "O, I was in all Queen Anne's wars; I was at Niagara, at Oswego, on the

* For an unlettered man, he has very few *gallic* peculiarities, and those the common ones, such as d for th, &c.

Ohio, (in Braddock's defeat, in 1755, where he was wounded.) I was carried prisoner to Quebec, (in the revolutionary war, when he must have been at least ninety years old.) I fight in all sorts of wars, all my life; I see dreadful trouble; and den to have dem, we tought our friends, turn tories; and the British too, and fight against ourselves, O, dat was de worst of all."

He here seemed much affected, and almost too full for utterance. It seems, that, during the revolutionary war, he kept a tavern at Fort Edward, and he lamented, in a very animated manner, that the tories burnt his house, and barn, and four hundred bushels of grain; this, his wife said, was the same year that Miss M'Crea was murdered.

He has had two wives, and twenty-one children; the youngest child is the daughter, in whose house he now lives, and she is fifty-two years old; of course, he was eighty-two when she was born; they suppose several of the older children are still living, at a very advanced age, beyond the Ohio, but they have not heard of them in several years. The family were neighbours to the family of Miss M'Crea, and were acquainted with the circumstances of her tragical death.

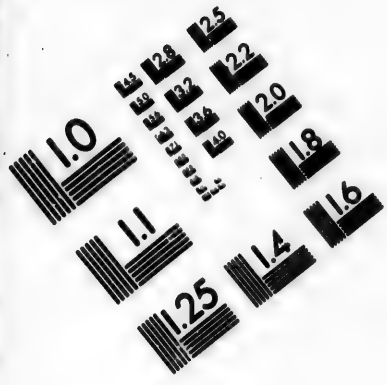
They said, that the lover, Mr. Jones, at first, vowed vengeance against the Indians, but, on counting the cost, wisely gave it up.

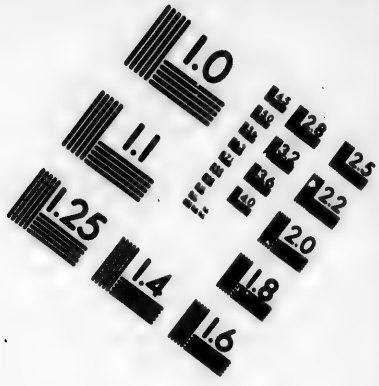
Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a stout framed man.

He was formerly fond of spirits, and did, for a certain period, drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

In other respects, he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly, abstaining, almost entirely, from animal food; his favourite articles being te bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said, that, after such a breakfast, he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it, and then take the same at night, and particularly, that he always drank tea, whenever he could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a day.

The old man manifested a great deal of feeling, and even of tenderness, which increased, as we treated him with respect and kindness; he often shed tears, and particularly, when, on coming away, we gave him money; he looked up to heaven, and fervently *thanked God*, but did not thank us; he however pressed our hands very warmly, wept, and wished us every blessing, and expressed something serious with respect to our meeting in another world. He appeared to have religious impressions on his mind, notwithstanding his pretty frequent exclamations, when animated, of Good God! O, my God! which appeared, however, not to be used in levity, and were probably acquired in childhood, from the almost colloquial "Mon Dieu," &c. of the French. The oldest people in the vicinity, remember Francisco, as being always, from their earliest recollection,





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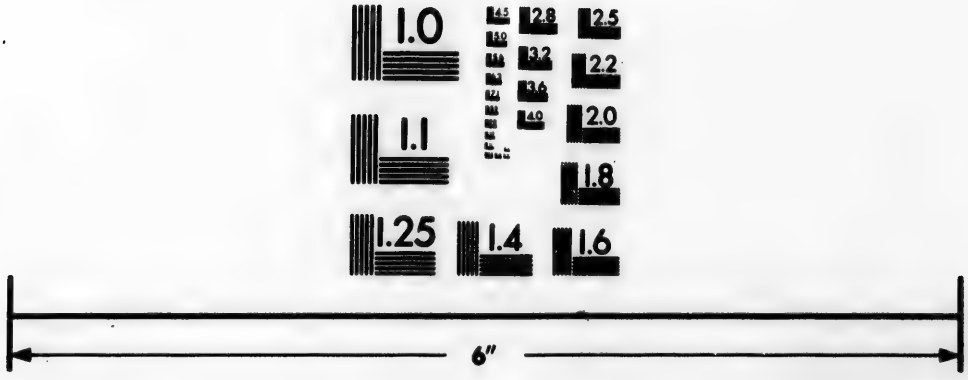

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much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller, who recently died here, between eighty and ninety years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

On the whole, although the evidence, rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe, that he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man; there is nothing, either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

Little could I have expected to converse, and shake hands with a man, who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years—who, more than a century ago, fought under Malborough, in the wars of Queen Anne, and who, (already grown up to manhood,) saw her crowned *one hundred and seventeen years since*; who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and *in the century before the last*, was driven from France, by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV, and who has lived *a forty-fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!*

What an interview! It is like seeing one come back from the dead, to relate the events of centuries, now swallowed up in the abyss of time! Except his cough, which, they told us, had not been of long standing, we saw nothing in Francisco's appearance, that might indicate a speedy dissolution, and he seemed to have sufficient mental and bodily powers, to endure for years yet to come.

PASSAGE DOWN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The carriage and horses were received on board the steam-boat at Whitehall, an accommodation which we had not expected; and thus we avoided the inconvenience, of having them go around by land, to Burlington in Vermont, to wait our return from Canada. The steam-boat lay in a wild glen, immediately under a high, precipitous, rocky hill, and not far from the roaring outlet of Wood Creek; we almost drop down upon the port all, on a sudden, and it strikes one like an interesting discovery, in a country, so wild, and so far inland, as to present, in other respects, no nautical images, or realities.

We left Whitehall between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, in the Congress, a neat and rapid boat, and the only one remaining on the lake, since the late awful catastrophe of the Phœnix.

The lake, for many miles, after it receives Wood Creek, is, in fact, nothing more, than a narrow slug-

gish river, passing, without apparent motion, among high, rocky, and even mountainous ridges, between whose feet, and the lake, there is, generally, a considerable extent of low, wet, marshy ground, of a most unpromising appearance, for any purpose, but to produce fever and ague, unless by and by, it should, by dykeing and ditching, be rescued, like Holland, from the dominion of the water, and converted to the purposes of agriculture.

The channel, through which we passed, is, for miles, so narrow, that the steam-boat could scarcely put about in it, and there seemed hardly room for the passage of the little sloops, which we frequently met going up to Whitehall. At the very head of this natural canal, lie moored, to the bank, stem and stern, the flotillas* of Macdonough and Downie, now, by the catastrophe of battle, united into one.

As we passed rapidly by, a few seamen shewed their heads through the grim port-holes, from which, five years ago, the cannon poured fire and death, and we caught a glimpse of the decks, that were then covered with the mutilated and the slain, and deluged with their generous blood.

* It was a great piece of self-denial to me, not to go on board of this flotilla, but, (a circumstance which I should not otherwise mention,) I was, all the time we were at Whitehall, and indeed all the way to Montreal, in a state of severe suffering, from an ague in my face and head, which obliged me to avoid the damp air, and the damp meadows, where the flotilla lay, moored to the natural bank of the creek.

Sparless, black and frowning, these now dismantled ships, look like the coffins of the brave, and will remain, as long as worms and rot will allow them, sad monuments of the bloody conflict.

Our passage down the lake presented nothing particularly interesting, except the grandeur of the double barrier of mountains, which, although much inferior in height to those of Lake George, are still very bold and commanding.

It seems as if the lake had been poured into the only natural basin, of magnitude, which exists in this mountainous region, and as if its boundaries were irrevocably fixed, by the impassable barriers of rock and alpine land.

The mountains, particularly on the eastern side, presenting to the eye their naked precipitous cliffs, composed of the edges of the strata, were evidently, (almost without exception,) gneiss. This was the fact also, from Lake George to Lake Champlain, and at Whitehall, notwithstanding the assertion of a late English traveller,* that they are lime-stone. At Whitehall, the rocks have a very beautiful stratification; the hills appear as if cracked in two, and one part being removed, we have a fine vertical section; both their horizontal and perpendicular divisions, resemble a regular piece of masonry, and this is the prevailing fact, as we pass down the lake.

* Lieutenant Hall, whose book is generally a manly and interesting performance, but sometimes inaccurate on geological topics.

The dip of these strata of gneiss, which is the east, is very moderate, not exceeding a few degrees, and this appeared to be the general fact. On our ride from Fort Anne to Whitehall, the road passed down one of the natural declivities, formed by the dip of the rock; for several hundred feet, to the right and left, and in the direction of the road, the carriage rattled over this perfectly naked and smooth natural pavement. I had, to-day, no opportunity to land, to inspect the rocks, but, as the boat often passed very near the cliffs, sometimes within a few yards, I was sufficiently satisfied, concerning their general nature, and that the country was highly primitive.

During our passage of twenty-five miles to Ticonderoga, we had a fine descending sun, shining in full strength, upon the bold scenery of the lake, and that I might enjoy it, undisturbed by the bustle of a crowded deck, I took my seat in the carriage, where I was protected equally from the fumes of the boat, and the chill of the air, and could, at my leisure, catch every variety of images, and all the changes of scenery, that were passing before me. It was with very great regret, that I found we could not stop, even for a moment, at Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and it was not till I had devised and dismissed several abortive plans for leaving the boat and getting on afterwards, or in some other way, that I submitted to pass these interesting places.

The sun, setting in splendor, shot his last beams over Mount Defiance, as we came in sight of it, and

the commencing twilight, softened by the first approaches of evening, which was not yet so far advanced, as to throw objects into obscurity, cast a pensive veil over the scite and ruins of

TICONDEROGA.

The remains of this celebrated fortress, once so highly important, but no longer, an object either of hope or fear, are still considerably conspicuous. As we came up with, and, from the narrowness of the lake, necessarily passed very near them, I was gratified, as much as I could be, without landing, by a view of their ruins, still imposing in their appearance, and possessing, with all their associations, a high degree of heroic grandeur.

They stand on a tongue of land, of considerable elevation, projecting south, between Lake Champlain, which winds around and passes on the east, and the passage into Lake George, which is on the west.

The remains of the old works are still conspicuous, and the old stone barracks, erected by the French, are in part standing.

This fort was built by the French; and Lord Howe, and many other gallant men, lost their lives in the attempt to storm it, in 1758.

From this fortress, issued many of those ferocious incursions of French and Indians, which formerly distressed the English settlements; and its

fall, in 1759, when, on the approach of General Amherst with a powerful army, it was abandoned by the French, without fighting, filled the northern colonies with joy.

In 1777, great hopes were reposed upon this fortress, as a barrier against invasion; it was regarded as being emphatically the strong hold of the North; and when General Burgoyne, with astonishing effort, dragged cannon up the precipices of Mount Defiance, and shewed them on its summit, Ticonderoga, no longer tenable, was precipitately abandoned.

Mount Defiance stands on the outlet of Lake George, and between that and Lake Champlain, and most completely commands Ticonderoga, which is far below, and within fair cannon shot. On the slightest glance at the scene, it is a matter of utter astonishment, even to one who is not a military man, how so important a point came to be overlooked by all preceding commanders: probably it arose from the belief, which ought not to have been admitted till the experiment had been tried, that it was impossible to convey cannon to its summit.—On the right is Mount Independence, where there was a formidable fort at the time of General Burgoyne's invasion.

The shadows of the night were descending on the venerable Ticonderoga, as we left it, and when I looked upon its walls and environs, so long and so often clustering with armies—formidable for so great a length of time in all the apparatus and prepara-

tions of war, and the object of so many campaigns and battles; but now, exhibiting only one solitary smoke, curling from a stone chimney in its half-fallen barracks, with not one animated being in sight; while its massy ruins, and the beautiful green declivities, sloping on all sides to the water, were still and motionless as death, I felt indeed that I was beholding a striking emblem of the mutability of power, and of the fluctuations of empire. Ticonderoga, no longer within the confines of a hostile country—no longer a rallying point for ferocious savages and for formidable armies—no more a barrier against invasion, or an object of seige or assault, has now become only a pasture for cattle.

At Ticonderoga, the lake takes a sudden but short turn to the right, and forms a small bay, with Mount Defiance on the left, Mount Independence on the right, and Ticonderoga in front. This scene is very fine, and the whole outline of the spot—the mountains near, and the mountains at a distance—the shores—the bay—and the ruins, all unite to make a very grand landscape.

Night was upon us, before we were up with Crown Point, that other scarcely less celebrated, or less important fortress. The moon served only to enable me dimly to see undefined masses of stone and earth, as a bystander observed, "there are the ruins of Crown Point!"

Almost every thing that has been said historically of Ticonderoga, is applicable to Crown Point,

only there has not been much blood shed before its walls. This fortress also, was built by the French; it was equally annoying to the English Colonies as Ticonderoga; its reduction was as ardently desired, and as many campaigns were undertaken for this purpose. Like Ticonderoga, it was retained by the French till 1759, when it was quietly abandoned by them, and Lord Amherst, on taking possession of it, built an entire new fortress of stone, and made it much more formidable than before.

A NIGHT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The recent loss of the Phœnix, and the tragical events by which it was accompanied, might well have caused us some anxiety, in the prospect of a night passage on the lake; but the weather was fine, and the water smooth, and we had a good boat, furnished with a gentleman's cabin on deck. As I was, however, scarcely able to sleep at all, I passed most of the night in the carriage, both as being a pleasant situation, and as affording me some opportunity of observing the fire, the management of which I was willing enough to see. I am sorry to say, that I was disappointed in not observing that anxious vigilance, which, after the late dreadful occurrence, we should naturally expect to find. Large piles of pine wood, very dry, of course, and also very hot, from their being placed near the furnace and boilers, occupied the middle

of the vessel. A candle was placed by one of the people on a projecting end of a stick of this wood. It had burned nearly down, and a fresh north wind blew the flame directly towards, and almost against the pine slivers, which were very dry and full of turpentine, and therefore in a condition to catch fire with the greatest ease. Happily, from the contiguous carriage window, Mr. W——— observed this threatening candle, and after some importunity with the people, (who seemed very indifferent to the danger,) succeeded in having it removed. It might, very naturally, have caused the Congress to share the fate of the Phœnix, which was burnt, by a candle placed in a situation of less apparent danger; that is, near a shelf in a closet, where it communicated fire to the board.*

We found one other unpleasant circumstance: the boat stopped, several times, at different places, on the two shores of the lake, to deliver and receive freight, and our Captain being extremely dilatory, we were delayed one and two hours at a place.

SCENERY, PLATTSBURGH, &c.

At three o'clock in the morning we stopped at Burlington, and left the carriage and horses, with

* On our return, we found the Congress under a new Captain, and a much more strict police, which left no farther room to complain of negligence.

the young man to take care of them, till our return from Canada. It was day light before we left this place, and the morning presented a scene so similar to Long Island Sound, that we could hardly persuade ourselves that we were on fresh water. Although the weather was fair, and we could see the most distant shores, the high mountains were hardly distinguishable, being shrouded in vapour.

Early in the forenoon we were in Plattsburgh Bay, and passed over the scene of Commodore Macdonough's brilliant victory; an event singularly decisive in its circumstances, momentous in its results, and honourable in the highest degree to that able and gallant commander.

At this memorable place, (the only one since we left Ticonderoga and Crown Point, where a long delay would have been grateful,) we had time only to walk a little way towards the village, and to visit one of the batteries, signalized in September, 1814, in repelling the enemy from the passage of the Sarnac. Dr. L. Foot* of the army, caused the little time we had to spend, to pass both agreeably and usefully; but we were soon again under way, and doubling Cumberland Head, round which the brave but unfortunate Commodore Downie sailed, to defeat and death, we left the beautiful bay of Plattsburgh, with all its grand and interesting associations.

* A friend, and for several years a pupil.

ENTRANCE INTO CANADA.

Our passage down the remainder of the lake was very rapid, and we soon arrived at the American Custom-house; the boat was visited, but our baggage was not examined, and we were treated with the greatest civility.

This ceremony, (for it was a *ceremony*, merely,) being over, we were very soon abreast of the great stone castle, resembling that on Governor's Island, at New-York. It was erected by the American Government, on Rouse's Point, upon the western side of the entrance into the river Sorel or Richelieu, and was designed to command the communication between that river and Lake Champlain. In consequence of a late determination that the boundary line (the 45th degree of latitude,) passes a little south of this castle, it now falls to the British Government.

The current favoured our progress, and we pushed on very impetuously through the quiet waters of this very considerable river, whose smooth surface was thrown into waves by our rapid course. The country on both sides is the most uninteresting that can be well imagined. It is a low wet swamp, not redeemed like Holland, but, to a considerable extent, too much covered by water to admit of immediate cultivation. A few patches of clear and dry land, and a few poor hamlets appear here and there, but there is no village worth men-

tioning in the whole distance of twenty miles to St. John's. The land appears to the eye as if it were even lower than the water, and we naturally think of fevers and agues, which, however, are said to be of rare occurrence, and are probably prevented by a temperate climate. At some future day, should this country become populous, this low marshy land, which is probably fertile, may be rescued from the water, by the same means which have caused such scenes of richness and beauty to be exhibited in Holland.

The only very interesting object in the river, is the Isle aux Noix, eleven miles from the frontier, and eight or nine from St. John's. The glitter of arms—the splendor of the British uniform—the imposing appearance of ramparts and cannon—the beauty of the log barracks of the officers, painted in stripes—and the bustle of military activity, of course excited a degree of interest, and afforded an agreeable relief from the dull scenes of forests and swamps.

The Isle aux Noix is important in time of war, as being the frontier British post, and has been many times, a point of rendezvous for armies and flotillas, not only for the invaders, but for the defenders of Canada.

We both left and received passengers at this island, but without going ourselves on shore, and [illegible] than one hour from the time we left it brought us to the wharf at St. John's, in Lower Canada: we

arrived before night on the 30th of September, ten days from our leaving Hartford.*

ST. JOHN'S, AND DEPARTURE FOR MONTREAL.

St. John's.—I scarcely saw any thing more of this little town, than what might be observed in passing to the Inn, where we found attention and kindness, but a house so crowded, that we were very willing to leave it on our way to Montreal.

We did not go with most of our steam boat companions in the stage, which went on in the night, to La Prarie, but the next morning were furnished with an extra conveyance, in which we proceeded on our journey. There are good stages at St. John's, exactly like the most common kind of American stage coaches, or rather stage waggons, and they are furnished with good horses. Indeed, we were informed that these establishments were set up by Americans, whose enterprize and activity are remarkably contrasted with the unvarying habits of the native Canadians.

The private carriage in which we travelled, was an old fashioned hack, such as might have been seen in American towns twenty or twenty-five years ago; the canvass curtains, (without windows,) were torn, had few or no strings to secure them in place,

* Such is the expedition of the public vehicles, that this distance *may be* travelled in three days.

and flapping in a brisk head wind, they served to let in, rather than to exclude the cold air, and very imperfectly screened us from a driving rain. Our coachman was a Vermont lad, who had emigrated in childhood, along with his parents, but he had not caught the Canadian tardiness of movement, for he drove us at a great rate, over a road very level, but by no means smooth; we were, however, willing to bear pretty severe jolting for the sake of expedition.

We had an interesting ride of twelve miles, on the left bank of the Sorel river, which murmured along by our side, and were charmed with the pretty comfortable white cottages, constructed very neatly of hewn logs, and forming apparently dry and warm dwellings. Almost every moment we met the cheerful looking peasants, driving their little carts, (charrettes,) drawn by horses of a diminutive size. The men were generally standing up in the body of the cart, with their lighted pipes in their mouths, and wore red or blue sashes and long conical woollen caps of various colours. These carts were furnished with high rails, and occasionally with seats, occupied by females and children; they appeared, (like our one horse waggons,) to furnish the most common accommodation for transporting both commodities and persons.

We gave our horses a few moments of rest at Chambly, but were prevented by the rain from leaving our Inn. I regretted this, however, the less,

as we expected to return through the same place, and might be more favourably situated.

We lost no time in resuming our journey, and drove in less than three hours to Longueil, through a perfectly level country, well cultivated, fertile, considerably populous, and furnished with very neat and comfortable white houses, constructed of hewn logs, like those on the Sorel river. The barns, frequently of a large size, were usually built in the same manner; but the want of good frame work was very obvious in their frequently distorted appearance.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF MONTREAL.

At the village of Longueil, or a little before arriving there, we caught the first view of Montreal. The first impression of this city is very pleasing. In its turrets and steeples, glittering with tin; in its thickly built streets, stretching between one and two miles along the river, and rising gently from it; in its environs, ornamented with country houses and green fields; in the noble expanse of the St. Lawrence, sprinkled with islands; in its foaming and noisy rapids; and in the bold ridge of the mountain, which forms the back ground of the city, we recognize all the features necessary to a rich and magnificent landscape, and perceive among these indications, decisive proofs of a flourishing inland emporium.

PASSAGE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

If we experienced some elevation of feeling at the first view of the St. Lawrence, we were not likely to have our pride cherished by the means which conveyed us over this mighty river. Two Canadian boatmen ferried us over in a canoe, hollowed out of a single log. Our baggage being duly placed, we were desired to sit, face to face, on some clean straw placed on boards which lay across the bottom of the boat: we were situated thus low, that our weight might not disturb the balance of the canoe, and we were requested to sit perfectly still. Our passage was to be nearly three miles obliquely up stream, and a part of the way against some powerful rapids.

Between us and Montreal, considerably up the stream, lay the brilliant island of St. Helena. It is elevated, commands a fine view of the city, is strongly marked by entrenchments, is fertile, and covered in part with fine timber. It is a domain, and we were much struck with the beautiful situation of the house on the south side of the island, belonging to the Baroness Lonqueil. With the island and river, it would form a fine subject for a picture.

Our boatmen conveyed us, without much difficulty, to the southern point of this island, between which, and the city, owing to the compression of the river by the island, a powerful rapid rushes

along, with much agitation, and a current, which it is very difficult to stem. At the point of the island, particularly, a branch of the river, confined by rocks, dashes along, almost with the rapidity of water, bursting from a flood gate. Through this strait, it was necessary to pass, and, for some time, the boat went back, and even after landing us on the island, the canoe was coming around, broadside to the current, when we were apprehensive that our baggage must be thrown into the river; but, by main strength, they pushed the boat through this torrent, and along the shore of the island, till the rapid became so moderate, that they ventured again to take us in, and push for the city. It took these poor fellows a toilsome hour to convey us over, and they demanded but a pittance for their services.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MONTREAL.

We mounted a steep slippery bank, from the river, and found ourselves in one of the principal streets of the city. It required no powerful effort of the imagination, to conceive that we were arrived in Europe. A town, compactly built of stone, without wood or brick, indicating permanency, and even a degree of antiquity, presenting some handsome public and private buildings, an active and numerous population, saluting the ear with two languages, but principally with the French—every thing

seems foreign, and we easily feel that we are a great way from home.

ACCOMMODATIONS OF A PUBLIC HOUSE.

We were no sooner ushered into the mansion house, a vast building, constructed of hewn stone, than we could easily imagine ourselves in one of the principal coffee-houses of London. Assiduity, kindness, quiet, and, in a word, domestic comfort, in every particular, except the absence of the family circle, were at once in our possession.

The master of the house was an Englishman, and, having been brought up in a London coffee-house, he very naturally transferred all that it is desirable and comfortable, in the habits of those establishments, to his own, in Montreal.

Being worn out with suffering, from the cause which I mentioned at Whitehall, I was obliged to betake myself immediately to my room and bed; but, I was not permitted to feel that I was a stranger; so kind were the attentions, and so appropriate the various little comforts and refreshments, that were provided and administered.

The next morning, having obtained complete relief, from what I had not expected, superior surgical skill,* I was enabled to begin to enjoy, as well as to see the new objects around me.

*In a mode sufficiently curious and original, which I shall mention further on.

MANNERS OF THE GUESTS.

Dinner here, is at five o'clock; soup was ready, however, at almost any previous hour, and we partook of this refreshment, not having been recently accustomed to so late an hour for dinner. We found at table, a small party of very respectable men, apparently Englishmen; and we were particularly and agreeably struck, with the gentlemanly manners of every individual at table, where, although the guests were strangers to us, and probably most of them to each other, all were polite, attentive, and sociable, without that selfish indifference, or rude familiarity, so common at some public tables, where a correct medium seems hardly to be understood.

The manners of this circle were particularly contrasted with those of a certain group, which we had encountered during our tour, and from which it was impossible, at the time, to make our escape. They were noisy, drinking, swearing, card-playing *gentlemen*; and of all ages, from twenty to sixty, but in their manners so alike, that youth and age were fitly associated.

We began, at evening, to receive the calls of those to whom we had letters, particularly of some of our own countrymen, and obtained at once, all the local information, which we needed, to direct our immediate movements, and to enable us to form and mature our plans.

EVENING SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The weather being mild and fine, parlour fires were not yet kindled in Canada, but, as we preferred a fire for ourselves, we retired at candle lighting, into a very large and well furnished room, with a bow end, and overlooking a terrace, thirty feet wide, and one hundred and forty-four long, which is the length of the house. This terrace is thirty feet above the river, immediately on its brink, and commands a view of it, for many miles up and down the stream, and of the country on the other shore, thus presenting a most delightful prospect. This room was our parlour, while we remained in the house, and we were particularly fond of viewing from its windows, and from the terrace below, the fine scenes of twilight and evening, on the St. Lawrence.

We had anticipated some inconvenience, in visiting Canada, so late in the season, on account of the shortness of the days; but the long and bright twilight, both at morning and evening, made us ample amends, and we found as much light as we left behind us, although less of sunshine. At half after five, with the sun down, and the moon at the full, in the firmament, we sit at the dinner table, apparently in broad day light.

From the moment the sun is down, every thing becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook, and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles wide, immediately be-

fore us, and a little way to the right, spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are, sometimes for an hour, the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over, and embellished this tranquil scene; and, on two of those evenings, we have been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat song. In one instance, it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe, which occasionally appeared and disappeared on the sparkling river; and, in its distant course, seemed no larger than some sporting insect. In another instance, a larger boat, with more numerous, and less melodious voices, not indeed in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few moments after, the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and seemed to convert the whole expanse of water into one vast sheet of glittering silver, and, in the very brightest spot, at the distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

DAY SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The mere contemplation of a river, presenting such a broad expanse of water, at the distance of five hundred miles from the ocean, is interesting and pleasing. At this season it is a tranquil scene, but

the river presents very considerable diversity. On our right, it spreads into a broad lake, generally smooth, but, in numbers of places, it is ruffled by rapids, and broken by ledges of rocks; on the left, it runs with great rapidity, between the island of St. Helena and the city, and presents, at all times, a lively and magnificent water course.

Occasionally, sloops, ships, and steam boats are seen on the river, either passing rapidly down, or struggling against the current, but the most common craft of the river, is of every size, from a small canoe, to the largest boats that are built without decks.

The margin of the river, adjoining the city, is, at most places where there are no wharves, lined with floating rafts and separate logs, intended both for fuel and for timber.

A scene of considerable activity is exhibited immediately before our terrace, by the carts and horses, which are driven into the river, as far as is necessary, and frequently till the horses can hardly keep their feet; the object is to obtain the wood, which is thus conveniently loaded, as the body of the cart is as low as the surface of the river; and single sticks, too large for the carts, are drawn out seperately by the horses. The carts are also used for the conveyance of water casks to supply the city; the horses are driven into the water, and the casks are filled, very conveniently, without removing them from the cart.

We frequently observed, on the Sorel river, the French women, washing at the river's edge. The same employment is seen here before our windows. Sometimes the clothes are placed on boards, in the river, and pounded; and, at other times, the women dance on them, dashing the water about like ducks, and seemingly as much for frolic as for work. All these employments, are attended with much vociferation, and contribute to give life and interest to the quiet scenes of a great inland water.

Some of the circumstances which I have just mentioned, are, it is true, trivial, but still, they tend to characterise the country and its inhabitants.

PASSAGE TO QUEBEC.

I purposely omit to make any other remarks on Montreal, till our return from Quebec, when we expect to pass several days more in this city, and the observations of both residences may be so blended, as, in a good degree, to avoid repetition.

We remained in Montreal three days and a half, and went on board the steam-boat to lodge, on the night of the fourth. We lay quietly at the wharf till one o'clock, in the morning of the fifth; and when day light was fully disclosed, we had passed many miles down the river, and were impelled rapidly forward by the united force of steam and current. The weather, which, the day before, had been cold,

became delightful, with a mild soft air, and a brilliant sun. Nothing, for a tame scene, could be finer, than the one which surrounded us after sun rise. The flat shores are every where studded with white-washed cottages, appearing (like those which we had seen, when travelling by land,) to be all warm and comfortable; and, at the distance of every two or three miles, appeared a little snowy village, with its glittering tin spire; if it included a house, a little superior to the cottage, that was also covered with the same material.

TOWN OF SOREL.

Early in the forenoon, we were at the town of Sorel, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is the point of communication between Lake Champlain, and the St. Lawrence, and is, of course, a station very important to the countries on these great waters.

At this place, we were detained an hour to take in wood, which is here, as in the United States, dry pine. The shore is so bold, that the boat lies at the bank, and this is so high, that the wood was thrown down upon the deck, with a good deal of violence, so as to endanger, and actually to break, some of the glass in the sky lights.

We went on shore, and walked through the principal streets of the town.

The town of Sorel, or, (as it is sometimes called,) William Henry, stands "on the scite of a fort built in the year 1665, by order of Mons. de Tracy;". it was intended as a defence against the incursions of the Indians, and received its name of Sorel, from a Captain of Engineers, who superintended its construction.

The present town was begun about the year 1785, by some loyalists and disbanded soldiers, and it continues to be the residence of many old military pensioners.

Although the plan of the town occupies about one hundred and twenty acres, the number of houses does not much exceed one hundred and fifty, exclusive of stores, barracks, and government buildings.

The plan is regular, and the streets intersect at right angles, leaving a central square of more than five hundred feet on a side.* The town is built principally of wood, and the aspect of many of the buildings is more like that of an Anglo-American town, than any thing that we have seen in Canada. The population is about fifteen hundred. The churches are of stone. We visited that of the Catholics, which is somewhat ornamented with pictures, but cannot be considered as particularly handsome. We found people at their devotions, and a priest in attendance.

* Bouchette.

Sorel was occupied by General Thomas in May, 1776, with the greater part of the American army, on their retreat from before Quebec. Here General Thomas died of the small pox.

The river Sorel is two hundred and fifty yards broad, opposite to the town, but it presents a singular example of a river much narrower at its embouchure, than at its origin: it is more than four times as wide at St. Johns, as at Sorel, and continues to widen all the way up the stream, to the Lake Champlain; from St. Johns, there is also a ship navigation into the lake; but, from the town of Sorel, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons, ascend only twelve or fourteen miles.*

From the town of Sorel, we proceeded among a great many islands, and, after passing a few miles, entered that great expanse of the river, which is ten miles wide, and twenty miles long, and is called the Lake of St. Peter. It has, indeed, a very great resemblance to a lake, being smooth, and without apparent motion.

We felt as we had done in Lake Champlain, that this must be Long-Island sound, and here indeed, the resemblance is much greater, as the water is green, like the ocean. The water is, of course, shallow, and some caution is necessary, to avoid running aground. The shores are very flat and swampy, and, in a hot climate, would probably be sickly.

* Bouchette.

At the large town of Three Rivers, where we arrived by three o'clock in the afternoon, and which is half way between Montreal and Quebec, we stopped in the stream, a few minutes, to take in passengers. There were some ships lying at this place, but there is no harbour, other than the stream, nor did I observe any accommodations for ships, except the naked banks of the river. This town is the third in the province, but very far behind the other two; it contains about three hundred and twenty houses, and two thousand five hundred inhabitants; it extends about one thousand three hundred yards along the river, and was founded in 1618.*

Proceeding down the river, we continued to enjoy a delightful day's sail, with a perfect Indian summer. Mr. W—— and myself had a large state room to ourselves, where we could retire in perfect seclusion, whenever we did not choose to be among the passengers, who, however, were few and civil, and, as the boat was very large, we had none of the inconveniences of a crowd. I occupied a good deal of the day in writing, as the scenery had a very great degree of sameness, and from the windows I could catch a glimpse of its changes, so as to go seasonably on deck, and not to lose any important object.

Towards evening, when we were just above the Richelieu Rapids, and the surface of the river extremely smooth, the Captain pointed out a large

* Bouchette.

seal, sleeping on the water, at the distance of perhaps two or three hundred yards. He fired at it five or six times, without effect; we could see the balls strike the water, very near the seal, but the animal did not even awake, or change its position.

As the rapids of Richelieu, where the river is very narrow, and the current rushes tumultuously over a rocky bottom, are esteemed dangerous for night navigation, and as it was already evening, we cast anchor to wait the return of day. This was just what we could have wished, for, had we continued on our course, we must have arrived at Quebec in the night, and thus have lost the noble scenery of the approach to this city. We had also the additional advantage of a night of perfect quiet and security, undisturbed by the jar of the machinery, or the trampling of the people. Indeed, had we been in motion, we should have felt very secure at night, for the fire and the boiler were as far from us, as the whole length of a common European ship, and no accident has ever happened in this river.

In the morning we were again under way, as soon as we could see sufficiently to avoid the rocks, which are so numerous here, that day light is almost indispensable to a safe passage. It was a perfect May morning, with the finest softest splendor of an Indian summer, so that we had every inducement, and every opportunity to observe the various interesting objects that occurred. By this time we had become familiar, and acquainted with several of our fellow passen-

gers, among whom, were English military and naval men, Quebec merchants, and a Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic. The latter came on board at the Three Rivers, and appeared a mild and amiable man. From our other companions, to whom we made known our country, and our views in travelling, we received every desired information, and the most obliging civilities. The military gentlemen particularly, were very courteous, and, as they were not only acquainted with Canada, but had seen much of other countries, and of foreign military adventures, they were very interesting and instructive. One of them had witnessed in person, some of Wellington's victories, and another, a man of most original and attractive character, and apparently of *warm piety*, had been not less occupied, in the East-Indies, in promoting schemes of benevolence, than in the pursuits of arms. Having been warned that Quebec would burst upon us, all of a sudden, and that we were drawing near to it, our eyes now gazed in no other direction, and our thoughts became entirely fixed upon that object.

APPROACH TO QUEBEC.

Oct. 6.—This seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries—formerly the seat of a French empire in the west—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock, and

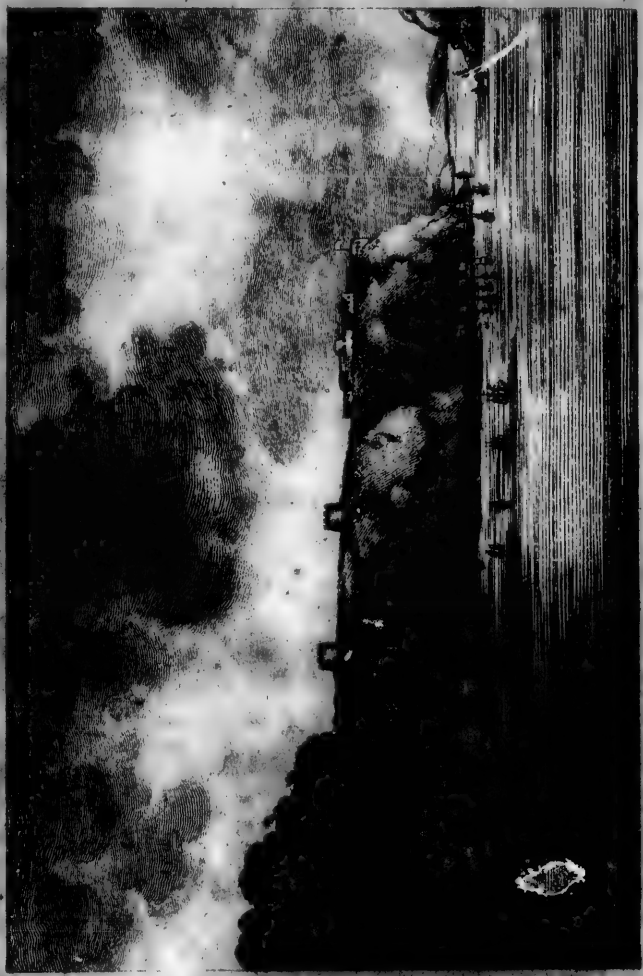
defended by all the proud defiance of war—who could approach such a city without emotion?—Who in America has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec!

On approaching this city, about the middle of the day, we enjoyed the most propitious circumstances of light and weather.

From Cape Rouge, on our left, (seven miles above Quebec,) there is an uninterrupted range of high ground, rising even into hills and precipices. Cape Rouge is so called, from its red colour—the precipitous bank being stained, probably, by oxid of iron, so as to give it, for miles, a reddish hue.

The land grew higher and higher; we passed the mouth of the Chaudiere river, six miles from Quebec, on our right, where a number of ships were waiting to take in timber, and we watched every moment, for the appearance of the great fortress of the north, while one of our military acquaintances pointed out to us the various interesting objects, as we came up with them in succession. At length we descried the towers of Quebec, standing on a rock of three hundred and forty feet in height, measured from the river.

I have already remarked that the banks (especially the north one) are for miles above the city, very precipitous, and they grow more so the nearer we approach. About two miles from Quebec we were shewn Sillery river and cove, and within one mile, or a mile and a half of the city, Wolfe's cove,



now filled with lumber and ships. This name has been derived, from the fact, that here General Wolfe, under cover of night, landed his army, unperceived by the French, and clambering up the precipice, gained the heights of Abraham.

Three round towers of stone, mounted with cannon and standing on these heights, in advance of the other works of Quebec, are the first objects that strike the eye; then the high walls of stone, covered with heavy artillery, and which, as we come nearer to the city, we perceive to extend all along, upon the verge of the precipice, of naked rock, of more than three hundred feet in height, which divides the lower from the upper town. On our right, was the ground on the south eastern side of the river, called point Levi. This also is a precipice of rock, but rather less elevated than Cape Diamond, on which the citadel of Quebec is built. Point Levi is now covered with brilliant white houses. In the year 1759, General Monckton, by order of General Wolfe, erected his batteries there, to bombard Quebec.

PRINT NO. 5.

This sketch, taken by Mr. W——, from the steam boat, was commenced, about three or four miles above the city, and when we were passing every moment, rapidly along. It was unavoidably subjected to the disadvantage of constant change of position; but, as it fortunately happened, this cir-

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cumstance rather augmented the distinctness, than altered the relative position of the principal objects.

On the right, is exhibited part of the promontory of Point Levi, with a glimpse of a few of the houses and ships at its foot. In the remote view, down the river, are seen some of the highlands, beyond the falls of Montmorenci, on the left bank of the river, and at the distance of from ten to fifteen miles. Immediately before the observer, is the smooth expanse of the river, with some of the numerous ships and boats that adorn its surface.

On the left, and nearest at hand, a beautiful copse of wood, with some buildings at its feet, just intercepts the view of Wolfe's cove, which lies between this grove and the high bank on which stands the nearest round tower; only the opening of the cove is seen. Then come the heights, on which are the plains of Abraham, and upon them the Martello towers, two of which only are from this position visible; the view of two others is cut off by the intervening heights. Further on, appears Cape Diamond, composed of almost perpendicular precipices of naked rock, three hundred and forty-five feet in the greatest height. The walls and towers of massy stone, pierced and cut down for embrasures, and crowned with the flag staff and colours that appear on this Cape, constitute the CITADEL of QUEBEC. Immediately at the foot of this precipice, is the commencement of the lower town, which is continued around the foot of the

rock; only a very small part of it, and no portion of the houses of the upper *town* is visible from this point of view.

* * * * * * *

Arrived in the bay of Quebec, we found it swarming with ships, and presenting every appearance of a great seat of commerce. The bay is a beautiful piece of water, looking like a perfect lake, with most nobly formed swelling shores.—It is bounded by the ground just mentioned—by the Isle of Orleans, four miles down the river, and by a delightful country, on the north and north east, intersected by the Montmorenci and St. Charles' rivers, which fall into the bay; the ground slopes with charming declivity to the water, around which it sweeps gracefully like a bow, and presents in a long circuit, so many snow white cottages—handsome country houses, and fine populous villages, that it seems for leagues, almost one continued street. The land is finely cultivated, and even now, is covered with the deepest verdure and sprinkled with dandelions in full bloom. Back of this fine amphitheatre of rural beauty, ranges of mountains, stretch their shaggy summits and limit the view. The harbour is one of the grandest imaginable, and the whole scene resembles extremely the pictures of the bay of Naples, to which it is said by competent judges, to bear a strong resemblance,

We had scarcely time to admire this fine scene, before we were moored at the dock in the lower town, in the midst of all the din of a crowded port.—While we were waiting for the necessary arrangements to land, we had a few moments to contemplate the new scene before us. Contiguous, was the lower town, skirting the upper, and embracing the feet of its rocky precipices. It makes a circuit of, I should imagine, almost two miles, and is crowded in the most compact manner possible, on a narrow strip of land, between the precipices and the St. Lawrence. The houses are so far below the walls of the upper town, that a stone could be dropped into the chimnies of the nearest, and it would in most places fall two or three hundred feet in the air before it reached its object.

One of the most striking objects before our eyes was the Castle of St. Louis—the residence of the Governor. It is a hundred and sixty-two feet long, forty-five broad, and three stories high. It stands (almost impending over the lower town) upon the very verge of the giddy precipice of two hundred feet in height, and lofty pillars are built up from the rock below to support its gallery, which runs the whole length of the building. It is a plain yellow structure of stone, and now exhibits no appearance of a Castle although it was a fortress under the French government.

From the Castle an observer may look down perpendicularly upon the houses of the lower town and

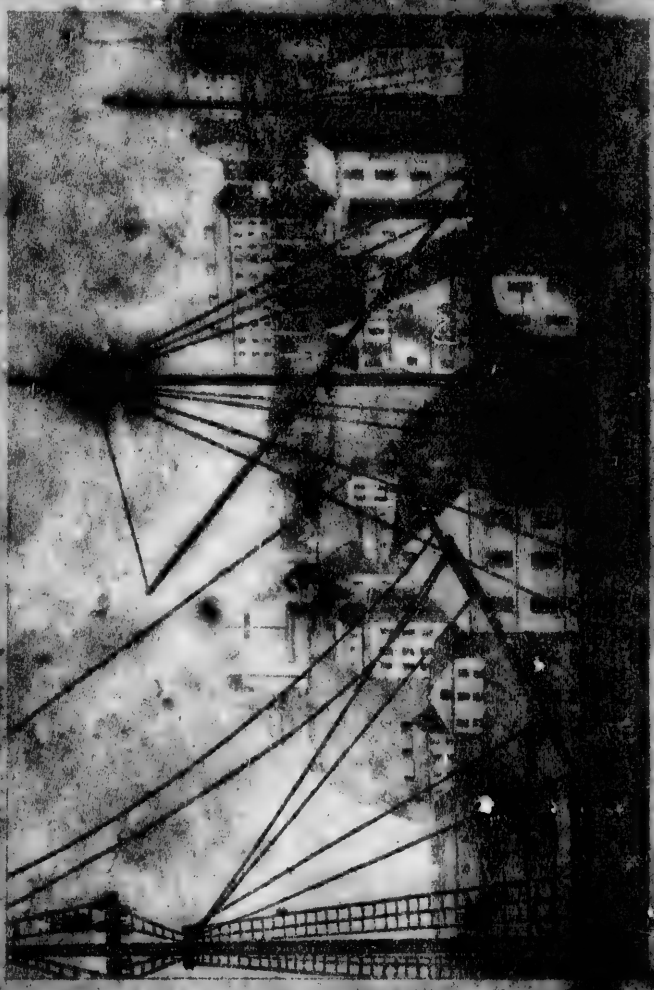
all the confusion, even to the motion of a dog: all the offensive as well as agreeable objects of a crowded port—the grotesque assemblage of buildings peculiar (as is said) to an old French town; he may hear the rumbling of carts and drays and the jargon of different languages, and he will inhale the smoke and gases from a crowd of chimnies, close to the foot of the building on which he stands. On the right of the Castle, the massy walls appear again, and the black artillery, pointing over the parapet, look like beasts of prey, crouching and ready to leap upon their victims.

We soon landed, under the auspices of Captain ——, (our newly acquired military friend) who soon shewed us our lodgings, in St. John's street, and our baggage conveyed to them, by his own servants, and called soon after to enquire for our wel-

PRINT NO. 6.

This view was taken from the steam boat, while other steam boats and vessels were between it and the wharf, and they are the nearest objects which we observe at the bottom of the picture.* — Here are some the buildings in the most crowded and lowest part of the lower town, which may be considered (with a considerable omission of houses further to the left,) as a continuation of the *commence-*

* ... and arched passage, on the nearest part of the shore, ... but are from fancy.



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PRINT NO. 6.

This view was taken from the steam boat, while still other steam boats and vessels were between it and the wharf, and they are the nearest objects which we observe at the bottom of the picture.*—Then come the buildings in the most crowded and bustling part of the lower town, which may be considered (with a considerable omission of houses further to the left,) as a continuation of the *commence-*

* The wall and arched passage, on the nearest part of the shore, are not copied, but are from fancy.

ment of the lower town, seen at the foot of Cape Diamond, in Print No. 5.

In the present print we see, immediately before us, confused piles of houses and stores, built, in many instances, in the old French style, with steep high roofs, having two or more rows of dormant windows.

On the highest point of the extreme left, is Cape Diamond, with a part of the Citadel in view, crowned with the flag and telegraph. On the right of these, are a few of the houses of the upper town, and almost immediately before us, the elevated Castle of St. Louis, with its gallery, supported by high pillars of stone, springing from the rocks below.

Still further on the right, we observe other houses in the upper town, (only the nearest edge of which is however visible,) and on the extreme right is a spire of one of the Catholic churches.

ENTRANCE INTO QUEBEC.

As we passed along the streets of the lower town, I could well have thought that we were in the Wapping of London. A swarming population, among whom sailors were conspicuous; the cheering heigho! of the latter, working in the ships; the various merchandize, crowded into view, in front of the shops and warehouses; the narrow compact streets, absolutely full of buildings; the rattling of innumerable carts and drays, and all the jargon of

discordant voices and languages, would scarcely permit us to believe that we were arrived in a *remote corner* of the civilized world.

We did not feel so absolutely like strangers, as we should have done, without the countenance of the Captain. I have already mentioned, that a fortuitous acquaintance with this gentleman, on board the steam boat, and an incidental disclosure to him of our views in visiting Canada, led to a good deal of mutual kindness, and on his part to offers of service. He is a Captain of the grenadiers; is still a young man, and being open, frank, and friendly in his deportment, he won our confidence, and did not withhold his own. We learned, that he served in the Peninsular war, both under Sir John More, and under Wellington; he was with the former when he fell, in the flight of the British army from Corunna, and with the latter at St. Sebastian's, at the battle of Vittoria, and on various other distinguished occasions.

His wife, a very fine young woman, who, with another lady, had come to the wharf to receive him, joined us, and with this pleasant little party, we entered Quebec.

The first street of the lower town, along which we passed, came to an abrupt termination, the last house standing at the foot of the precipice, when, turning suddenly to the right, into a street, one of whose sides was overhung by the frowning rock, we soon came to a foot passage of stairs, made of plank,

very steep and high, and furnished with iron railings; this passage terminated in Mountain street, as it is called, from the steepness of the ascent. It is the only passage from this side into the upper town, and it was by no means an easy task to ascend it, even on a good foot pavement.

In the mean time, we admired the strength and agility of the little Canadian horses, which, with heavily loaded carts at their heels, perseveringly scramble up this arduous ascent, and with still greater care and firmness, sustain their ponderous vehicles when descending, and prevent them from hurrying themselves and their burdens, headlong, down the steep.

The Castle of St. Louis, (literally a castle in the air,) was now seen immediately above our heads, on the left, at the distance of two hundred and fifty feet. It is completely on the edge of the precipice, which overhangs the lower town, and from its dangerous pre-eminence, appears ready to participate in the destruction which it seems threatening to all below.

We now passed the grand Prescot Gate, under ponderous arches of stone, of great thickness and weight, and entered the upper town.

The impression of every thing was completely foreign from any thing that we see in the United States. Buildings of wood, and even of brick, are almost entirely unknown. Stone, either rough from the quarry, or covered with white cement, or hewn according to the taste and condition of the proprie-

tor, is almost the only material for building; roofs, in many instances, and *generally* on the better sort of buildings, glittering with tin plate, with which they are neatly covered; and turrets and steeples, pouring a flood of light from the same substance: these are among the first things that strike the eyes of a stranger entering the city of Quebec.

If from the United States, he sees a new population, and, to a great extent, a completely foreign people, with French faces and French costume; the French language salutes his ear, as the common tongue of the streets and shops: in short, he perceives that even in the very capital, there is only a sprinkling of English population; it is still a French city; and the Cathedral, the extensive College of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, and most of the public buildings and private houses, are French. He sees troops mingled, here and there, with the citizens; he perceives the British uniform, and the German in the British service, which remind him that the country has masters different from the mass of its population, and although the military are, obviously, not subjects of terror to the citizens, the first impression borders on melancholy, when we see these memorials of an empire fallen, and of an empire risen in its stead. Sixty years have done little towards obliterating the Gallic features of the country, and with a pleasure very rarely experienced, in similar cases, we involuntarily revolve in our

minds, *here* is a country *conquered*, although not *oppressed*.

Trumpets, and bugles, and French horns now startle us with a sudden burst of martial music, and we can hardly believe that we are not arrived in a fortified town of Europe.

* * * * * * *

It was a fine morning, (October 7th,) and, as we were about to avail ourselves of this favourable weather, to visit some parts of the environs of Quebec, I will first describe our carriage, which was

THE CANADIAN CALASH.

This is not unlike an American chaise or gig, but is built much stouter, and with or without a top; the horse is much farther from the body of the carriage, and this allows room for a driver, whose seat rests on the front or foot board, of that part of the vehicle in which we ride; this foot board, after sloping, in the usual manner, then rises perpendicularly, to such a height as to sustain the seat; high sides are also furnished to the part where the feet rest in a common chaise, and thus children and baggage are secured from falling out. The calash carries two grown persons on the seat within, besides the driver, who is often a man; his seat, and the board which supports it fall, by means of hinges, when the passengers are to get in, and the board and seat are then hook-

ed up again to their place, when the driver mounts. In such a machine, which is the most common vehicle of the country, and is sometimes, as in the present instance, made *clumsily* handsome, we made our first excursion from Quebec.

Our driver was Michael Gouvan, a very intelligent and obliging young man, a French Canadian, who spoke both English and French; and his horse, (an iron grey,) was one of that small, but hardy breed, which being, in this country, left in their natural state, are extremely stout and courageous, and carry the heavy calash, and three men, apparently with more ease, than our horses draw our chaises, and two grown persons.

EXCURSION TO BEAUPORT AND MONTMORENCI.

I have already observed that it was a very fine morning; the temperature was mild, and the skies bright, with a balmy softness in the atmosphere, accompanied by a slight haziness; it is exactly like our Indian summer, and indeed, they here call this kind of weather by the same name; we could not have had a more acceptable time for our little journey of nine miles, to the falls of Montmorenci.

We passed out at the gate St. John, on the north western side of the town; it stands at the head of the street of the same name, and leads to a very extensive and populous suburb, situated entirely without the walls. This suburb exhibits many new and

good buildings, and appears modern. We soon reached the beautiful meadows, north-east of Quebec, through which flows the river Charles. On our left, was an extensive nunnery, quite by itself, in the fields; it appears to be the same described by Charlevoix, nearly a century ago, under the name of the hospital.

For four miles, we passed through some of the most beautiful meadows which I have ever seen; they were neatly divided into small enclosures, by stakes driven into the ground, and secured at top, by a rail, fastened with withes; the meadows were covered with thriving cattle: they were still rich in deep verdure, and would have adorned the banks of the Connecticut, or of the Thames. The road through them, was much cut up by wheels, as this is a great thorough-fare into Quebec, and the land is naturally moist and rich. Houses were scattered here and there, upon the meadows, and when we began to ascend the rising ground, we entered the extensive village of Beauport.

This village, consisting of sixty or seventy houses, is built principally on one street, of four or five miles in length, and extends quite to the river Montmorenci; it is one of those, which I mentioned as making so brilliant an appearance from the bay of Quebec. The farms and garden grounds of this village are "all in a flourishing state, and the orchards, and occasional clumps of trees, combine to render it one of the pleasantest roads in the envi-

sons of Quebec. This village is the residence of many families of respectability."*

The houses are generally of stone, covered with a cement, and white washed, roof and all; this gives them a very neat appearance, and makes them look very brilliant, even at a considerable distance; commonly they are of one story, sometimes of two, and inside they appeared very comfortable. The windows, as is generally the fact in the French houses, are divided, up and down, in the middle, and swing, like doors on hinges.

There is in this village, a large and showy church, with three steeples, and, on entering it, we found solitary individuals at their private devotions, crossing themselves with holy water, and silently moving their lips. This church contained a number of pictures, and they were ornamenting its ceiling with golden roses.

Our driver left his calash, went into the church, fell on his knees, and said his prayers with much apparent seriousness.

The Montmorenci is a small, but rapid river, rolling tumultuously, over a very rocky bottom, and just above the falls, is considerably smaller than the Housatonuck, at the falls of Salisbury, in Connecticut.

Leaving our calash and driver on the high hill, which forms the western bank of the river, we crossed a bridge, and passed down the eastern side of the Montmorenci, which is also very high ground,

* Bouchette.

and, as we approach the St. Lawrence, it rises, so as to be even still higher than the opposite shore. From this elevation, the beautiful island of Orleans, which is twenty miles long, and five wide, was in full view before us. It is well cultivated, contains about four thousand* inhabitants, and, next to Montreal, is the most important island in the river. On the side contiguous to where we were, it slopes to the water's edge, and terminates in a handsome beach of sand. A similar beach, corresponds to it, on the main; the ship channel is on the other side of the island.

As we passed along through the fields, we found a man and boy ploughing. The oxen were yoked, not as with us, by the shoulders and neck, but *by the horns*. A kind of yoke lay upon their necks, and was fastened, by leather straps, to the horns; but no bow, or other contrivance, passed around the neck; thus the oxen draw entirely by their horns; and I am told that the French farmers cannot be induced to adopt our method, although it is obvious that the animal is thus sadly embarrassed, and can exert very little power. I saw, however, one yoke in another field, harnessed in our way.

GEOLOGY.

There is very little variety in the Geology between Quebec and Montmorenci. After leaving

* Bouchette.

the city, the first objects that strike the eye, where the green slopes of the hills have been excavated, in quarrying, are numerous black rocks, very regularly stratified, and looking almost like great beds of coal. These rocks, which prevail through the village of Beauport, are black fetid limestone, in strata nearly horizontal, and presenting in the section of the hills, a remarkable regularity, almost architectural. The strata, being divided by seams, both horizontal and vertical, look as if they had been laid up by the skill of a mason. The houses in Beauport, are generally built of this stone, and the people burn it into lime at their very doors. Its great regularity, and the ease with which it divides, must make it an excellent building stone; while the combustible substance which it contains, will also aid, very materially, in burning it into quick lime.—These strata appear to be secondary lime stone.

The strata, over which the Montmorenci falls, seem to be, (for I could not get near enough to be quite certain,) of the same description. I am favoured by Dr. John I. Bigsby, of the Medical staff of the British army in Canada, with the following facts, as to the "succession of the strata a few yards above the bridge, at the falls of Montmorenci, on the west side of the river:"

"The lowest visible rocks, rising six or eight feet from the bed of the river, are dough shaped mounds of granite, vertical, with a south-west direction, with many irregular quartz veins, half a foot thick. On

it, lies a perfectly horizontal sand stone, so coarse as to resemble conglomerate, (I suspect this sand stone is a coarse grey wacke.) It is four feet thick, and weathered red and white. Upon this rests light hair brown, highly crystalline lime-stone, very fetid, full of shells, vegetable filaments, massive blende, and a mineral, like brown spar. This gradually becomes dull, less crystalline, and at length, at the top of the bank, is nearly a common blue lime (stone,) with a conchoidal fracture, and still here and there containing small crystals of carbonates. The whole height here, is perhaps, forty feet."

As we walked along upon the eastern bank of the Montmorenci, and approached the St. Lawrence, we found ourselves on the verge of a precipice, of three hundred feet in height: this terminates at the St. Lawrence, or very near it, in an almost perpendicular promontory, down which, with some difficulty, we wound our way to the bed of the great river. The strata of rock here, run parallel to the St .Lawrence, and at right angles to the Montmorenci; as these strata are very soft, and easily decomposed and disintegrated, the Montmorenci, which rolls its rapid and turbulent waters across them, has evidently, by long continued attrition, worn them away, so that in the bed of this small river, at the falls, these rocks have receded about one sixth of a mile from the St. Lawrence.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

The destructive action of the river itself, upon the rocks which form its bed, and its banks, has produced in the long course of time, a deep bay, or indentation, shaped nearly like a parabola, or a horse-shoe magnet; it recedes from two hundred and eighty, to three hundred yards,* from the St. Lawrence, and its almost perpendicular banks, are in different places, from two to three hundred feet high; they are composed apparently, of fetid lime stone, very much decomposed, which, on the eastern side, resembles extremely a fine grained slate, or sand stone. The crumbled and broken parts, become fetid by friction or percussion. At the upper end of this bay, the Montmorenci, after a gentle previous declivity, which greatly increases its velocity, takes its stupendous leap of two hundred and forty† feet, into a chasm among the rocks, where it boils and foams in a natural rocky basin, from which, after its force is in some measure exhausted in its own whirlpools and eddies, it flows away in a gentle stream, towards the St. Lawrence. The fall is near-

* Bouchette.

† It is astonishing that Charlevoix states the fall of Montmorenci as being thirty feet wide, and *only forty high*. I cannot but think that there must have been a typographical error in the omission of two hundred, before forty, especially, as Charlevoix states the height of the Niagara falls very nearly as they are now estimated. It is not probable that a century has made much difference with either.

ly perpendicular, and appears not to deviate more than three or four degrees from it. This deviation is caused by the ledges of rock below, and is just sufficient to break the water completely into foam and spray. The width of the stream, at the moment of its fall, is apparently, fifty or sixty feet; it may be seventy when the river is swollen by rains, or by the melted snows.

The effect on the beholder is most delightful. The river, at some distance, seems suspended in the air, in a sheet of billowy foam,* and, contrasted, as it is, with the black frowning abyss, into which it falls, it is an object of the highest interest.

As we approached nearer to its foot, the impressions of grandeur and sublimity were, in the most perfect manner imaginable, blended with those of extreme beauty.

This river is of so considerable magnitude, that, precipitated as it is, from this amazing height, the thundering noise, and mighty rush of waters, and the never ceasing wind and rain, produced by the fall, powerfully arrest the attention: the spectator stands in profound awe, mingled with delight, especially when he contrasts the magnitude of the fall, with that of a villa, on the edge of the dark precipices of frowning rock, which form the western bank, and with the casual spectators, looking down

* It has been compared to a white ribbon, suspended in the air; this comparison does justice to the delicacy, but not to the grandeur of this cataract.

from the same elevation. But, these impressions are not sufficient to overpower the delicate beauty of this cataract. The sheet of foam, which breaks over the ridge, is more and more divided, as it is dashed against the successive layers of rock, which it almost completely veils from view; the spray becomes very delicate and abundant, from top to bottom, hanging over, and revolving around the torrent, till it becomes lighter and more evanescent, than the whitest fleecy clouds of summer, than the finest attenuated web, than the lightest gossamer, constituting the most airy and sumptuous drapery, that can be imagined. Yet, like the drapery of some of the Grecian statues, which, while it veils, exhibits more forcibly, the form beneath, this does not hide, but exalts the effect produced by this noble cataract.

The rain-bow we saw in great perfection; bow within bow, and (what I never saw elsewhere, so perfectly,) as I advanced into the spray, the bow became complete, myself being a part of its circumference, and its transcendent glories moving with every change of position. This beautiful and splendid sight was to be enjoyed only by advancing quite into the shower of spray;* as if, in the language of ancient poetry, and fable, the genii of the place, pleased with the beholder's near approach to the seat of their empire, decked *the devotee* with the

*Which was very copious, and, (if not averted by an umbrella,) would soon wet the observer through his clothes.

appropriate robes of the cataract, the vestal veil of fleecy spray, and the heavenly splendors of the bow.

The falls of Montmorenci have been often described, and we had obtained tolerably definite and correct ideas of them, but their entire impression on us was beyond our expectations.

Those who visit this place in the winter, see one fine feature added to the scene, although they may lose some others. The spray freezes, and forms a regular cone, of sometimes one hundred feet in height, and standing immediately at the bottom of the cataract. It is even said, that some are hardy enough to clamber up this icy tower. Captain ——— informs us that he has performed this giddy feat.

PRINT, NO. 7.

In this view, on the right, are seen the rocky strata, rising from the St. Lawrence, and presenting their broken edges; higher up, the precipice is covered with sand, gravel, and ruins of the rocks, and with some poor verdure, and stinted shrubs. This high bank, here terminating abruptly on the great river, is continued around to the fall, forming the right side of the great curve, in the center of which, appears the cataract. In the picture, the spray is but partially represented, and is less copious, and rises to a less considerable height, than in the scene itself. Just where the river commences its leap, some rocks are seen, breaking the current.

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FALLS OF THE MADAWASKA RIVER.

Immediately in front, nearest to the observer, and just where some spectators are placed, the fall is seen with great advantage; perhaps, it is more beautiful there, than any where else; the views of it are, however, very fine at every position, as we advance towards it, (although the impending banks of ruinous and decomposed rock, look rather alarming, as we pass along.) At the foot of the cataract, on the right, we perceive a projection of rock, half veiling the bottom of the fall from view; this rock is constantly wet and slippery, with the spray, and the observer scrambles up its sides, with some difficulty, but, when arrived there, he is fully compensated by the grandeur of the scene; if he advance over the other declivity of the rock, the bow attends his every step, and, at some places, two or three concentric bows are seen. If willing to be thoroughly wet, and possessed of a little of the spirit of adventure, he may, by persevering in his advances even gain a peep behind the cataract. On the left, is seen the other side of the bay; it is composed of perpendicular ledges of black stratified rock; (I presume it is the same fetid lime stone, which constitutes the basis of Beauport,) and, on its summit, a little removed from the edge, is a handsome villa. Almost exactly on the edge, and resembling a low fence, is seen an aqueduct, which diverts a part of the river, just above the fall, and conducts it to a saw mill at the bottom of the bank. The tranquil basin, below the fall, at low water, presents to view,

portions of the rocky strata, which form its bed, and it is then fordable, and also for some time, during the latter part of the ebb, and the beginning of the flow of the tide.

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SAW MILLS AND LUMBER.

Just below the falls, on the right bank of the Montmorenci, at its confluence with the St. Lawrence, is the great establishment of Mr. Patterson, for sawing lumber. The mills, which are probably as extensive as any in the world, are fed by a stream, directed (as already mentioned in the description of print 7,) from the Montmorenci, just above the falls. It is conducted along, on the high bank, in a large artificial channel, of plank and timber, till, rushing down the inclined plane, formed by the great natural descent of the hill, it acquires a prodigious velocity, and, falling upon the water wheels, in the mill, at the bottom of the bank, it imparts an impulse, sufficiently powerful, to turn the machinery of a vast establishment, and performs a very great amount of labour. Nor does it injure the cataract, as Lieutenant Hall, in his travels, supposes it would; for, it is no more missed from the stream of the Montmorenci, than a pebble would be from its banks.

Contiguous to these mills, is a vast deposit of lumber; much of it is afloat, and is guarded from

floating quite away, by wharves and pillars, and by very extensive artificial dams, running out a great way into the St. Lawrence, and forming a large basin. I cannot say with confidence, how many acres it appeared to cover; my elevation on the contiguous bank, was so great, that I might be much deceived; but it served, together with the deposits which we had seen at the Chaudiere, at Sillery, in Wolfe's cove, and other places, to give us a strong impression of the magnitude of the Canadian lumber trade; it is, in fact, the principal business of the country; and the ships waiting to receive it, are very numerous. A good deal of this lumber, as we were assured, comes from Vermont, and is rafted down Lake Champlain, and through the rivers Sorel and St. Lawrence.

To us, who had never seen any thing to compare with the exhibition of lumber, on the waters around Quebec, this sight, and the other similar ones, appeared very remarkable. The number, and size of the ships, also, that are waiting to receive it, far exceeded our expectations, and evinced, that, if Great Britain cannot supply herself with lumber, on good terms, from any other source, this colony must, for this reason alone, be very important to her; and, indeed, it has obviously this great advantage, as a source of supply, that it is, in a great measure, independent of the contingency of war.

As an article of trade, however, I am aware that lumber, from its great bulk, and low value, makes a

much greater show, than a commerce in many commodities, which, in a much more snug way, may imply a vastly greater amount of capital, and of profits.

The lumber rafts on the St. Lawrence, well deserve to be mentioned among the curiosities of the river. We found some of them around us in the morning, as we were coming down to Quebec, and were amused with the view of these anomalous floating communities. Some of them occupied thousands of square feet on the water, and exhibited an active, grotesque population, busy in steering these ponderous misshapen piles, down the current of the river; they erect huts upon them, and contrive to concentrate upon the rafts, the few and coarse accommodations, which their frugal habits, and their tardy inland voyage may demand.

We did not expect to find oppressively hot weather in Canada, so late as the 7th of October, but, in clambering the precipices about the falls of Montmorenci, we experienced a degree of heat, like that of the middle of July.

VIEW OF QUEBEC, AND OF ITS ENVIRONS, FROM BEAUPORT.

From the river Montmorenci, the ground gently descends towards the St. Lawrence, and towards Quebec, but, as the distance is considerable, the elevation is sufficient to afford a good view of that city.

Approaching it by water, from Montreal, we have only a glimpse of the upper town, but, from the Beauport side, we see it perfectly. Most of the upper town is built upon a side hill, sloping rapidly to the north and east, and the view from Beauport, gives the idea of a fine city, of considerable magnitude.

The roofs and spires, covered with tin, glittered to-day, in the bright meridian sun. The towers and turretted walls, completely encircle the upper town. although they exclude the lower; and the suburbs, now become almost as extensive and handsome, as the city itself, are also in full view, with a considerable part of the lower town, and most of the ships in the bay and river.

The opposite shores of the island of Orleans, and of Point Levi, with the numerous farm houses and villages, that are conspicuous all around, and the luxuriant meadows, intersected by the Charles, added to the beauty of the prospect.

Indeed, Quebec and its environs, present as magnificent scenery as can well be imagined. Towers and spires—walls and rocks—cascades and precipices—swelling hills, and luxuriant vallies, and woody mountains—beautiful villages, and numberless solitary villas, and white cottages—with grand rivers, and crowding fleets, are all united to delight the spectator. Such scenes would be esteemed very fine in any country.

PRINT, NO. 8.

This print, although the scene is principally the same, does not exhibit *exactly* the view, from Beauport, which was last described. The observer is not in Beauport, but is standing on the eastern side of the Montmorenci, on the bank, which is exhibited on the right of print 7. Immediately before him, is the saw mill of Mr. Patterson, with floating lumber, and a ship, waiting to receive it. On the right, is the high promontory, situated on the western side of the Montmorenci, and constituting the counter part to that exhibited in the last print; the ship, and saw mill, and two adventurers, on the top of the precipice, give some idea of its height. From the mill, we see the aqueduct passing along the hill; after it begins to descend from the heights, it is covered on the top, with thick plank, strongly bound by timber, to prevent the water from overflowing, for the stream is so copious, as completely to fill this hollow box, through which the water is hurried with a frightful velocity. On the left, is Point Levi, opposite to Quebec, and distant from the observer five or six miles; at the foot of this promontry, we see a little settlement, a port in miniature, and numbers of ships contiguous. In the extreme distance, are the hills about the mouth of the Chaudiere river, and beyond it; they are from twelve to fifteen, and even twenty miles distant, and are situated on the right bank of the St. Lawrence

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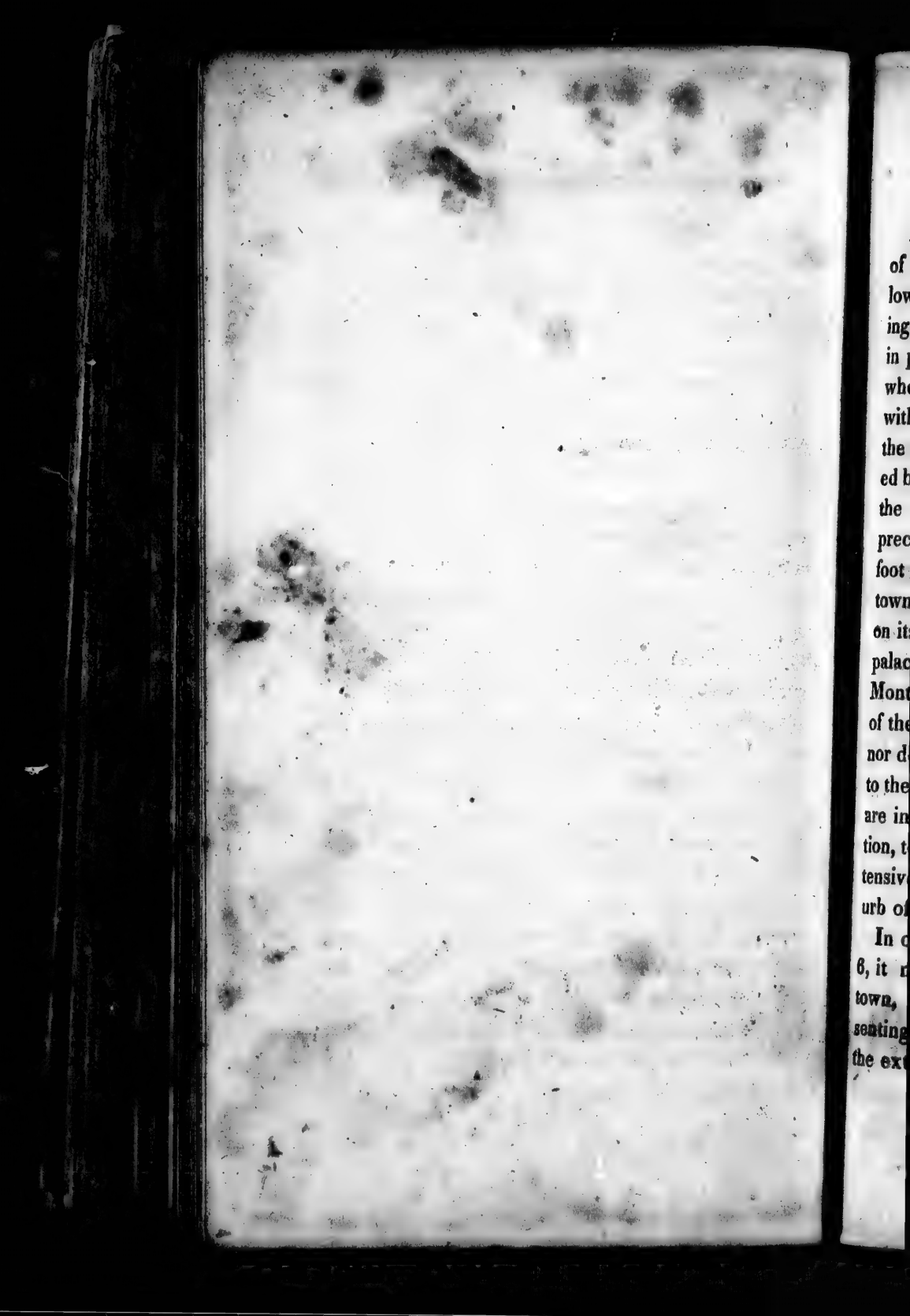
D. Wadsworth.

HARTFORD. JESSE ALBERT STEDMAN SCULP.



In the middle of the view, on the right, is the city of Quebec, exhibiting a part, both of the upper and lower town. This view may be considered as being, in this respect, a continuation of that, exhibited in prints No. 5 and 6; and, as beginning nearly where the latter leaves off. We see the upper town, with its crowded show of houses and spires, and with the flag and telegraph on Cape Diamond, surrounded by its military wall, and distant four or five miles; the wall passes along upon the very edge of the precipice of naked black rock. Immediately at the foot of this precipice, is a continuation of the lower town, with its wharves, ships, and ware houses, and, on its extreme right, we see the steep ascent to the palace gate. The promontory, on the right of the Montmorenci, intercepts the view of Beauport, and of the beautiful slope from it to the St. Lawrence; nor do we see the declivity of the city of Quebec to the north and west; from the highest parts that are in view, it declines very rapidly in that direction, towards the Charles river; and this part is extensive and populous, and includes the fine suburb of St. Johns.

In order to understand this print, and No. 5 and 6, it must be remembered, that the front of the town, towards the St. Lawrence, is circular, presenting its convex side to the rivers, in the form of the exterior curve of an amphitheatre.

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BATTLE OF MONTMORENCI.

The roar of the cataract—the beauty of the revolving spray, and the splendors of the rainbow, have not always been observed, in tranquility, at Montmorenci; for the flash, and the smoke, and the thunder of artillery, have, at a former period, overwhelmed these milder beauties, and the banks, and the waters of these rivers have, at their confluence, been stained with blood.

On the 27th of June, 1759, General Wolfe, arriving in the St. Lawrence, with an armament equipped expressly for the reduction of Quebec, established his army upon the island of Orleans, while Admiral Saunders, with the fleet, occupied the channels and the bay of Quebec. On the 29th, General Wolfe detached General Monckton, with four battalions, to drive the French force from Point Levi, the promontory opposite to Quebec, and to occupy that place, a service which was successfully executed. The French soon after, passed over from Quebec, with one thousand six hundred men, to attack General Monckton, but fell into confusion—fired on one another, and retreated back to the city.* General Monckton severely cannonaded and bombarded the city, from this point, and although his fire was quite destructive to the lower town, and very injurious to the buildings in the upper it made no serious impression on its defences, and left the place

* General Wolfe's dispatch to his government.

nearly as tenable as ever. Indeed, it is obvious from mere inspection, that were the works of Quebec, on the side next to Point Levi, all destroyed, still it would be of little avail, towards an escalade of the precipices of naked rock, in some places more than three hundred feet high, on which the walls and towers are built. For many miles above the city, the left bank of the river is a mere precipice, or admits of easy and effectual defence, by a small number of troops, judiciously stationed. The only accessible ground, in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, is the graceful declivity between the river St. Charles, which washes the north eastern part of the city, and the Montmorenci. This is the fine natural slope, that appeared so beautiful as we entered the bay of Quebec, and stretches four or five miles, along the river, from Beauport to the St. Lawrence. Near Montmorenci, this declivity becomes very steep and of arduous ascent. This ground would, of course, invite a landing, but the Marquis de Montcalm, had occupied every part of it, with an entrenched camp; batteries of cannon were placed at every accessible point, and his rear was defended by a thick forest.

Still, General Wolfe, seeing no prospect of reducing Quebec, except by first defeating the army by which it was defended, and perceiving no possibility of attacking that army, except by occupying this ground, took measures to effect that object.

On the night of July 9th, he passed his army over the north channel, between the island of Orleans and the promontory represented on the right of print 7. He wished next to pass the Montmorenci above the falls, and to attack the enemy in the rear, but, there was no ford nearer than three miles up the river, and the opposite bank was entrenched, and so steep and woody, that it could not be successfully attacked.

He had occupied with cannon, the precipice below the falls, which forms the right of the curve, in print 7; it is higher than the opposite side, to which the left of the French camp extended, and the vigor of the fire from this battery, under the direction of General Townsend, prevented the French from erecting a corresponding battery, near the place where the aqueduct is represented, in the left of the picture; this battery was therefore unopposed, and considerably annoyed the French camp.

We saw the remains of the English battery; they are still distinctly visible on the heights, north-east of the bay, below the falls; the bank has now crumbled so much, that the entrenchments are close to the edge of the precipice, and the observer, on account of the frail support below, should be on his guard in approaching the brink.

It has been already mentioned, in the description of print 7, that the bay below the falls is fordable, near, and at low water. General Wolfe determined to avail himself of this facility, and to attack the en-

emy in front, in their entrenchments; to enfilade and batter these, a great quantity of artillery was placed upon the eminence, and was served with much effect.

It became necessary to pass the ford on the rocks, and then to go around the point by the saw mill; which is exhibited on the right of print 8. The promontory there represented, immediately above the saw mill, cuts off, in a great measure, the view of the ground occupied by the French camp, and also the view of the beach where the English troops were to form.

It was on the morning of the 31st of July, that the grenadiers, in the boats of the squadron, supported by a part of General Monckton's corps from Point Levi, who were also in boats, proceeded for the shore; they were thrown into some confusion, and detained a good while by accidentally grounding, so that it was late in the afternoon, before they effected a landing on the beach, above the saw mill. The enemy had precipitately abandoned a redoubt, close to the shore; the corps of Generals Townsend and Murray, which were to ford the Montmorenci, and come round to the beach, to unite in the attack, were on their way, and in good order, but the corps of General Monckton were not yet landed.

The grenadiers, consisting of thirteen companies, aided by two hundred royal Americans, had orders to form in four distinct bodies, and to proceed to the attack as soon as they could be supported by

Monckton's corps, and aided by the troops from the ford of the Montmorenci.

But, before Monckton's corps were landed, and before the other troops were at hand to support them, and, without waiting to form, they rushed impetuously forward, running towards the "enemy's entrenchments, in the utmost disorder and confusion."* Their courage proved their ruin; they were cut down in great numbers, by a very hot and well directed fire, and, being unable to form, they retreated behind the redoubt, which the French had abandoned, leaving their dead to be plundered, and numbers of their wounded to be murdered and scalped by the savages. General Wolfe now drew off his grenadiers, to form them behind General Monckton's corps, which was by this time drawn up on the beach in "extreme good order." But it was now near night—a sudden thunder storm came on—the tide began to make—and the attack was abandoned, after the loss of between five and six hundred brave men, of the flower of the army, and, Wolfe, fearing that, if he persisted any longer, his retreat might be cut off, quietly retreated again to his camp, across the Montmorenci. This attack has often been censured as rash, and, after viewing the ground, I presume most persons would pronounce that judgment to be correct. General Wolfe himself, says: "The enemy were indeed posted upon a commanding eminence. The beach, upon which the troops were

* Wolfe's letter to Mr. Pitt.

drawn up, was of a deep mud, with holes, and cut by several gullies. The hill to be ascended, very steep, and not every where practicable. The enemy numerous in their entrenchments, and their fire hot. If the attack had succeeded, our loss must certainly have been great, and theirs inconsiderable, from the shelter which the neighbouring woods afforded them. The river of St. Charles still remained to be passed, before the town was invested. All these circumstances I considered; but, the desire to act in conformity to the king's intentions, induced me to make this trial, persuaded that a victorious army finds no difficulties."*

General Wolfe expected, (had he succeeded,) to have penetrated the left of the French camp, where his artillery, from the opposite heights, had made an impression. Without claiming to have any military knowledge, I may perhaps, be allowed to say, that, after toiling up this hill, on foot, and finding it an arduous undertaking to one entirely unmolested, it appears next to madness, to lead columns of men up a long and steep ascent, where, especially in a hot summer's day, they could not, for many minutes, proceed upon the run, without being put out of breath, and where the well directed fire of deeply entrenched troops, aided by artillery, must speedily cut down, (as it actually did,) one half of those who made the rash attempt, while they, in turn, could do their enemy little or no harm.

* Wolfe's letter to Mr. Pitt.

It was an affair, extremely like Bunker's hill, in almost all its circumstances, except that the French possessed regular entrenchments, abundance of cannon, and experienced commanders and troops, while the Americans, at Bunker's Hill, had nothing more than a small redoubt, and a very imperfect breast work, thrown up in one night, and made, to some extent, of rail fence and hay, and were almost without cannon, and with commanders and troops, most of whom had never been in battle before. Had *they* been situated at Bunker's Hill, as *the French* were, at Montmorenci, they would, without doubt, have finally repulsed the assailants. If General Wolfe had lived, and ultimately failed in the campaign, he would probably have been censured, with much more severity, especially had he been frustrated in the attempt to gain the plains of Abraham, which he certainly would have been, had the French commander been as much on his guard there, as at Montmorenci.

In the recital of the horrors of war, we view them with wonderful apathy, for the very reason, that ought to excite the deepest interest, because the results are given by *hundreds* and by *thousands*. In this vast aggregate of human woe, we forget the particular sufferings, and are much less affected, (as has often been remarked by moral writers,) by the accounts of the slaughter of armies, than we should be by the detailed exhibition, of the sufferings of a single soldier. But we ought to remember that ev-

ery wounded and dying man *has his own individual agony*, and that it is not greater for a WOLFE, than for every private soldier.

The following anecdote* contains an account of the dangers and sufferings of two individuals, in this very battle, and the event happened on the very ground which we walked over, in this day's excursion. I presume that, notwithstanding its length, I shall be excused for its introduction :—

"Captain Ochterlony, and Ensign Peyton, belonged to the regiment of Brigadier-General Monckton. They were nearly of an age, which did not exceed thirty; the first was a North-Briton, the other a native of Ireland. Both were agreeable in person, and unblemished in character, and connected together by the ties of mutual friendship and esteem. On the day that preceded the battle, Captain Ochterlony had been obliged to fight a duel with a German officer, in which, though he wounded and disarmed his antagonist, yet he himself received a dangerous hurt under the right arm, in consequence of which his friends insisted on his remaining in camp during the action of next day; but his spirit was too great to comply with this remonstrance. He declared it should never be said that a scratch, received in a private rencounter, had prevented him from doing his duty, when his country required his service; and he took the field with a

* Smollet's History of England, Vol. V. page 49.

fusil in his hand, though he was hardly able to carry his arms. In leading up his men to the enemy's entrenchment, he was shot through the lungs with a musket ball, an accident which obliged him to part with his fusil, but he still continued advancing, until, by loss of blood, he became too weak to proceed further. About the same time, Mr. Peyton was lamed by a shot, which shattered the small bone of his left leg. The soldiers, in their retreat, earnestly begged, with tears in their eyes, that Captain Ochterlony would allow them to carry him and the ensign off the field. But he was so bigotted to a severe point of honour, that he would not quit the ground, though he desired they would take care of his Ensign. Mr. Peyton, with a generous disdain, rejected their good offices, declaring that he would not leave his Captain in such a situation; and, in a little time, they remained sole survivors on that part of the field.

"Captain Ochterlony sat down by his friend, and, as they expected nothing but immediate death, they took leave of each other; yet they were not altogether abandoned by the hope of being protected as prisoners; for the Captain seeing a French soldier, with two Indians, approach, started up, and accosting them in the French language, which he spoke perfectly well, expressed his expectation that they would treat him and his companion as officers, prisoners, and gentlemen. The two Indians seemed to be entirely under the conduct of the French-

man, who, coming up to Mr. Peyton, as he sat on the ground, snatched his laced hat from his head, and robbed the Captain of his watch and money. This outrage was a signal to the Indians for murder and pillage. One of them, clubbing his firelock, struck at him behind, with a view to knock him down, but the blow missing his head, took place upon his shoulder. At the same instant, the other Indian poured his shot into the breast of this unfortunate young gentleman, who cried out, 'O Peyton! the villain has shot me.' Not yet satiated with cruelty, the barbarian sprung upon him, and stabbed him in the belly with his scalping knife. The Captain having parted with his fusil, had no weapon for his defence, as none of the officers wore swords in the action. The three ruffians finding him still alive, endeavoured to strangle him with his own sash; and he was now upon his knees, struggling against them with surprising exertion. Mr. Peyton, at this juncture, having a double-barrelled musket in his hand, and seeing the distress of his friend, fired at one of the Indians, who dropped dead on the spot. The other, thinking the ensign would now be an easy prey, advanced towards him, and Mr. Peyton, having taken good aim, at the distance of four yards, discharged his piece the second time, but it seemed to take no effect. The savage fired in his turn, and wounded the ensign in the shoulder; then rushing upon him, thrust his bayonet through his body; he repeated the blow, which

Mr. Peyton attempting to parry, received another wound in his left hand; nevertheless, he seized the Indian's musket with the same hand, pulled him forwards, and, with his right, drawing a dagger which hung by his side, plunged it in the barbarian's side. A violent struggle ensued; but at length, Mr. Peyton was uppermost, and, with repeated strokes of his dagger, killed his antagonist outright. Here he was seized with an unaccountable emotion of curiosity, to know whether or not his shot had taken place on the body of the Indian; he accordingly turned him up, and stripping off his blanket, perceived that the ball had penetrated quite through the cavity of the breast. Having thus obtained a dear bought victory, he started up on one leg, and saw Captain Ochterlony standing at the distance of sixty yards, close by the enemy's breast-work, with the French soldier attending him. Mr. Peyton then called aloud, 'Captain Ochterlony, I am glad to see you have at last got under protection. Beware of that villain, who is more barbarous than the savages. God bless you, my dear Captain. I see a party of Indians coming this way, and expect to be murdered immediately.' A number of those barbarians had for some time been employed on the left, in scalping and pillaging the dying and the dead that were left upon the field of battle; and above thirty of them were in full march to destroy Mr. Peyton. This gentleman knew he had no mercy to expect; for, should his life be spared for the present, they

would have afterwards insisted upon sacrificing him to the manes of their brethren whom he had slain; and in that case he would have been put to death by the most excruciating tortures. Full of this idea, he snatched up his musket, and, notwithstanding his broken leg, ran above forty yards without halting; and feeling himself now totally disabled, and incapable of proceeding one step further, he loaded his piece, and presented it to the two foremost Indians, who stood aloof, waiting to be joined by their fellows: while the French, from their breast-works, kept up a continual fire of cannon and small arms upon this poor, solitary, maimed gentleman. In this uncomfortable situation he stood, when he discerned at a distance, a Highland officer, with a party of his men, skirting the plain towards the field of battle. He forthwith waved his hand in signal of distress, and being perceived by the officer, he detached three of his men to his assistance. These brave fellows hastened to him through the midst of a terrible fire, and one of them bore him off on his shoulders. The Highland officer was Captain Macdonald, of Colonel Frazer's battalion; who, understanding that a young gentleman, his kinsman, had dropped on the field of battle, had put himself at the head of this party, with which he penetrated to the middle of the field, drove a considerable number of the French and Indians before him, and finding his relation still unscalped, carried him off in triumph. Poor Captain Ochterlony was conveyed to Quebec,

where, in a few days, he died of his wounds. After the reduction of that place, the French surgeons who attended him, declared, that, in all probability, he would have recovered of the two shots he had received in his breast, had he not been mortally wounded in the belly by the Indian's scalping knife.

"As this very remarkable scene was acted in sight of both armies, General Townshend, in the sequel, expostulated with the French officers upon the inhumanity of keeping up such a severe fire against two wounded gentlemen, who were disabled, and destitute of all hope of escaping. They answered, that the fire was not made by the regulars, but by the Canadians and savages, whom it was not in the power of discipline to restrain."

EXCURSION TO THE FALLS OF CHAUDIERE.

Oct. 8.—With our faithful Gouvan, and our comfortable calash, we crossed the St. Lawrence about the middle of the day. We had come down to the wharf much earlier, and waited two hours for the boat, which was detained on the other side, at the command of a party of the officers of justice, who had gone over to whip a culprit; at length, a great company of them returned in the boat, with their badges, and bringing with them the miserable man. As usual elsewhere, in such cases, it excited and gratified the mob, but the disgraced and chastised

offender, wore an aspect very different from the consequential air of the constables, or from the grinning insolence of the populace.

Arrived on the opposite shore, we soon ascended the steep heights of Point Levi—saw where General Monckton erected his batteries, to bombard the city, previous to the unsuccessful battle at Montmorenci—and enjoyed a brilliant and new view of Quebec, and of its environs—the fortifications and precipices appearing particularly grand from this elevation.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VIGNETTE.—(*See title page.*)

VIEW OF QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVI.

No position, in which we were placed, afforded us so impressive a view of the rock of Quebec, and particularly of its *castellated* appearance, as this from the summit of Point Levi. After the prints that have been already described, this will be readily intelligible. The distance is about one mile. On the extreme left, is a glimpse of the heights and plains of Abraham—on the extreme right, the hills about Beauport and Montmorenci. Immediately before us, is the rock of Quebec; and the extent of the part that is seen, is about one mile: nearly the whole of it is, literally, a naked rocky precipice, of a very dark hue, almost black, and composed of enormous strata of slate and lime stone, very rude, both on account of their natural contortions, and the effects

of blasting, and of other forms of violence upon them. On the summit of the rock, on the left, where it is three hundred and forty-five feet high, is the citadel, standing on Cape Diamond; some way to the right of this, where the rock declines considerably in height, appears the castle of St. Louis, (more distinctly exhibited in print 6.) Still further to the right, and scarcely distinguishable among the buildings, is the Prescot gate, at the top of mountain street, which comes obliquely up from the lower town, and affords the only communication on this side of the rock. Beyond the gate, on the left, is seen the English Episcopal cathedral, and, to the right, the Roman Catholic cathedral, the parliament house, the seminary, &c. and, in front of these last, is the wall of the city, with embrasures and cannon, forming the grand battery, which occupies a lower level, or natural platform of the rock, which is here about two hundred and thirty feet high.

At the foot of the rock, is the lower town, and, if we add to it, that part exhibited from Montmorenci, (print 8,) we have then very nearly the whole of the lower town; it may be added, that print 8, and this vignette, in connexion, exhibit nearly the whole of the rock of Quebec. Nearly on the extreme left of the rock, at the foot of Cape Diamond, in the lower town, is the place where General Montgomery was slain on the morning of December 31, 1775; and, on the right, at the foot of the rock, or grand

battery, is the street where General Arnold's party were defeated and captured, on the same occasion.

This vignette is the only print in this volume, that is not original. It is common at Quebec, on bank bills, and, Mr. W———, finding it so very exact a representation of the fine scene, which we contemplated, from Point Levi, adopted, and copied it, with some slight variations. The engraver has given it still greater precision, by reference to the view of Quebec, on Colonel Bouchette's topographical map of Lower Canada.

* * * * * * *

The villages through which we passed, were not so well built as Beauport; a larger proportion of the houses were constructed of logs, and the people appeared not in so good circumstances, but still they were comfortable.

The road to Montmorenci was rough; that over which we were now passing, was smooth, and, compared with any other roads that we had seen in Canada, it was very fine. We passed through a large settlement, sustained principally by the great lumber establishment of Mr. Caldwell, and soon arrived at the mouth of the Chaudiere river, over which we were ferried.

During our whole ride from Point Levi, we had been gratified by a succession of fine views: the river—the opposite shores, precipitous in almost every direction—the heights of Abraham—Cape

Diamond, and the upper and lower towns—the slopes of Beauport, and the heights of Montmorenci—the Isle of Orleans, and the bosom of the river—some of these features were constantly, either in prospect, or in retrospect; and we saw many scenes which would have been well worthy of the pencil.

Among these, one was selected, of which the annexed print is a representation.

PRINT, NO. 9.

This scene, which we thought not to be exceeded in beauty by any thing that we saw in Canada, was sketched from the left bank of the Chaudiere river, at its mouth. Our road from Point Levi, conducted us to the foot of the precipice of rock, which is seen on the opposite side of the Chaudiere; and, while a larger boat was getting ready to convey over carriages and horses, Mr. W. had the good fortune to cross first, in a small boat, and occupied the few moments, before the rest of us arrived, in securing the outlines of this grand and beautiful prospect.

It was seen by the mildest, softest light, of an Indian summer afternoon—not more than two hours before sun-setting; and there was a mellowness in the tints, especially of the remoter objects, which, notwithstanding the grandeur of some of the features of the landscape, excited still stronger perceptions of beauty. These impressions were heightened by contrast, with the deep black gulf, immediate-

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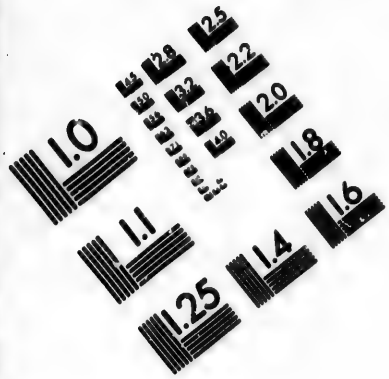

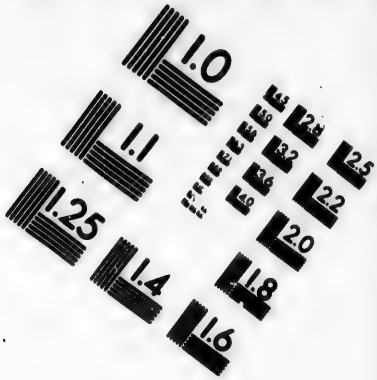

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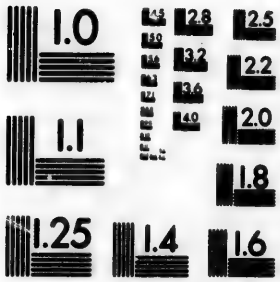

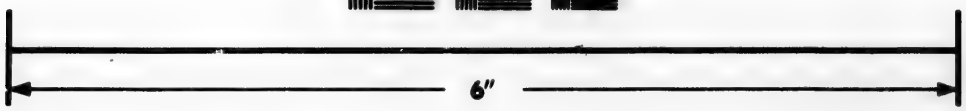

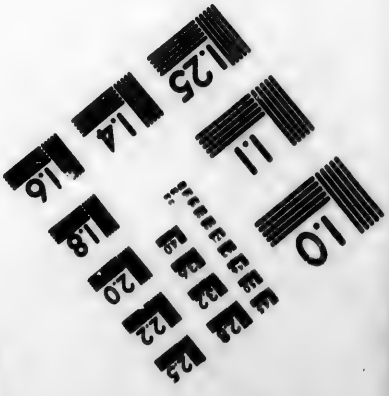

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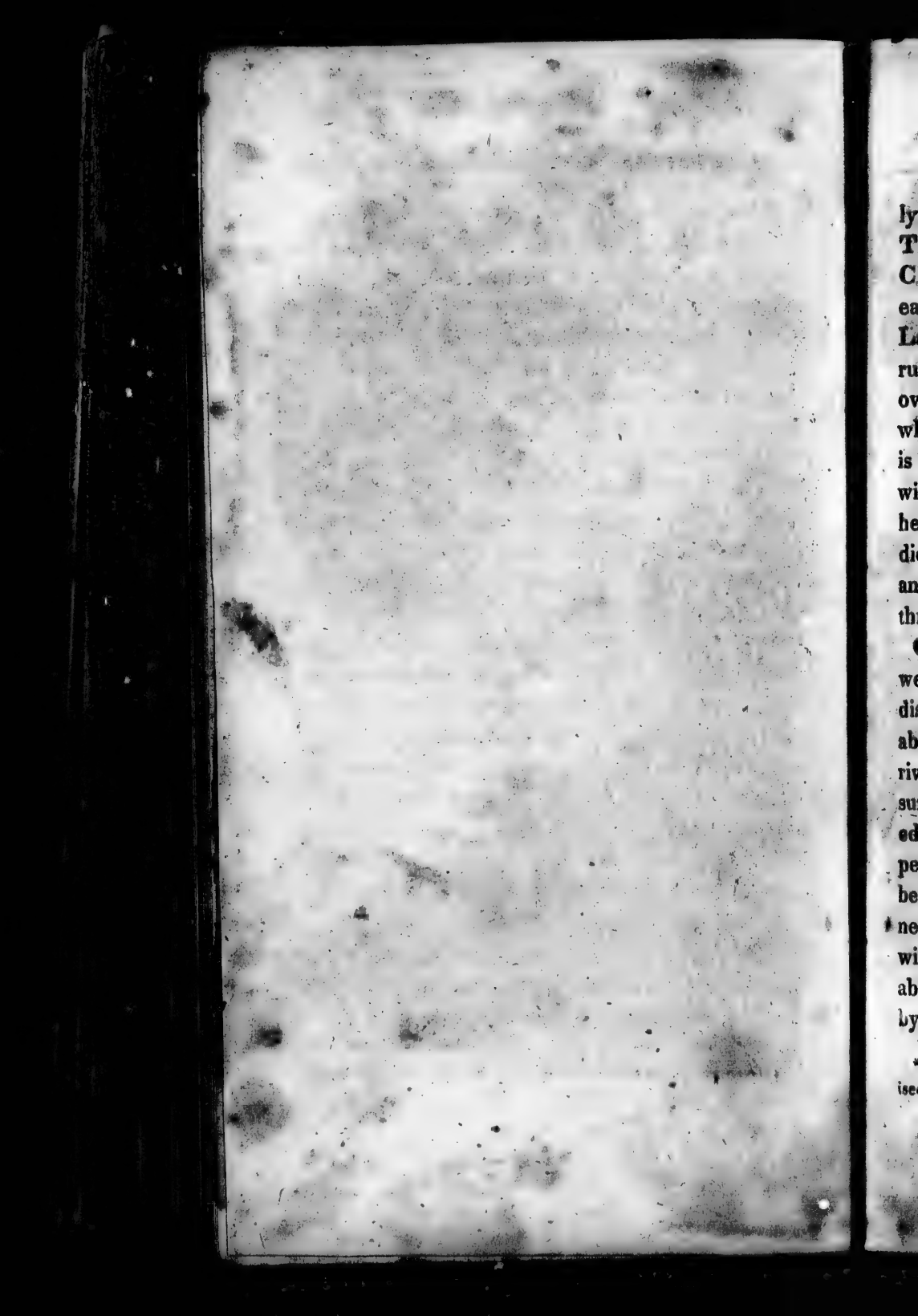

ly below the observer, and a little to the right.—This is the mouth of a very considerable river, the Chaudiere, which here, coming from the south-east, pours its black waters into the deep green St. Lawrence, and is so imprisoned, between very abrupt precipitous shores, principally of rock,* but overhung in part by forest, that, from the high bank where the view was taken, only a part of the river is seen. Some idea of the height of these banks will be gained, by comparison with the ships, which here lie securely anchored in the mouth of the Chaudiere; they are European ships, in quest of lumber, and appeared to be generally of between two and three hundred tons burthen.

On the right, at the distance of six or seven miles, we see Point Levi; in the middle of the extreme distance, are the hills about Montmorenci, distant about twelve miles; on the smooth expanse of the river between, numberless ships are seen to repose, surrounded and tinged, by the peculiarly attempered light, of what I presume *painters* would call a perfect Claude Lorrain sky. On the left, is Quebec, with its citadel, built on Cape Diamond, and nearer, a glimpse of a part of the plains of Abraham, with some of the Martello towers. The distance is about six miles, and the bearing nearly north-east by north; the distance by the road, is nine miles.

*The rock on the opposite shore, is extremely well characterised, *grey wacke*, (the grey wacke of Werner.)

* * * * * * *

After crossing the Chaudiere, our road became more rough, and was evidently much less frequented. In mounting the bank from the Chaudiere, it was so steep, that it was with difficulty the horse dragged up the empty calash.

Somewhat less than two miles from the falls, we turned into the fields, and, at a farm-house, obtained a French Canadian to act as our guide through scenes, which, we were assured, would, to strangers, soon become quite a labyrinth. It was not long, before we were obliged to leave our calash, and proceed on foot, when, crossing a small river, we entered a forest, where an obscure cart path, soon dwindled into a foot path, which we pursued over a rugged and unpleasant variety of surface.

The afternoon was very hot, and we were much fatigued, but our journey was rendered less irksome, by the society of Mr. H——d, an interesting young Hibernian, who had accompanied us from Quebec.

Owing to our detention at the ferry, it was nearly sun-down when we arrived at the falls, and we were too much hurried, to enjoy the Chaudiere quite at our leisure, as we yesterday did the Montmorenci.

The Chaudiere is a river of considerable magnitude, but, owing to its numerous rapids, falls, and various obstructions, it is scarcely navigable, even

for canoes. It rises from the Lake Megantic, near the American territory: its general width is from four hundred to six hundred yards, and its course is more than one hundred miles long. The banks are, in general, high, rocky, and steep, "the bed rugged, and much contracted by rocks, jutting from the sides, that occasion violent rapids."*

Among the falls in this river, those which we had come to visit, are the most considerable.

Salient points of rock, narrow the river so much, that its breadth does not exceed four hundred feet, and the descent is estimated at one hundred and thirty.* Enormous masses of rock lie on the shore, contiguous to the falls, and by similar masses, the cataract is divided into three parts, which reunite, before they plunge into the abyss at the bottom.

Ledges of clay slate, alternating with grey wacke slate, and red slate, here form the natural dam, over which the water is precipitated. I saw no granite, as Lieutenant Hall mentions in his travels; and, as the region is a transition one, I doubt whether he has not fallen into a mistake on this point.

We emerged from the deep gloom of the forest, exactly at the place where the cataract becomes visible, although the sound produced by it, (at a distance scarcely audible,) had been for some time rapidly increasing on the ear.

This cataract is grand, and wild, and turbulent, roaring, and dashing, and foaming over its irregular

* Bouchette.

barrier——current encountering current, and all plunging into a restless whirlpool, boiling with incessant agitation; thence, undoubtedly, its French name, of the Pot, or boiling Cauldron.

Colonel Bouchette has given the following accurate sketch of these falls:—"The continual action of the water, has worn the rock into deep excavations, that give a globular figure to the revolving bodies of white foam, as they descend, and greatly increase the beautiful effect of the fall; the spray thrown up, being quickly spread by the wind, produces in the sun shine, a most splendid variety of prismatic colours. The dark hued foliage of the woods, that on each side, press close upon the margin of the river, forms a striking contrast with the snow-like effulgence of the falling torrent; the hurried motion of the flood, agitated among the rocks and hollows, as it forces its way towards the St. Lawrence, and the incessant sound, occasioned by the cataract itself, form a combination, that strikes forcibly upon the senses, and amply gratifies the curiosity of the admiring spectator."

The falls of the Chaudiere are, by many, considered as superior to those of the Montmorenci; but, although vastly grander on account of their width, and the great quantity of water, they did not strike us, as having such *peculiar beauties*, and as differing so much from common cataracts; that of Montmorenci, is probably without a parallel in North America.

* * * * * * *

The Chaudiere is interesting, from its connexion with a projected road* to the United States. The Canadian settlements on the river du Loup, are seventy miles from the nearest American settlements on the Kennebec, and only twenty from the American line. A mountainous ridge intervenes—it is quite wild, but is intersected by numerous rivers and streams, and would, without doubt, afford practicable passes for roads. A mutual good understanding between the contiguous countries, would soon effect the object; indeed, Massachusetts, before the late war, appointed commissioners for the purpose of making a road to the height of land: This will probably be effected at a future, and not very distant period, and will bring Quebec within a distance of no more than two hundred miles by land, from Hallowel, on the Kennebec; and thence to the ocean, the communication is uninterrupted. By this road, it will be only three hundred and seventy miles to Boston. From Quebec, there is already an excellent road for fifty miles up the Chaudiere, and a tolerable one to the settlements on the river du Loup.†

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*It was by this route, that General Arnold's party, in 1775, penetrated to Quebec.

†Bouchette.

It was eight o'clock, and quite dark, before, on our return, we reached the ferry, at Point Levi; the steam boat had stopped for the night, and no persuasions or temptations of ours could induce the boatmen to put out again. Fortunately for us, a party arrived soon after, who appeared to be persons of influence, belonging to Quebec, and they induced the boatmen to go; we fell into the train, and thus they did us good, probably without intending it.

Our late arrival gave us the pleasure of enjoying a night view of Quebec, from a position, where, otherwise we should not have seen it. The few lights that were visible, in the upper town, served merely to mark its outline. The lower town looked like the illuminated foot of a gloomy mountain. It was so dark, when we landed, that the dirt of the lower town could not be seen, and we wound our way up through the steep and intricate passages, rendered faintly visible, by a few lamps, which shed just light enough to exhibit the antique fashion of the houses, and to render us sensible of the gloom of its narrow crowded streets. Mr. W—— rode, but I walked with Mr. H——d, and just as we passed through the perfectly dark arch of the Prescot gate, and issued into the city, a flash, like lightning, illuminated the upper town, and was instantly followed by the thunder of the evening gun. It needed but little help from imagination to make us believe that we were entering a fortress of the dark

ages, and the grand flourish of martial music, which immediately burst upon our ears, with the full swell and deep intonation of bugle-horns, clarionets, and trumpets, and other wind instruments, was well adapted to increase the illusion. The imperfect light served to magnify the size of the place d'armes, or military parade, in which we were arrived, and we hastened to the opposite side of it, contiguous to the barracks, (formerly the College of the Jesuits.) Here we found the band, consisting of about twenty Germans, who continued to play, for sometime, and seemed as much gratified with their own music as if it had possessed, for them, the charm of novelty.

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I have several times had occasion to mention that the weather has been very fine, since we have been in Canada. It has been particularly so since our arrival at Quebec, and the thermometer has been at summer heat, or even above, so that our excursions up and down the streets of this mountainous city, and over its environs, has been sometimes very fatiguing.

On one of the fine mornings, we drove out through the magnificent gate of St. Louis, to the celebrated plains of Abraham, for no one would leave Quebec, without visiting the ground on which was fought the battle, that decided the fate of Can-

ada, and ultimately terminated the empire of the French in North America.

There are probably few scenes of warfare, which are more intelligible than those in this vicinity. It is very obvious, (after becoming acquainted with the peculiarities of the place,) that any army that is to act against Quebec, must encounter very uncommon difficulties. We have already had occasion to advert to some of them, while speaking of the scenes that occurred at Montmorenci.

The unsuccessful termination of that affair, evinced, that nothing was to be hoped from any additional efforts in that quarter. The season was already far advanced—the expected co-operation from General Amherst, by the way of lake Champlain, and from General Johnson, through lake Ontario had not been realized, and it became absolutely necessary to attempt something decisive, as the season would soon compel the English to abandon the campaign. The camp at Montmorenci was therefore broken up, and on the sixth of September, the troops were embarked and transported up the river; they were landed, for a season at Point Levi, and refreshed on the southern shore, but after some days, again went on board, and were conveyed three leagues above the city. General Montcalm dispatched a corps of observation after them, consisting of one thousand five hundred men, under General Bougainville, but still maintained his station with the main army, at Beauport.

On the twelfth of September, one hour after midnight, General Wolfe, with his troops, leaving the ships, embarked in boats, and silently dropped down with the current, intending to land a league above Cape Diamond, and thus to gain the heights of Abraham. But, owing to the rapidity of the current, they fell below their intended place, and disembarked at what is now called Wolfe's cove, a mile on a mile and a half, above the city. The operation was a most critical one—they had to navigate in silence, down a rapid stream—to hit upon the right place for a landing, which in the dark, might be easily mistaken—the shore was shelving, and the bank to be ascended was steep and lofty, and scarcely practicable, even without opposition. Doubtless, it was this combination of circumstances, which lulled the vigilance of the wary and discerning Montcalm; he thought such an enterprize absolutely impracticable, and therefore had stationed only sentinels and picket guards along this precipitous shore.

Indeed, the attempt was in the greatest danger of being defeated by an occurrence, which is very interesting, as marking, much more emphatically, than any official account can do, the very great delicacy of the transaction.

One of the French sentinels, posted along the shore, challenged the English boats in the customary military language of the French, "Qui vis," who goes there, to which a Captain Fraser's regiment, who

had served in Holland, and was familiar with the French language and customs, promptly replied, "*la France.*" The next question was much more embarrassing, for the sentinel demanded "*a quel regiment?*" "to what regiment." The Captain who happened to know the name of one of the regiments which was up the river, with Bougainville, promptly rejoined, "*de la Reine,*"—"the Queen's." The soldier immediately replied, "*passe.*" for he concluded at once, that this was a French convoy of provisions, which, as the English had learned, from some deserters, was expected to pass down the river to Quebec. The other sentinels were deceived in a similar manner; but, one, less credulous than the rest, running down to the water's edge, called out, "Pourquoi est ce que vous ne parlez plus haut?" "Why dont you speak louder?" The same Captain, with perfect self-command, replied, "Tai toi, nous serons entendues!" "Hush, we shall be overheard and discovered." The sentry satisfied with this caution retired. The British boats were on the point of being fired into, by the Captain of one of their own transport ships, who, ignorant of what was going on, took them for French; but General Wolfe perceiving a commotion on board, rowed along side in person, and prevented the firing which would have alarmed the town, and frustrated the enterprize. General Wolfe, although greatly reduced by a fever, to which a dysentery was super-

* Smollet, Vol. v. p. 56.

added, was nevertheless the first man to leap ashore. The rugged precipices, full of projections of rocks and of trees, and shrubs growing every where among the cliffs, into which the bank was broken, presented a most forbidding appearance, and General Wolfe familiarly speaking to an officer who stood by, said, "I don't believe there is any possibility of getting up, but you must do your endeavour." There was only a narrow path, leading obliquely up the hill; this had been rendered by the enemy impassable, in consequence of being broken up by cross ditches, and there was besides an entrenchment at the top, defended by a Captain's guard.* This guard was easily dispersed, and the troops then pulled themselves up by taking hold of the boughs and stumps of the trees and of the projections of the rocks.

This precipice (which may be in different places, from one hundred fifty to two hundred feet high,) is still very rude and rugged, but probably much less so than in 1759; it can now be surmounted, without very great difficulty, by men who are unmolested.

Wolfe staked all upon a very hazardous adventure; had he been discovered prematurely, through a spy, a deserter, or an alarmed sentry, his army

* I was assured, by an officer of the British army, at Quebec, that this very French Captain, who commanded the guard at this place, is still living, on the river Sorel, and more than one hundred years old. I saw, at Montreal, an old officer, who was with Wolfe, on this occasion; he was over four score.

would have been inevitably lost; but having gained the heights, he formed his troops, and met the enemy in good order.

The plains of Abraham lie South and West of Quebec, and commence the moment you leave the walls of the city. They are a very elevated tract of ground; this must of course be the fact, as they are on the summit of the heights which terminate at the river; they are nearly level—free from trees and all other obstacles, and I presume were nearly so* at the time of the battle. Our military friend, Captain ——, with true professional feeling, remarked, that it was "*a fine place for a battle.*" I went to the brink of the precipice, where my guide assured me that Wolfe and the army came up; a foot path, much trodden, leads through low bushes to the spot. I presume, that five hundred men, posted on this edge, would have repelled the whole army.

It was about an hour before the dawn, that the army began to ascend the precipice, and by day light, they were formed and in perfect preparation, to meet the enemy.

The Marquis de Montcalm, was no sooner informed, that the English troops were in possession of the heights of Abraham, than he prepared to fight them, and for this purpose marched his army across the Charles, from his entrenchments at Beauport, and between nine and ten o'clock the two armies met, face to face. Montcalm's numbers were nearly the same as those of the English army,

* Except perhaps on their confines.

but nearly half of his troops were Indians and Canadians, while the whole of Wolfe's were disciplined corps of the best description. The French General could not now, as at Montmorenci, avail himself of the cover of entrenchments, behind which undisciplined troops, especially if skilled in marksmanship, have often repelled the assaults of veterans.

Montcalm made however the best possible disposition of his troops—apportioning his regulars, in such distinct bodies, along the line, as to support the irregulars, in the most effectual manner. In front, among the cornfields and bushes, he placed one thousand five hundred of his best marksmen, principally Indians and Canadians, whose destructive fire was patiently borne by the British line,* but they reserved their own till the enemy, whose main body they perceived rapidly advancing, was within forty yards, when it was poured in upon the French, and continued with such deadly effect, that it could not be withstood. The French fought bravely, but they were broken, and notwithstanding one or two efforts to make a stand, and renew the attack, they were so successfully pushed by the British bayonet, and hewn down by the highland broad sword, that their discomfiture was complete. The battle was particularly severe on the French left, and the English right. This ground is very near the St. Law-

* The advanced guards had exchanged shots for some hours before.

rence, and but a little distance in front of the citadel, and all the events that passed there, must have been distinctly seen by those on the walls of Quebec. It must have been a most interesting spectacle, and we can easily enter into the feelings of the American French, who viewed their country and their city, and their firesides, and homes, as involved in the issue of this battle. With what emotions then, must they have seen their defenders, not only falling in the ranks, but driven by the furious onset of the enemy to the walls of the city, where they were slaughtered by the bayonet and broad sword, on the very glacis, and in the ditches, immediately under their eyes. About one thousand of the French were killed and wounded, and more than half that number of the English, and it is thought that the French army would have been totally destroyed, if the city had not opened its gates, to receive a part, and if another part had not taken refuge in the works over the St. Charles.

Montcalm was on the French left, and Wolfe on the English right, and here they both fell in the critical moment that decided the victory. Wolfe, early in the action, received a bullet in his wrist, but he bound it around with his handkerchief, and continued to encourage his troops: soon after, another ball penetrated his groin, but this wound, although much more severe, he concealed, and persevered till a third bullet pierced his breast. It was not till that moment, that he submitted to be carried into

the rear of the line: he was no longer able to stand, and leaned his head upon the shoulder of a lieutenant who sat down for that purpose—when being aroused by the "distant sound of they fly—they fly," he eagerly asked, "who fly?" and being told it was the French, he replied, then "I die happy." He asked to be sustained on his feet, that he might once more behold the field, but his eyes were already swimming in death, his vision was gone, and he expired on the spot. This death has furnished a grand and pathetic subject for the painter, the poet, and the historian, and undoubtedly (considered as a specimen of *mere military* glory,) it is one of the most sublime that the annals of war afford. From my earliest childhood, I had ardently wished to see the plains of Abraham, and to stand on the place where Wolfe expired. To-day I enjoyed that pensive satisfaction, and easily passed in imagination from the quiet and security in which we saw these beautiful plains, to the tremendous collision of ten thousand men in arms.

A round stone of red granite, four or five feet, by two or three in diameter—not a fixed rock, but a loose stone, marks the spot where Wolfe expired in the moment of victory. This stone was placed here thirty* years after the battle—and is one of the four stones arranged in a meridian line by the surveyor general of Canada, in 1790, for the purpose of adjusting the instruments used in the public sur-

* Bouchette.

veys of land. This stone has been so much rounded, by having portions detached by visitors, that it was with the utmost difficulty, I could knock off a small piece as relic. Fortunately the entire stone is too large to be carried away and it cannot be broken to pieces except by gun powder.

A fine monument to Lord Nelson, graces the market place in Montreal—but there is no monument to Wolfe, even on the spot where he fell.

When I expressed to an English officer, my surprise, at this omission, he reminded me, (what indeed might have been very obvious upon a little reflection,) that the feelings of a *French* population were not to be forgotten, and, that such a monument might be offensive to them.*

The victorious hero has engrossed the plaudits of the world, but Montcalm deserved as much commendation as Wolfe. Except the massacre at Fort William Henry, (which, however, it is said he exerted himself, although unsuccessfully, to prevent,) I know of no other imputation on his memory; and in talent, military skill, and personal courage, and devotion to his king and country, he was in no way inferior to his rival. He survived long enough to write a letter, with his own hand, to the English

* Nearly opposite to our lodgings in St. John-street, is the only monument to Wolfe, which we saw in Quebec. It is a statue, I believe, of wood, handsomely carved, and about as large as life; it is in the military costume of that day, and is said to be a good likeness of Wolfe. It stands in a niche, in the angle of a house, or shop, and exposed to the weather.

General, recommending the French prisoners to his humanity, and, when informed that his wound was mortal, he expressed great satisfaction that he should not live to see the fall of Quebec, which capitulated five days after. Montcalm's second in command, General Senezergus, also died of his wounds.

Had Montcalm succeeded in preserving Canada from conquest, and, had Quebec been successfully defended by his valour, his fame would have been extolled, as much as that of Wolfe now is.

This victory was, in its consequences, of immense importance. It eventually terminated a long course of bloody wars; it gave permanent peace and security to the English colonies, rescued their vast frontier from all the horrors of savage warfare, and even contributed largely to the general pacification of Europe. It is one of the great epochs of American history. The French dominion in America, utterly incompatible with the repose or safety of the English settlements, and, after enduring one hundred and fifty years, was soon to be finally terminated. Thus a providence, probably at the time, unseen and unobserved, by *any* of the parties, was preparing the way for American independence.

No American can, therefore, contemplate with indifference, the spot where Wolfe fell, and so much gallant blood was spilt.

The French had still a powerful army, and some naval force above the city, and, in the ensuing

spring, Monsieur Levi approached it from Montreal, for the purpose of recovering it from the English. General Murray, who commanded in Quebec, marched out to meet him, and, on the 28th of April, 1760, a bloody battle occurred, three miles above the city, at Sillery; the English army, very much inferior in numbers, to the French, was severely defeated, with the loss of one thousand men, and the French, it is said, suffered still more. The English retreated into Quebec, to which the French now laid siege, and, very possibly, would have reduced it, but for the arrival of an English squadron, with reinforcements, when they abandoned the siege, and retired up the river.

How large a portion of the history of modern Europe is occupied by the wars of England and France! What rivers of each others blood, as well as of the blood of other nations, have not these rival empires shed! Heroic, enlightened, refined, learned, enterprising, both claiming the name of christian; had their efforts been equally directed to promote the welfare of their own respective dominions, of each other, and of the world, by cultivating the arts of peace, and the virtues of civil life, what good might they not have done! But, like ferocious beasts of prey, they have hunted each other out of every niche and corner of the globe; every colony, every little cluster of traders, or of agriculturalists—every wandering bark, if belonging to the rival power, has been exposed to these cruel assaults.

In which quarter of the world, on what ocean or sea, in what country, on what island, or on what coast, of remotest India or America, have they not opened each others veins, till the earth cries out upon them, for blood unrighteously shed!

FORTIFICATIONS OF QUEBEC.

The strongest town in America, and one of the strongest in the world, demands a brief notice in this respect, although it will be such, as one unskilled in military affairs, can give.

It is quite obvious, from what has been said, that Quebec is possessed of great natural advantages. The lofty perpendicular precipices of naked rock, which, on the south and east, seperate a great part of the lower town from the upper, constitute, in themselves, on those sides, an insurmountable barrier; the river Charles, with its shallow waters, and low flats, of sand and mud, drained almost dry, by the retiring of the tide, forms an insuperable impediment to the erection of commanding works, or to the location of ships on the east and north, not to mention that all this ground is perfectly commanded, by the guns from the upper town. The only vulnerable point is on the west and south, from the plains of Abraham. Cape Diamond, the highest point of the town, it is true, is rather more elevated than any part of the plains,* but the highest ground

*Only ten or fifteen feet. Bouchette.

on the plains of Abraham, (the place which is called Ferguson's house,) "commands most of the works on this side of the town;" besides, there is no barrier of rock, no river, ravine, marsh, or other natural obstacle, to hinder an approach upon this side; this is the vulnerable side of Quebec, and here, therefore, it is fortified with the most anxious care.

"The distance across the peninsula, from one river to the other, in front of the line of fortification, is one thousand eight hundred thirty-seven yards,"* or very nearly one mile—the circuit within the walls, is two miles and three quarters—immediately without, it is probably three miles, and the average diameter is one thousand five hundred yards, or very nearly six-sevenths of a mile.

A complete wall of massy stone, heavy, and laid up with elegance, as well as strength, completely encircles the town, and is furnished with strong massy arches and gates, and with deep ditches.

It reminded me, much more than any thing that I have seen, either in England, or in my own country, of the strong places of the Netherlands, particularly of Breda and of Bergen op Zoom.

The walls of Quebec vary much in different parts, in height and thickness. Every where, however, they are high enough to render escalade very difficult, and a breach almost hopeless. In the strongest parts, next to the plains of Abraham, they

* Bouchette.

appeared to me forty or fifty feet thick, and equally high. Even the lofty precipices of naked rock, are surmounted with a stone wall, and with cannon, and the highest points are crowned with towers, and distinct batteries. In general, the curtains of the wall are looped for musketry, and projecting bastions present their artillery towards the assailants, in every direction, and, of course, so as to rake the ditches. A military man at Quebec, remarked to me, that, in storming a place, they preferred attacking the battery or bastion, rather than the curtain, because the cross fire cuts down so many in the ditches.

When we visited the plains of Abraham, we drove out and in by the gate St. Louis, where the wall appeared to be fifty feet thick, and nearly as high; this was the judgment we formed, without inquiry—I need not say, without measurement.* A deep ditch succeeds, and then there is an exterior, but lower wall, and another ditch, both of which must be scaled, before the main wall can be approached. A storming party would be dreadfully exposed, while mounting this exterior wall. The avenue to the gate, is bounded on both sides, by a high wall, and makes several turns, in zig zag. At every turn, cannon point directly, at the approaches; and generally, down every ditch, and in every possible direction, where the walls can be approached, great guns are ready to cut down the assailants.

*We were afterwards informed by a British officer, that actual measurement gave this result.

I have several times remarked, that the promontory of rock, which constitutes the loftiest point of the upper town, is called Cape Diamond, and that, upon this, is erected the famous citadel of Quebec. This is not, as one might suppose, a building, or castle, covered with a roof; it is open to the heavens, and differs from the rest of the works, only in being more elevated, stronger, and therefore more commanding.

The highest part of the citadel, is Brock's battery, which is a mound, artificially raised, higher than every thing else, and mounted with cannon, pointing towards the plains of Abraham. It was named after General Brock, who fell at Queenstown, and was erected during the late war, about the time that Montreal was threatened, by Generals Wilkinson and Hampton. This commands every part of the works on that side, and is intended, I presume, besides the *general* objects of defence, to operate, in the last resort, on an enemy who may scale all the other walls. The citadel is forbidden ground, and, by rule, no person, not belonging to the military, or the supreme government, is admitted into it.

By special favor, however, we enjoyed this gratification; the sentry, at first, refused to let us pass, although under patronage, which commanded his respect, but at length, with much reluctance, he yielded.

This course of conduct is usual in such places, and may be judicious here, as preventing numerous

and troublesome visits, but it appears very unnecessary in a military point of view, for, the more the strength of the citadel is made known, the less disposed, I am persuaded, will any enemy be to attack it. Commodore Bainbridge, during his recent visit here, (I understand,) was freely shewn the citadel, and every part of the fortifications; and I heard a British officer say, that, in his view, it was quite ridiculous to pursue any other course, and to pretend to any secrecy about the thing. Still, however, I suppose the officers have orders from their superiors, not to introduce persons here, for the day after we had been in the citadel, I was with two British military men, of considerable personal and official influence, and, while they were shewing me some apartments, contiguous to the citadel, I hinted a wish to see it, if it could be permitted, but was answered *politely*, although *decidedly*, that it could not. I did not tell them that I had already seen it.

Every other part of the fortifications may be freely visited by every body, but, on the side next to the St. Charles river, the sentry refused to permit me to approach the embrasure; I wished to see how high the wall was at that place.

From the citadel, the view of the river, of the town, and of the surrounding country, is, of course, extremely grand and beautiful, but, in this instance, the rapid advance of evening, rendered the distant objects indistinct. We were, however, very forcibly struck with the formidable preparations, which seem on all sides,

to render an attack upon the place a hopeless enterprise. Within the walls, are numerous magazines, furnished with every implement and preparation, and more or less proof against the various missiles of war. Piles of cannon balls are every where to be seen, and, I presume there are some hundreds of heavy cannon mounted on the walls, and in the various defences. About forty acres of ground, within Cape Diamond, are reserved for military works.*

Beyond the walls, on the plains of Abraham, are the four Martello towns, already mentioned; they are solidly constructed of stone, and appear to be forty feet high, and, at the base, have probably a diameter not much inferior; as they have cannon on their tops, they, of course, sweep the whole plain, and effectually command it; the particular object of their construction, was to prevent an enemy from occupying the high ground, on the plains of Abraham. These towers are very strong, on the side farthest from the town, and weaker on the side next to it, that they may be battered from it, should an enemy obtain possession of them.

On the whole, as long as the river is in possession of those who defend the town, and as long as the latter is sufficiently furnished with men, and other means necessary to render its fortifications efficient, there appears little hope of taking it at all, and certainly not without such an expense of blood, as it is very painful to contemplate.

* Bouchette.

An officer of the garrison informed us, that it took him one hour and a half, merely to visit all the sentinels on duty, upon the various stations on the walls; this appears to evince, that the walls cannot be much less than three miles in circuit; and the same military man gave it as his opinion, that it would require at least ten thousand men for a competent garrison.

The cold is so intense in the winter nights, particularly on Cape Diamond, that the sentinels cannot stand it more than one hour, and are relieved at the expiration of that time.

It is in vain to attempt to conceal, that the Canadians, and the government, in their various defences, (and it is said that still more expensive works are in contemplation,*) have reference to danger from *only one source.*

It is to be hoped that the attempt to take Quebec by force, will never again be made, for, if it has already cost so much blood, with defences comparatively weak, what would it not cost now?†

* We are recently informed, by the newspapers, that these new works are going on very rapidly. July, 1820.

† Going into a book-store in Quebec, I observed in one of the Gazettes of the city, a paragraph, copied from a recent American paper, to this effect, that, if it should be ever desirable to take Quebec, it could, at any time, be easily done, in two months, at *the point of the bayonet.* Surely such a remark is indecent, with respect to a people, with whom we are now in amity; and, to any one who has ever seen Quebec, it appears superlatively ridiculous, and only exposes us to contempt; an effort to take *the moon at the point of the bayonet*, would be almost equally rational.

GEOLOGICAL REMARKS.

The limited opportunities which I have enjoyed, of examining the geology of this vicinity, have led, rather to isolated, than to connected observations. It has not been in my power to ascertain the bearing and relations of these facts, and this I regret the more, as it is probable that interesting results would be obtained, by a more extended and connected survey.

In speaking of the mouth of the Chaudiere river, I have already observed, that greywacke forms the cliffs on the eastern side. It has never before fallen to my lot, to observe this rock on so great a scale. It occurs in a schistose form, at the falls of the Chaudiere, and constitutes the principal part of the barrier, over which the torrent is precipitated.

On the road from Point Levi to the Chaudiere river, and for several miles before we arrive at the latter, vast ledges of common greywacke, rise above the surface of the ground, and form a continued chain of rocks, of a very peculiar physiognomy, and very different from those rocks, with which I have been most familiar. This greywacke is of a most indubitable character, and varies from coarse to fine grained; in the coarsest kind, the individual portions are not larger than peas, and I have observed a very fine grained kind, with which they pave some of the streets in Quebec; its grain is so small, as to

be almost imperceptible. I did not learn whence it is brought.

At Point Levi, the road up the precipice, from the river's edge, is cut with much labour, through cliffs of slate, very highly inclined—much contorted, and containing imbedded limestone, which appeared to me like that of the transition class; but my examination was very hasty and slight.

It is very probable that this formation extends under the bed of the river, and substantially appears again in the precipices of Quebec, which I found an opportunity to examine with some attention.

The name of Cape Diamond, is derived from the fact, that what the common people every where call *diamonds*, or, in other words rock crystals are found in this rock and at its foot.

I walked around these precipices, with my hammer in my hand, and observed the crystals in their places; they occur in veins, in argillite or slate, along with crystalized carbonat of lime. I passed through the Hope gate, on the north east, and descended the oblique road, which leads to the lower town; this street is, in a manner, cut out of the rocky strata, and I had very good opportunities to observe them; I continued my examination around at the foot of the precipices beyond Cape Diamond, and almost to the plains of Abraham.

The fortifications of Quebec, stand principally upon, and are composed chiefly of slate rock

and of the fetid limestone; the slate is highly inclined, and is sometimes remarkably twisted and irregular in its arrangement; the colour is dark—almost black, and it is often fetid when struck. This is explained by its association with compact fetid limestone, which abounds in many parts of these ledges, and is replete with veins of white or slightly coloured calcareous spar—sometimes fibrous in its structure and sometimes distinctly crystalized. I observed the same rocks appearing in the upper town, in various places, and especially where they were cutting a drain near the prison. Dr. Wright, the Inspector General of Hospitals at Quebec, was kind enough to shew me a collection, which he is forming, of the rocks and minerals of the country, and among them were a good many specimens from Upper Canada. I was much gratified to see such a beginning in Quebec, and from the zeal and intelligence of Dr. Wright and of Dr. Bigsby* of the same department—may we not hope that we shall become much more extensively informed than now, as to the mineralogy and geology of the Canadas?

The very highly inclined position, sometimes almost vertical, and the contorted structure of the slate of Quebec—with the abundance of perfectly limpid quartz crystals, occasionally an inch in length, that are sprinkled between the layers of

* This summer acting with the commissioners of boundaries on the great lakes.

slate, giving it often an elegant appearance, seem to forbid our regarding it as secondary, notwithstanding its association with the black, compact, fetid limestone, and its being itself (occasionally at least) fetid, on percussion. I am told, that both the slate and the limestone, as well as strata of wacke, (greywacke?) are subordinate to gneiss mountains, which run east south-east, and east north-east, dipping southerly at a very elevated angle. On the whole, as the slate is the prevailing rock and as the region on the other side of the St. Lawrence, is decidedly a transition formation, I am inclined to refer the rock of Quebec to the same class. The crystals of quartz were formerly more abundant, and probably, more beautiful, than at present.

I found numbers however, that were not only transparent and beautiful, but crystalized all around. As I was hammering upon a rock, to which I had climbed, so far up one of the precipices, that I was above the chimnies of the houses, in the contiguous parts of the lower town, a man came running out, and with a French accent, and much vehement gesture and expostulation, conjured me to desist, unless I meant to bury him and his house in ruins, by causing the rocks to fall. I saw no danger, as the rocks appeared tolerably firm, but of course desisted, and came down. Indeed, so large a number of the houses in the lower town are built against the foot of the precipice, or very near it, that the rocks look as if they might at any time fall and crush

them; it would seem as if they must of course do so, should any of them give way. We were informed that a great mass fell, recently, and much endangered many houses, but happily missed them; one house is said to have been crushed last winter, but I did not hear that any life was lost.

I examined the rocks on the plains of Abraham, and particularly near where General Wolfe died, for there was an open quarry at that place; they were slate of the same description with the precipices, at Cape Diamond, and I observed no other on the plains, and none in the rocks of the town, but slate and the fetid limestone; these two stones are almost exclusively employed in building, and the walls, as already observed, are constructed principally of them.

DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

Every American, on visiting Quebec, of course, inquires for the place, where Montgomery and his associates fell. This question I proposed many times, without being able to obtain a satisfactory answer, till, in my mineralogical visit to the lower town, in which I knew that the event occurred, I repeated my inquiries, till I ascertained the street, which, as described by historians, passes at the foot of Cape Diamond.

Many persons in Quebec, know little or nothing of the event, and many more feel no interest in the

topic. I inquired in vain, at several houses and shops, within a few hundred yards of the place, till at last, I was so happy as to find an individual, who appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the whole transaction, and from the precision and distinctness of his story, and the clear views he had of the ground, and of the event, I have no doubt that his information, as to the place, was correct. He was confident that he shewed me the exact spot where the barrier stood, from which the fatal shot was fired, and the precise place where Montgomery and his companions were cut down. The place is immediately under Cape Diamond, and was, at that time, as it is now, a very narrow pass, between the foot of the impending precipice, and the shore; vessels then were moored to rings fixed in the rock, some of which rings still remain, although wharves have been since constructed at the water's edge now there is a road just wide enough for a cart; it has been cut out of the solid rock. The American camp was on the plains of Abraham. Four points of attack were agreed on—two *feints* against the walls of the upper town, one at St. John's gate, and the other near the citadel, while two *real* assaults, were to be directed against two other points, both in the lower town, but situated on opposite sides.

General Arnold led a party from the plains of Abraham, around by the river Charles, and assaulted the lower town on that side. In the mean time, General Montgomery, approached under Cape Diamond.

The pass at the foot of Cape Diamond, was probably, then much narrower and more difficult than at present. The attempt was made at five o'clock, on the morning of Dec. 31, 1775, in the midst of a Canadian winter, and of a violent snow storm, and of darkness. The path, narrow and difficult at best, was then so much obstructed by enormous masses of ice, piled on each other, as to render the way almost impassable.* Montgomery's party were therefore obliged to proceed in a narrow file, till they reached a picketted block house, which formed the first barrier. The General assisted with his own hands, in cutting down and removing the pickets, and the Canadian guard, stationed for its defence, having thrown away their arms, fled, after a harmless random fire. The next barrier was much more formidable; it was a small battery, whose cannon were loaded with grape shot, and as General Montgomery, with Captains Cheesman and Macpherson, the latter of whom was his aid, and others of the bravest of his party, were pressing forward towards this barrier—a discharge of grape shot killed the General, and most of those near his person, and terminated the assault on that side of the town. It is said that this second barrier had also been abandoned, but that one or two persons returning to it, seized a slow match, and applied it to the gun, when the advancing party were not more than forty yards from it. This

* Marshall.

occurrence has been sometimes differently related. Some American gentlemen who were at Quebec about sixteen years since, saw a man, who asserted that he was the person who touched off the cannon, and what is very remarkable, he was a New-Englander. He related, that the barrier was abandoned, and the party who had been stationed at it, were in full flight; but as it occurred to him, that there was a loaded cannon, he turned, and discharged it at random, and then ran. This anecdote I had from one of the gentlemen who conversed with this man.

That there was some such occurrence, appears probable, and the following circumstances, having a similar bearing, were related to me by the person who shewed me this fatal ground. The spot may be known at the present moment, by its being somewhat farther up the river, than the naval depot, where great numbers of heavy cannon are now lying. The battery stood on the first gentle declivity, beyond this pile of cannon, and the deaths happened on the level ground, about forty yards still farther on. My informant stated, that the people in the block house, as he called it, loaded their cannon over night, and retired to rest. It so happened, (and it was perfectly accidental) that a Captain of a vessel in the port, lodged in the block house that night. He was an intemperate man, half delirious even when most sober, and never minded any one, or was much listened to by others. Early on the fatal

morning, before it was light, he exclaimed, all of a sudden—"they are coming, I s——r they are coming!" no one regarded him, but he got the iron rods, which they used to touch off the cannon, heated them, and fired the pieces.

Immediately, rockets were seen to fly into the air, which were signals to the party of Arnold, that all was lost. When light returned, General Montgomery, his aids, and many others, in the whole, twenty-seven, (as he stated,) were found either dead or grievously wounded.

Thus, I have had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing both where Wolfe and Montgomery fell. Had the latter succeeded, his enterprise would have been regarded as more gallant than even that of Wolfe.

Probably the situation of the defences was very different then from what it is now; at present, such an attempt would be perfectly desperate, and could deserve no name but rashness.

The memory of the transaction appears, in a great measure, to have passed by, at Quebec, and I can even conceive that in twenty years more, it may be difficult to have the place, accurately designated. It would be easy now, with permission of the government, to have an inscription, cut upon the neighbouring precipice of rock, which is not six feet from the place, and I presume, were the request properly preferred, no objection would be made.

"All enmity to Montgomery expired with his life, and the respect to his private character prevailed over all other considerations; his dead body received every possible mark of distinction from the victors, and was interred in Quebec, with all the military honours due to a brave soldier."——"The most powerful speakers in the British Parliament, displayed their eloquence in praising his virtues and lamenting his fate. A great orator and veteran fellow soldier of his, in the late war, shed abundance of tears, whilst he expatiated on their past friendship and participation of service in that season of enterprise and glory. Even the minister extolled his virtues."*

During our visit to the citadel, the place of his interment was pointed out to us. His bones (as is well known) were recently transferred to New-York, more than forty years after their original interment, and now lie buried, contiguous to the monument, erected by Congress, in front of St. Paul's Church.

GENERAL ARNOLD'S PARTY.

In the existing accounts of the attack made by General Arnold's division, it is not easy for a person who is unacquainted with Quebec, to understand, precisely where the scene of operations lies, nor how there was to be a co-operation with General Montgomery. Perhaps the following remarks may

* Annual Register, for 1776.

have a tendency to render this scene intelligible, and especially to those who may seek for information on the spot.

General Arnold's party entered through the suburb of St. Roch, which lies on the river St. Charles, north west of Quebec, without the walls, and is an appendage of the lower town. Having been obliged to abandon the only cannon which they had, they passed, through the street St. Roch, which leads in a north west direction, towards the wall, and then turning to the left, by the Intendant's Palace, proceeded on, towards the St. Lawrence, parallel to the city wall, and at a small distance from it. Here it was, that during a march of nearly half a mile, the party, with very little injury, sustained the fire on their right flank, from the walls. Without regarding this heavy fire, they pressed on towards the enemy's first barrier, which was in the street called Saint des Matelots.* This street commences in the lower town on the St. Lawrence, a few hundred yards from the passage up mountain street; passing down that street, and turning to the left or north, we come to that of the Matelots, (or *sailors*, this being the part of the town which they frequent) this street runs in a strait direction, for some way, and then turns suddenly, by a very narrow path, only twelve feet wide, and cut out of the rock, around that angle of

* See Colonel Bouchette's plan of Quebec, in his topographical map of Lower Canada.

the precipice, and of the grand battery, which looks down the bay of Quebec; it then proceeds west without turning. At the time of the attack, this passage, around the foot of the precipice, was exceedingly narrow, and much obstructed by cakes of ice. Coming from the suburb of St. Roch, the first barrier occurred, before arriving at the angle of the street, and of the precipice; the second after passing it. Arnold being severely wounded, in the approach to the first barrier, it was stormed and carried, by Captain Morgan of the Virginia riflemen, although it was defended by two twelve pounders, loaded with grape shot; one of these pieces was discharged, but killed only a single man, and before the second was fired, the barrier was passed, by scaling ladders, and its defenders fled. It was still dark—a violent snow storm prevailed, and Morgan and the other officers, being ignorant of the streets and of their defences, did not attempt the other barrier, till the day dawned. They then turned the angle of the street, which brought them in front of the St. Lawrence and of the next barrier, which last was entirely invisible till they had made this turn, when, they were instantly exposed to a tremendous fire of musketry from the barrier, and from the houses on both sides of the street; a few of the bravest mounted the barrier with ladders, but saw on the other side, double rows of soldiers, with their guns fixed on the ground, and presenting nothing but points of bayonets to receive them, should they leap to the

ground. Their retreat was in the meantime cut off, by a party of two hundred men, who, with several field pieces, issued from the palace gate, in their rear, and thus they were completely surrounded—the unconquered barrier was in front—the city wall and precipice on one side, and the St. Lawrence and St. Charles on the other.

It was a most daring attack.

I passed several times through the street of the Matelots, and wonder that any of the party should have escaped death.

We can now understand, how the party of Montgomery and that of Arnold, would, if successful, have co-operated. At the time of their repulse, they were making directly towards one another, and but for that event, would have met in mountain street, and probably have attempted the Prescot gate in concert; or possibly, being in possession of the lower town, they might have assailed the Palace gate which Arnold had passed, after leaving the suburb of St. Roch. At present, either of these attempts would appear preposterous, and it would seem that they could scarcely have proved succesful then, unless the enemy had been taken by surprise. Judge Marshall's interesting account* of this assault will be perfectly intelligible, if it be remembered that the scenes of both tragedies are in the lower town, and the catastrophes of both in front of the precipice, bordering on the St. Lawrence. Montgomery fell on the ex-

* Life of Washington, Vol. ii, p. 332.

treme left, as represented in the vignette—the repulse of Arnold's division was on the extreme right, and none of either party entered the upper town, till Arnold's troops, having, (after they were surrounded, and all hope of escape was at an end,) fought for three hours, finally surrendered. Rarely has more personal bravery been displayed, than in this transaction.

CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS AND THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

The situation, and dimensions of this building, have been already mentioned, (page 212.) On its scite, and on the contiguous ground, the French had a fortress, called St. Louis; it covered four acres, and formed nearly a parallelogram. The present castle is a part of the curtain, connecting two of the bastions of the fort, or, at least, it is in the same place, for, I am not certain that it has not been rebuilt, since the destruction of the ancient fortress.

This castle had been suffered to go to decay, but, in 1808, seven thousand pounds were voted for its repair and embellishment, and an additional sum at a subsequent period. Sir James Craig first occupied it, after this resuscitation.

The entire establishment forms a square, of which the present castle is the front, and the other parts are occupied by public offices, ball rooms, &c. and

there are stables, a guard-house, and a riding room, besides extensive gardens.*

Without introduction, we went to the castle of St. Louis, and, as strangers, preferred our request to see the interior. The sentinel, and the servants, gave us a ready admission. We were civilly conducted through its various apartments. They are numerous, but generally plain; some are large and handsome, but they are inferior, in elegance, to the rooms in many private houses. The furniture, with some exceptions, is far from being splendid. Some articles are rich, but many are hardly worthy of the distinguished place which they occupy.

Among the curiosities of the place, is a famous round table, or rather half of a round table, with a circular place cut in the middle. This, it seems, is occupied by the host, when he drinks wine with his friends, who are arranged around him. That there may be no impediment to conviviality, not even the usual trouble of circulating the bottle, there is an ingenious machine of brass, shaped a little like a sextant, which can, at pleasure, be attached to the table, or removed; the center embraces a pivot, on which it moves, and the periphery of the circle, sustains the bottle; the machine revolves in the plane of a horizontal circle, in other words, on the circular table; this is effected merely by touching a spring; the contrivance is certainly as important as it is original.

* Bouchette.

I am not certain, however, to whom the honor of the invention belongs, for we were assured in the castle, that the furniture descends, not as public, but as private property, and is paid for by each successive governor. This, (if correctly stated,) does not correspond with the usual munificence and dignity of the British government.

The duke of Richmond, the late Governor-General of the Canadas, is stated not to have been rich; indeed, in Canada, the remark is made on all hands, that he was poor. Still, we were repeatedly assured, that the duke's plate, which was lately sent back to England, was insured at forty thousand pounds, a snug fortune in itself, for a private man, if not for a nobleman.

We were introduced into the duke's private study and library; the latter was not extensive, although the books were good; we saw also his bed room and bed, and, in short, all the apartments of the family.

We asked for some personal relic of the duke, and they presented to us a thermometrical register, kept by him, during the first seven months of the present year, and the first half of August, ending with the time, (I presume,) when he set forward on the journey, during which he died. The register is said to be in his own hand writing. As it is not often that we obtain a document respecting Canadian temperature, and, as this is interesting, on account of its origin, I will present an abstract of it, in the form of results.

A. D. 1819.	Average temperature at noon.		Coldest day at noon.			Hottest day at noon.		
Jan.	17°	ab. 0	Jan. 14	6°	bel. 0	Jan. 23	41°	ab. 0
Feb.	25	"	Feb. 24	13	ab.	Feb. 9	42	"
March	25	"	March 6	2	"	March 21	37	"
April	43	"	April 8	32	"	April 29	64	"
May	56	"	May 25	36	"	May 4	72	"
June	66	"	June 1	52	"	June 6	90	"
July	75	"	July 28	65	"	July 24	84	"
Aug. (first 15 days)	78	"	Aug. 8	72	"	Aug. 7 and 10	86	"

The average of { winter, spring, summer, } months, is { 22° above 0 / 55 " / 73 " }

In January, the thermometer, at noon, on the 5th, 8th, and 29th, was 4° below 0.

I have thrown away fractions of a degree.

The thermometers, with which the observations were made, still hung in the room.

It is well known that the duke died of hydrophobia; and, it seems impossible to obtain in Canada, nay, even in Quebec, and in the palace itself, a correct account of the circumstances that attended the calamity. As the subject, being of very recent occurrence, has been much spoken of in our presence, and in all circles, I trust it will not be indelicate with respect to the friends of the deceased, or to the people recently under his government, if I proceed to repeat some of the statements which we have heard.

The person who shewed us the castle, and who, as we were informed, belonged to the duke's household, gave us the following account. It seems that the duke had a little dog, to which he was immoderately attached; the dog's name was Blucher, and Blucher, we were told, was caressed with such fondness, that he slept with his master, and was affectionately addressed, by the appellation of "my dear Blucher."

This idolized animal was bitten in the neck by another dog, afterwards ascertained to be mad—the rencounter took place in the court-yard of the palace, and the duke, in whose presence it occurred, full of compassion for his poor dog, caught him up in his arms, and applied his own lips to the part bitten; others, as well as this man, have informed us, that it was thus the duke imbibed the poison, some say through a cut in his lip, made by his razor, or through an accidental crack. The duke continued to sleep with the dog, which had not then, however, exhibited signs of madness.

There are other persons, and, among them, some highly respectable men, attached to the army, who deny the above, and say that the duke was bitten by a rabid fox, on board the steam-boat; the fox and dog, it is said, were quarrelling, and the duke interfered, to part them. Others assert, that the duke put his hand into the cage, where the fox was confined; and all who impute the event to the fox, declare that the hurt, which was on a finger, was so

extremely slight, as not to be noticed at the time, nor thought of afterwards, till the hydrophobia came on.

At the mansion house in Montreal, where the duke always lodged, when in that city, we were assured by a respectable person in the house, that the duke certainly got his poison from his own dog; that this story was told him by the servants of the duke, when they returned with the dead body; and, what is more, that he saw the letter which the duke wrote to his own daughter, the lady Mary, after his symptoms had manifested themselves, and when he was in immediate expectation of death. In this letter, the duke reminded his daughter of the incident which was related to us at the palace. Which ever story is true, it would appear that the duke came by his death in consequence of his attachment to his dog, and, surely never was a valuable life more unhappily sacrificed.*

The duke was up the country, near the Ottawa river, when the fatal symptoms appeared, but he persevered in his expedition—travelled thirty miles on foot, the day before he died—concealed his complaint, and opposed it as long as possible—wrote

* I have never had it in my power to see the official accounts of the duke's death, as published in England. I am told they differ in some measure, from the preceding statements, but I cannot tell in what particulars. All I can say, is, that I give the reports as I heard them.

his final farewell to the lady Mary, and the other children, in a long letter, which contained particular directions as to the disposition of the family—and met death, we must say, at least, like a soldier, for a soldier he had been the greater part of his life.

His complain manifested itself, in the first instance, by an uneasiness at being upon the water, in the tour which he was taking into the interior, and they were obliged to land him. A glass of wine, presented to him, produced his spasms, although it is said, that, by covering his eyes with one hand, and holding the glass with the other, he succeeded in swallowing the wine; but afterwards, he could bear no liquids, and even the lather used in shaving, distressed him.

In the intervals of his spasms, he was wonderfully cool and collected—gave every necessary order to his servants, and to the officers of his suite—opposed the sending for a physician, from Montreal, because, he said, the distance from it to Richmond, where he died, being eighty miles, he should be a dead man, before the physician could arrive, and seemed to contemplate the dreadful fate before him, with the *heroism*, at least, of a Martyr.

In his turns of delirium, instead of barking and raving, as such patients are said usually to do, he employed himself in arranging his imaginary troops, forming a line of battle, (for he had been present at

many battles, and, last of all, at Waterloo* itself,) and gave particular commands to a Captain in the navy, who was not present, but whom he called by name, *to fire*—and the command was often, and vehemently repeated. In a soliloquy, overheard but a few minutes before his death, he said, "Charles Lenox, duke of Richmond!—die like a man!—Shall it be said, that Richmond was afraid to meet death—no, never!"

I know not what were his grace's views on topics, more important at such a crisis, than what our fellow men will think of us; but, there was a degree of grandeur, of the heroic kind, in finding a military nobleman, cool and forecasting, in contemplation of one of the most awful of all deaths, and, even in his moments of delirium, like king Lear, raving in a style of sublimity.

We were informed, that, even in death, he did not forget Blucher, but ordered that he should be caged, and the event awaited. The dog was carried away with the family, when they sailed for England, although he had previously began to snap and fly at people.

The duke appears to be remembered with affection; he was regarded as a very warm friend to Canada, and all here, believe that he had its interests much at heart, and was actively engaged in promoting them.

* I was informed by a British officer, that the duke was not actually in the bloody field, but somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

His family, consisting principally of daughters, young and unmarried, with very slender resources, and in a foreign land, received the appaling news at the castle of St. Louis, and soon the sad tidings were followed by the breathless body.

One daughter is married to Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada, and the lady Mary, the eldest of the remaining daughters, is spoken of (although without any intended disparagement to the other children,) in the highest terms. We saw fire screens, prettily inscribed with verses, and ornamented by her hand; and the person who attended us, gave each of us a walking stick, cut by the duke's own hand, in his last excursion. There was a large bundle of them done up by strings, and it seems it was the duke's custom, when he saw a stick that pleased him, to stop and cut it.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, and his lady and family, lodged in the same house with us, at Montreal, and appeared plain, unassuming people. While there, they received the calls of the principal military and civil officers, and of the most distinguished private individuals; among the rest, came the veteran soldier of Wolfe, dressed in his scarlet uniform, and in the fashion of other days.

Before leaving the palace, we wrote, by request, our names and residence, a requisition frequently made in similar places in Europe.

From the gallery, in front of the castle of St. Louis, we had a most magnificent view of the river,

and of the surrounding country, while the lower town lay directly at our feet, but was rather a blemish, than a beauty, in the prospect.

The castle is, at its foundation, more than two hundred feet higher than the river, and in summer, must be a most charming cool spot, but in winter, a very bleak one.

The duchess of Richmond is in England, and has never been in America.

GENERAL REMARKS ON QUEBEC.

A stranger's residence of a few days, in a foreign city, is hardly sufficient to give him any thing more than general views. Such views, accurately sketched, are, however useful, although forming but an outline.

Quebec, at least for an American city, is certainly a very peculiar place.

A military town—containing about twenty thousand inhabitants—most compactly and permanently built—stone its sole material—environed, as to its most important parts, by walls and gates—and defended by numerous heavy cannon—garrisoned by troops, having the arms, the costume, the music, the discipline of Europe—foreign in language, features, and origin, from most of those whom they are sent to defend—founded upon a rock, and in its highest parts, overlooking a great extent of country—between three and four hundred miles

from the ocean—in the midst of a great continent—and yet displaying fleets of foreign merchantmen, in its fine capacious bay—and shewing all the bustle of a crowded sea-port—its streets narrow—populous and winding up and down almost mountainous declivities—situated in the latitude of the finest parts of Europe—exhibiting in its environs, the beauty of an European capital—and yet, in winter, smarting with the cold of Siberia—governed by a people, of different language and habits, from the mass of the population—opposed in religion, and yet leaving that population without taxes, and in the full enjoyment of every privilege, civil and religious; such are some of the most prominent features, which strike a stranger in the city of Quebec.

As to its public buildings, besides the Castle of St. Louis, which has been mentioned, there is the Hotel Dieu, the Convent of the Ursulines, the Monastery of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, the Cathedrals, Catholic and Protestant, the Scotch Church, the lower town Church, the Court House, the Seminary, the new Goal, and the artillery barracks: there are also a Place D'Armes, a Parade, and an Esplanade.*

The Court House is a modern stone building, one hundred and thirty-six feet by forty-four, with a handsome and regular front.

The Protestant Cathedral is seen in the vignette, being farther to the left than any building that has a

* Bouchette.

steeple. This is the handsomest modern building in the city; it is of stone, and is one hundred and thirty-six feet long by seventy-five broad;* it stands on ground nearly as high as any in the place, and is seen at a great distance.

The Catholic Cathedral, seen on the right of the vignette, is built of stone; it is two hundred and sixteen feet long, and one hundred and eight broad. It was the first public building that we entered in Quebec. We found, as usual in such places, priests in attendance, and people at their devotions. The building is full of pictures and images, and has a venerable and ancient appearance. It can contain four thousand people.

The Seminary was founded in 1663, for ecclesiastical instruction only, but is not now confined to that profession, although, according to Colonel Bouchette, its members must be Catholics.

The building is of stone, forming three sides of a square, two hundred and nineteen feet long, and one hundred and twenty broad.

The Hotel Dieu was founded in 1637, for the sick poor of both sexes. It includes the convent, hospital, church, court-yard, cemetery, and gardens. The principal building is three hundred and eighty-three feet long by fifty broad. This establishment, conducted by nuns, is highly commended for the humanity, comfort, cleanliness, and good arrangement which prevail in it.

* All the dimensions of the public buildings are taken on the authority of Colonel Bouchette.

The Ursuline Convent is a square, whose side is one hundred and twelve feet; was founded in 1639; is devoted to female education, and is conducted by nuns.

The Monastery, or College of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, is three stories high, and forms a parallelogram of two hundred and twenty-four feet by two hundred. It was a fine establishment in the time of the Jesuits, and judging from some of the apartments which I saw, it contains very comfortable accommodations for officers and troops.

I was particularly struck with the new Goal, which is a handsome structure of stone, standing on very elevated ground; it is one hundred and sixty feet long by sixty-eight broad, and three stories high: the cost was over fifteen thousand pounds.

The Bishop's Palace is one hundred and forty-seven feet by one hundred and eighteen, and stands in a very commanding situation, near the grand battery. It is now occupied by the Provincial Parliament, and for various public offices, and an annuity is paid to the Catholic Bishop. It is said to be in a ruinous condition.

The artillery barracks were built by the French in 1750. They extend five hundred and twenty-seven feet by forty, and contain accommodations for the artillery troops of the garrison, work-shops, store-houses, &c. and every variety of small arms for twenty thousand men, which are always kept fit for immediate use, and are fancifully arranged.

Quebec is well paved with large stones, firmly fixed. Most of its streets are narrow; the principal ones are thirty-two feet wide, but most of them only from twenty-four to twenty-seven. The houses are of very unequal height, and generally have high sloping roofs, to enable them to sustain the ice and snow. The covering of the roofs with tin, or even with sheet iron, is by no means general; most of them are still covered with shingles.

Many of the modern houses, especially on the highest ground, are very handsome, and in the modern style, and some new ones are in progress.

The market place is, in its largest dimensions, two hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and sixty-five. I saw it on Saturday morning, which is the best time, and never wish to see a market better supplied with meats, fowl, fish, and vegetables, and every thing in very good order.

The prices we are told are not high.

There are a great many dogs in Quebec, and they are not kept merely for parade: they are made to work, and it is not uncommon in Quebec, to see dogs harnessed to little carts, and drawing meat, merchandise, and even wood, up and down the hills; they pull with all their little might, and seem pleased with their employment.

* * * * * * *

Quebec was founded on the 3d of July, 1608, by Samuel de Champlain, Geographer to the King.

His commencement was on Cape Diamond, on the scite of an Indian village called Stadaconé.

In 1629 it was taken by the English, but esteemed of so little value, that it was restored in 1632. It was in the hands of private adventurers or trading companies till 1663, when it was made a royal government, and became a regular and important colony.

In 1690, Sir William Phipps, with a great armament from Boston, attacked and cannonaded Quebec, and landed an army, but was repulsed, with great loss and disgrace.

In 1712 the attempt was again made, by an English fleet under Sir Hovenden Walker, who was cast away in the St. Lawrence, and lost seven of his largest ships and three thousand men, while General Nicholson, who was coming with an army by the way of Montreal, was obliged to retreat.

In 1720 Charlevoix visited Canada, and it is interesting to compare his account of the appearance of Quebec, and of its environs, with its present situation. It will be found that even then, not only the outlines of the place were formed, but that they were filled up to some extent. It then contained about seven thousand souls.

He remarks, that it stands on the most navigable river in the universe, and that there is no other city in the known world, a hundred and twenty leagues from the sea, whose harbour is capable of containing one hundred ships of the line. He observes that, as Paris

was, for a long time, inferior to what Quebec then was, he anticipates the time when the latter will be equal to the former; when "as far as the eye can reach, (on the St. Lawrence,) nothing will be seen but towns, villas, and pleasure houses"—"when the shores shall discover fine meadows, fruitful hills, and fertile fields"—"when the whole road shall be faced with magnificent quays, and the port surrounded with superb edifices, and when we shall see three or four hundred ships lying in it loaden with riches." All that Charlevoix anticipated a century ago, is not yet accomplished, but no contemptible part of it is already realized. He speaks of the beauty of the prospect from Cape Diamond, and of the purity of its air, and says, "you sometimes find a sort of diamonds on it finer than those of Alençon"—"I have seen some of them, (says he,) full as well cut, as if they had come from the hand of the most expert workman," and adds, that they have become very scarce. It is scarcely necessary to say, that he alludes to the crystals of quartz. He speaks of the church as being roofed with slate, and he says that it is the only building in all Canada which has this advantage, all the others being covered with shingles. He mentions the Governor's residence in the fort, and describes the front of it as having a gallery, exactly as the Castle of St. Louis standing in the same place, has now. He mentions the Jesuit's buildings, the Hotel Dieu, the Intendant's Palace, the Seminary or College, the Bishop's Palace,

and various other buildings and institutions, which evince great intelligence and vigor, in the early French population.

He says the tides rise twenty-five feet at the time of the equinox. This corresponds very nearly with the present estimate, which is from twenty-three to twenty-four feet, and seventeen or eighteen for common tides: the greatest depth of water is twenty-eight fathoms, and he states it generally at twenty-five. The great rise of the tides at Quebec, causes at present a necessity for very high quays: when we landed from the steam boat, we ascended on a plank not less than fifty feet long, and laid from the boat to the wharf so as to form a rather steep inclined plane.

Charlevoix commends the society in Quebec; he says, you find in it "the best company, and nothing is wanting that can possibly contribute to form an agreeable society"—that there are "rich merchants, *or such as live as if they were so*," and "assemblies full as brilliant as any where." He states, that "they play at cards, or go abroad on parties of pleasure, in the summer time, in calashes or canoes; in winter, in sledges upon the snow, or on skaits upon the ice"—that "the Creoles of Canada draw in with their native breath an air of freedom, which makes them very agreeable in the commerce of life, and *no where in the world is the French language spoken in greater purity*, there being not the smallest foreign accent in the pronunciation.

He says, that although there are no rich men, every body puts on as good a face as possible; and that they make good cheer, provided they are able to be at the expense of fine clothes; if not, in order to be able to appear well dressed, they retrench in the article of the table: that they have fine stature and complexions, a gay and sprightly behaviour, with great sweetness and politeness of manners, and that the least rusticity, either in language or behaviour, is utterly unknown, even in the remotest and most distant parts. It is surprising to see how little change there has been in these respects after the lapse of a century, and after sixty years of subjection to a foreign power.

Charlevoix's comparisons between the Canadians and the New-Englanders are amusing: he remarks, that in New-England and the other British Provinces "there prevails an opulence which they are utterly at a loss to use; and in New France, a poverty hid by an air of being in easy circumstances, which seems not at all studied." "The English planter amasses wealth, and never makes any superfluous expense; the French inhabitant again enjoys what he has acquired, and often makes a parade of what he is not possessed of."

I will finish these citations by one which is indeed *most remarkable*, and accounts for the *dreadful scenes of massacre and invasion*, which the English colonies so often and so long experienced from the French.

"The English Americans, (says Charlevoix,) are averse to war, because they have a great deal to lose; they take no care to manage the Indians, from a belief that they stand in no need of them. The French youth, for very different reasons, *abominate the thoughts of peace*, and live well with the natives, whose esteem they easily gain in time of war, and their friendship at all times."

With respect to the institutions* of Quebec, most of which were founded by the French, the valuable statistical account of Canada, by Colonel Bouchette, will supply every detail as to the nunneries, the hospitals, the college, the churches, catholic and protestant, the clergy, and every other important particular, which a stranger would desire to learn. This work, with its grand topographical map, is however, I believe, little known in the United States, and is rather too expensive for general circulation.†

* After being so full in my notices of scenery and historical events, in the vicinity of Quebec, more might have been reasonably expected respecting its institutions; the omission was accidental; for fear that our fine weather would fail us, we postponed these topics till the last, and then left Quebec, several days sooner than we had expected or wished, which deprived us of the opportunity of making other observations.

† Colonel Bouchette is highly loyal, and his zeal (commendable, without doubt, in the main) perhaps imparts a degree of asperity, to some of his notices of the events of the late warfare, on the Canadian frontiers, and of the policy of the American government. These things however do not seriously impair the value of his great and laborious work, for which he deserves high commendation.

Besides the peculiar, or at least remarkable features, which have been sketched, Quebec is certainly a very respectable city, and one of those places on the American continent, most worthy of the curiosity of an intelligent stranger. Indeed, to have seen Quebec and Montreal, and the intervening and surrounding country, is, in some degree, a substitute for a visit to Europe. The latitude of Quebec is 46° 48′ 39″ n.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Montreal, October 12.—The mighty outlet of the most magnificent collection of inland waters in the world, the North American lakes—individually, like seas—collectively, covering the area of an empire; already enlivened by the sails of commerce, and recently awed by the thunder of contending navies; bordered by thriving villages and settlements, and hereafter to be surrounded by populous towns and cities, and countries; associated as this river is with such realities, and with such anticipations, it is impossible to approach the St. Lawrence, with ordinary feelings, or to view it as merely a river of primary magnitude.

Already, the two great cities of Canada are erected on its borders; Europe sends her fleets to Quebec, and even to Montreal; nearly two hundred miles of intervening water, are now daily passed between the cities, by steam boats, some of which are as large in tonnage as Indiamen, or sloops of war.

It is now, no very difficult task, to be wafted on the St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario to the Ocean, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, or from Niagara, which differs little from one thousand, and the entire range from Lake Superior, is two thousand.

In that part of the St. Lawrence, which, within a week, we have now twice passed, there are fewer observations to be made than on many routes much less extensive, and on many rivers of much inferior magnitude. This arises from the great sameness, which prevails along the banks. They appear to be very generally alluvial; extensively they are so low that they seem, in many places, hardly to form an adequate barrier against the occasional swelling and overflow of the great river, which they limit; indeed, it is difficult always to convince ones self, that they are not, here and there, actually lower than the river; of rocks, till we come within a few miles of Quebec, there are hardly any to be seen, and yet it is obvious that there are rocks in the vicinity, because the houses are often constructed of stone; for many miles from Montreal, on the way to Quebec, the banks are little else than damp meadows, resembling Holland extremely; sometimes the shores recede in natural terraces, and retiring platforms, placed, one above another, till the last visible one forms a high ridge; at other times, precipitous banks, cut down as it were by art, exhibit strata of gravel and clay and sand—forming distinct

and often variously coloured horizontal layers; the forests are usually removed from the immediate margin of the river, and the verdure is in most places rich and lively.

The average width of the river, between Montreal and Quebec, appears to be about two miles; but it is extremely irregular; sometimes it does not exceed half a mile, or three fourths of a mile, but this is true only near Quebec and at a few other places; at other times, it becomes two, three, or more miles wide. I have already mentioned, that in the Lake of St. Peter, as it is called, a few miles above the town of Three Rivers, an expansion of the river takes place, so that for more than twenty* miles, its breadth is nine or ten miles.

The current is considerable—probably three miles an hour, generally, but in some places it has apparently, double that force, and the river, instead of flowing, as it commonly does, with an unruffled surface, becomes perturbed, and hurries along with murmurs and eddies, and in a few places, with foam and breakers.

This is particularly the case at the Richelieu rapids, fifty miles above Quebec, where the river is compressed within half a mile, and the navigable part within much less; numerous rocks, which appear to be principally large rolled masses, form, when the water is low, as it was when we passed, a

* Colonel Bouchette states the length at twenty-five miles, but he includes that portion which is full of islands.

terrific reef, and when the river is up, a dangerous concealed enemy. Through these rapids, (as was mentioned on the passage down,) the steam boats dare not go in the night, and the instance in which it is said to have been done, was to carry to Quebec, the news of the Duke of Richmond's death. The speed of the steam boat had, however, been surpassed by that of the land messenger, who had already arrived with the gloomy news. At the lower end of the town of Montreal, the stream, compressed by the island of St. Helena, is so impetuous, that the steam boats, which every where else can stem the current, are here obliged to anchor, and procure the aid of oxen; four yoke were employed, with a drag rope, to draw the Malsham—the boat in which we came up to Montreal, through this pass; it is however, not half a mile, that the river is so rapid, for after passing this place, steam carries the boats on again to their moorings, at the upper end of the town. It requires a very strong wind to carry vessels with sails against this current. I saw some vessels here which enjoyed this advantage, and for one hour, I could not perceive that they made any head way.

The population on the river is very considerable, nearly all the way between the two cities, so that on both sides, houses or villages are almost constantly in view. There are, however, but two towns of any magnitude, both of which have been mentioned—Sorel, at the mouth of the river of the

same name, and which connects Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, forty-five miles below Montreal, and the Trois Rivieres or Three Rivers,* half way between Quebec and Montreal. This large town derives its whimsical name, from the fact that the river St. Maurice, which empties here, is divided at its mouth, by little islands, into three parts, so that there seem to be three rivers instead of one.

Most of the houses on both banks of the St. Lawrence, as well as in the vicinity of Quebec, are white, roof and all; the roofs of houses in Canada, being, frequently protected from fire, as well as beautified, by a white wash of salt and lime or of lime only, which is renewed every year.

There are many villages on the river, some are large and populous, and most of them are furnished with pretty, and a few with grand churches; they have from one spire to three, and having generally a brilliant covering of tin, both on the roofs and spires, they blaze in the sun, and even at the distance of miles, dazzle the eyes of the beholder. Some other public buildings, and the best private houses on the banks, are occasionally covered in the same manner. Most of the cottages are only one story high, and are small; but, large and good houses, appearing like the residences of the seigneurs and other country gentlemen, are hardly ever out of sight. The banks of the St. Lawrence, thus verdant and beautiful from cultivation, and decked every where with brilliant white houses, and pretty

* The tide ceases near this place.

villages, impress a traveller very pleasantly, although he finds but little variety in the views. I have omitted to mention, that from the rapids of Richelieu, going down the river, the banks almost immediately become considerably more elevated.

STEAM BOATS.

Although there are roads, said to be good, on both sides of the St. Lawrence, it was, till within five or six years, a considerably arduous undertaking, to travel, back and forward, between the two cities of Canada. By land, in the slow Canadian Calash, it was tedious, and although *down* the river from Montreal to Quebec, it was obviously no difficult thing to go with the current—to return by water, was always difficult. With head winds it was, of course, impossible to *ascend*, nor, with strong head winds could they always *descend*, even with the aid of the stream.

Quebec and Montreal, were therefore a great way apart, as regarded facility of intercourse; now they are, in this respect very near, and it is possible to visit either city from the other, quite comfortably and at ease—to transact business and return, within the period of four days, although the distance is one hundred and eighty miles. This wonderful facility has been imparted by steam boats, of which no fewer than seven, now ply between Montreal and Quebec—they are named, Malsham, Swiftsure,

Lady Sherbrook, Quebec, Telegraph, Car of Commerce and Caledonia.

The burden of the Malsham is over six hundred tons, and that of the Lady Sherbrook, was stated to us, at about eight hundred; these are the largest, and most of the others are considerably smaller.

They are built with deep holds for freight, which appears to be much more an object with them than passengers. Going down in the Swiftsure, of between three and four hundred tons, we had but about a dozen cabin passengers, and returning in the Malsham we had but four. The accommodations are good, and the provision for the table ample—for dinner it is luxurious—there is a lunch at noon, for dinner is at four o'clock, and tea at eight; breakfast also at eight o'clock.

The Captains of the boats partake in all the good things; some of them at least, are convivial with their guests, and sit long to drink wine, which is the common practice in Canada.

Some of them appear to be in danger from repletion; they have but little bodily exercise, and swimming as they do in a sea of luxury, it is not extraordinary that they exhibit the physical effects of good living; they are, however, very obliging and courteous to their passengers, who are made perfectly comfortable, on board of their boats.

The machinery is situated deep in the hold, and appears but little above deck; this circumstance, with the depth of the hull, and the burden of freight

which the boats carry, causes them to move much more steadily than ours do.

On board the Malsham we could scarcely perceive the jar of the machinery; there being no ladies on board, Mr. W—— and myself were permitted to appropriate the after cabin, a very pretty room, where with a comfortable fire, we enjoyed even domestic retirement, and were allowed to occupy our time as we pleased.

We were told, that the Lady Sherbrook was the finest boat in the line, but we were not on board of her.

The fuel for the boats costs about two dollars and fifty cents the cord, and they stop twice, once at Sorel, and once at the Three Rivers, to take it in.

The passage costs ten dollars down to Quebec, and twelve returning; we were on board two nights, and one day, in going down, and two days and three nights in returning; but a part of two of the nights, in the last, and of one of them in the first, was spent in the dock.

Steam boat business has been very profitable on this river, but is now said to be otherwise, owing principally to its being overdone.

DANGERS OF STEAM BOATS.

The catastrophes produced by the explosion of the boilers of steam boats, having now become rare, the attention of the public, in consequence of

several unhappy occurrences, and especially of the late dreadful one, on lake Champlain, has been directed to the dangers of fire. The active volcano which the steam boat necessarily carries in her bowels, seems sufficiently appalling, and few persons, when first beginning to travel in this way, can lie down to sleep, without deeply pondering, that a furious imprisoned enemy, is raging within the combustible vehicle, that bears them along, and that both fire and water, usually foes, but here leagued in unnatural alliance, may conspire for their destruction. Rarely, however, does it appear to have occurred to the traveller, that the most serious danger (as the thing is *actually* managed,) arises from just that negligence, and presumption, and apathy, which destroy so many buildings, so much property, and so many lives on shore.

I am sorry to say, that in the boats on these northern waters, there is not that degree of care and anxious vigilance which the case certainly demands, where so much property and so many lives are at stake. The Phœnix, as I have before observed, was, without doubt, destroyed by a candle; still candles are negligently left on board of most of the boats in the northern waters; fires and candles are not adequately watched on the St. Lawrence, and we have seen in one of the Canadian boats, a fire made in an open stove, standing without a chimney, on the naked deck, while the coals were every moment blowing against pine spars, and falling on the

deck, which was made of dry pine and covered with pitch. We were also exposed to danger from a very unexpected

INCIDENT.

On our passage up the river, in a northeasterly storm, just as we were entering the Richelieu rapids, where we needed all our power to stem the current, and any disaster would be peculiarly embarrassing, we were pressing on, not only with powerful steam, but with a strong and fair wind, which strained every thread of our large square sail, the only one which we carried. Our mast, apparently about fifty feet high, and of proportionate diameter, was, it seems, only feebly braced from the bow, although perhaps sufficiently in the other direction.

The Captain, having been up the preceding night, was asleep below: I was on deck, and observed that our mast, with its feeble shrouds, was strained to the utmost, and felt some anxiety lest it should fail. Going below, I was scarcely seated, before a crash and an outcry brought me again on deck.

The wind, it appears, suddenly flirted around, and a violent squall from an angry cloud, instantly threw the sail all aback upon the mast; there being no adequate stays or braces to sustain the solitary pine, it snapped, like a pipe's tail; the two chimnies were a few yards behind; the heavy spar which supported the sail at top, falling violently across one of

the chimnies, was broken quite in two; the mast, also, in its fall, broke the horizontal iron rods, which crossed each other and were fastened to some high frame work, to sustain the chimnies; the sail fell over the mouths of both chimnies, and shut them up completely, and from the top of one of them, sustained by the cords which fastened them to the sail, hung the two broken pieces of the yard, probably forty feet in length.

The Captain could not be immediately found: the Canadian seamen who managed the boat, vociferated most furiously in French, but seemed utterly confounded, and without resource, and some feeble attempts which they made to disengage the sail from the chimnies, only pulled it more entirely over them. In the mean time, the wind, which continued to blow violently, jerked the sail and its broken spars with so much force, that there was much danger that the chimnies would go by the board; in which case, our furnaces, being in full action below, would throw out their flame immediately upon the deck, and upon the tierces of gin, by which it was covered, even close to the chimnies. There appeared to be nearly one hundred of these tierces, and the explosion of any one of them, which would probably occur if struck by the fire, would involve us in sheets of flame; and should we even succeed in extinguishing the fire, our boat, without either steam or sail, would be completely unmanageable, and be liable to be wrecked at the foot of the rapids.

In this moment of anxiety, (while a poor Scotch emigrant, whose all was on board, was weeping and wringing his hands, and exclaiming that we should all be lost,) the Captain arrived on deck. The wind worried the sail across the top of one of the chimnies, which was cut into points like a picket fence, so that the canvass was soon completely perforated, and the chimney stood up through it, like a head in a pillory. The other chimney was so battered by the fall of the yard, that it could not pierce the sail, especially as it was guarded at that part by a strong rope, and every effort to disengage it failed. It was easy to foresee what must follow: the sail, which being wet with rain, for some time resisted the heat, now became so dried, that it took fire and blazed. The Captain sent up one of the sailors to cut it away, and the man, with sufficient hardihood, crawled up and worked where it was on fire all around him. At length, by burning, it fell from the chimney, and we were extricated from our unpleasant situation. If, however, the sail, the fuel on deck, and every part of the boat had been dry, and especially, had the accident occurred in the night, the consequences might have been very painful. But there was an eye superior to human vigilance, which watched over our safety.

Immediately after this accident, we had a good proof of the manner in which science and art can sometimes triumph over the obstacles of nature. We entered the rapids of Richelieu, not only with

an opposing current of great strength, but with a strong head wind; but still, by the force of steam alone, we fought our way through, and indeed the same wind continued through the remainder of our passage.

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The long twilight of this climate, which, (as observed at Montreal,) in a degree compensates for the shortness of the days, was exhausted; the cottages and villages on shore cast their evening light on the river; the waning moon, reduced to less than half her full size, had just risen over our stern, and cast a feeble radiance on the flood and the shores; the stars, unobscured by a single cloud, were bright as gems in the azure vault; the galaxy was delicately traced athwart the sky—all was stillness, except the dashing of the water wheels, the cry of the steersman, and the occasional song of the Canadian boatmen; when the aurora borealis appeared, under circumstances which I never before witnessed.

Not only was there a delicate glow in the lower part of the northern portion of the sky, similar to that seen through a transparency, but there were shoots of light darting upward like very feeble flames, now elongating, now receding, and changing their places.

After being a little while below, I was delighted, on returning, to see a zone of light passing through

the zenith, *extending across the entire heavens*, intersecting the milky way very obliquely, greatly surpassing it in brightness, and forming a beautiful glowing belt.

At this moment, our two chimnies emitted volumes of smoke, succeeded by flame, and a long stream of brilliant sparks, carried far astern by the wind, illuminated the deck and the water.

The Lady Sherbrooke going down the river, glowing with lamps, and streaming with fire, now moved majestically by us, and seemed a floating and illuminated castle. Loud vociferations of nautical French, from both boats, were soon lost in the rapidly increasing distance; while the lovely belt in the heavens, beginning to break, and hanging here and there in pale patches of light, finally vanished, and resigned the sky to the moon and the stars.

Note.—July 31st, 1820. The papers have just informed us of the death of the celebrated Botanist, FREDERICK PURSH. He died at Montreal on the 11th inst. after a lingering illness.

When the *efforts and purposes* of a man who has, by useful or splendid labours, attracted the attention of the world, are cut off by death, and his *mortal toil is over*, the mind dwells with an increased interest on circumstances, which might not otherwise have attracted our attention. This is my apology for the following note.

At the town of Sorel, when we were returning to Montreal in the steam boat, Mr. Pursh came on board, and was with us the remainder of the passage. His scientific labours are well known, and the public have pronounced their decided approbation of his beautiful work, the American Flora, published in London in

MONTREAL.

St. Johns, Oct. 14th, 1819.—On leaving the city, this morning, we passed again to Longueil, but not in so frail a bark, as before. We were conveyed in a horse boat, worked by ten horses, and which, when we entered, had just discharged sixteen carts and calashes, besides people and cattle, other than

1814. Mr. Pursh expressed himself very warmly, on the subject of the liberal aid which he received in Europe from scientific men, in the use of their libraries and their herbariums, and in the tender of their private advice and information; he mentioned, particularly, his obligations to Sir JOSEPH BANKS and PRESIDENT SMITH. He informed me, that he contemplated another tour to Europe, for the purpose of publishing his Flora of Canada, upon which he had been already several years occupied, and expected to be still occupied for several years more. These researches led him much among the savage nations of the north west, and around the great lakes. He went first among them in company with the exploring and trading parties of the North West Company, but fearing to be involved in the consequences of their quarrels, he abandoned their protection, and threw himself, alone and unprotected, upon the generosity of the aborigines. He pursued his toilsome researches, month after month, travelling on foot, relying often on the Indians for support, and, of course, experiencing frequently the hunger, exposure, and perils of savage life. But such was the *enthusiasm* of his mind, and his complete devotion to the *ruling passion*, that he thought little of marching, day after day, often with a pack weighing sixty pounds on his shoulders, through forests and swamps, and over rocks and mountains, provided he could discover *a new plant*; great numbers of such he assured me he had found, and that he intended to publish the drawings and descriptions of them in his Canadian Flora. From the Indians, he said, he experienced nothing but kindness, and he often derived from them important assistance: he thought

those belonging to these vehicles. We crossed lower down, and in deeper water, than we had passed in the canoe.

The view of the town, when we were receding, as well as when we were advancing, was very fine. It stretches about two miles along the St. Lawrence, and it scarcely equals half a mile in breadth. The bank of the river is considerably elevated, and the ground, although not very uneven, rises gradually from the water, into a moderate ridge—then sinks into a hollow, and then rises again,

that had they been treated with uniform *justice* and *humanity* by the whites, they would have always returned the same treatment. He said he much preferred their protection to that of the wandering whites, who, unrestrained by almost any human law, prowl through those immense forests in quest of furs and game. Possibly (without, however, intending any thing disrespectful by the remark,) some mutual sympathies might have been excited, by the fact that Mr. Pursh was himself *a Tartar*, born and educated in Siberia, near Tobolski; and, indeed, he possessed a physiognomy and manner different from that of Europeans, and highly characteristic of his country.

His conversation was full of fire, point, and energy; and, although not polished, he was good-humoured, frank, and generous. He complained that he could not endure the habits of civilized life, and that his health began to be impaired as soon as he became quiet, and was comfortably fed and lodged. He said he must soon "be off again" into the wilderness. His health was then declining, and unfortunately it was but too apparent, that *some* of the measures to which he resorted to sustain it, must eventually prostrate his remaining vigor.

It is to be hoped that his unfinished labours will not be lost, and that although incomplete, they may be published; since, if sufficiently matured, they must add to the stock of knowledge.

with more rapidity, till it finishes, less than a mile and a half from the town, in one of the finest hills that can be imagined. This hill is called the mountain* of Montreal, and indeed, from it the town derives its name; the words originally signified, as is said, the Royal Mountain. This mountain rises five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river.

It forms a steep and verdant barrier, covered with shrubbery, and crowned with trees, and is a most beautiful back ground for the city.

Its form, as it appears from the river, is nearly that of a bow. We rode up, across the southern end of it, behind the beautiful seat of the Hon. Mr. McGillivray. I afterwards ascended it on foot, in company with an English gentleman, and walked the length of its ridge. The view is one of the finest that can be seen in any country. Immediately at our feet, the city of Montreal is in full view, with its dazzling tin covered roofs, and spires, and its crowded streets; the noble St. Lawrence, stretching away to the right and left, is visible, probably for fifty miles, and, on both sides of it, and for a very great width, particulary on the south, one of the most luxuriant champaign countries in the world, is spread before the observer. The mountains of Belœil, Chambly, and a few others, occur upon this

* There are several springs near the top of this mountain, and from them the town is supplied with water, by the usual means of subterranean pipes.

vast plain, but, in general, it is not interrupted, till it reaches the territories of the United States, in which we discern the mountains of Vermont and New-York.

In our rear, we saw the Ottawa or Grand River, and its branches, which, uniting, and becoming blended with the St. Lawrence, divide the island of Montreal from the main.

Nothing is wanting, to render the mountain of Montreal a charming place for pedestrian excursions, and for rural parties, but a little effort, and expense in cutting and clearing winding walks, and in removing a few trees from the principal points of view, (as they now form a very great obstruction;) a lodge, or resting place, on the mountain, constructed so as to be ornamental, would also be a desirable addition.

On the front declivity of the mountain, is a beautiful cylinder of lime stone, or grey marble, erected on a pedestal; the entire height of both appeared to be about thirty-five feet. It rises from among the trees, by which it is surrounded, and is a monument to the memory of Simon McTavish, Esq. who died about fourteen years since, and was, in a sense, the founder of the North Western Company. Just below, is a handsome mausoleum, of the same materials, containing his remains; and, still lower down the mountain, an unfinished edifice of stone, erected by the same gentleman, which, had he lived to complete it, would have been one of the

finest in the vicinity of Montreal. It is now fast becoming a ruin, although it is enclosed and roofed in, and the windows are built up with masonry. It would have been a superb house, if finished according to the original plan.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

The mineralogy and geology of this mountain, and of the island, I could wish to see thoroughly investigated, as they appear to be interesting; the few facts which I had it in my power to observe, were as follows: The plain at the foot of the mountain, particularly at the race course, is compact, black lime stone, fetid, and containing organized remains; its stratification is regular, and its position flat; it forms one of the most common building stones in Montreal. This rock seems to prevail half way up the mountain, and is followed, by what appeared to me, a hard, probably a siliceous slate, intersected by veins of trap. Higher up still, and on the north-eastern end particularly, is a rock, inclined at an angle of 45°, which seemed to be a decomposed lime stone, of a light grey colour, and friable texture, at least where it was exposed to the weather.

The very summit of the mountain, is a hornblende rock, highly crystalline in its structure, and containing distinct crystals of both hornblende and augite. It is a striking example of the parasytical character of the hornblende and trap rocks, follow-

ing no regular order of succession, but occasionally forming caps and ridges, on all sorts of rocks and mountains.

There is found also on the island, within a short distance of the town, a lime stone, of a smoke grey, highly crystalline in its structure, nearly, or quite as much so as the decidedly primitive marbles; when broken, it presents numerous and brilliant crystalline plates, and this is, in fact, almost exclusively its structure.

Still, it contains numerous shells, and other organized remains, of which the impressions and forms are very distinct. Shells, and organized remains, in a highly crystallized lime stone! Is it transition lime stone, just on the verge of becoming primitive? I had no time to visit the place whence it comes, but, in the piles of stone, about to be used in building, in the town, I observed this crystallized lime stone (and that in vast blocks, shewing the stratification, and evincing that it was not accidental) actually united into one piece, with the black compact kind, like the hone slates, of different colours, which are often exposed for sale.

In other pieces, I saw fragments of the black compact kind, *mixed with* the crystallized; and some large blocks of the latter were terminated by a black uneven surface, probably shewing the line of connexion with the black kind.*

*I thence infer, that they occur together, in immediate connexion, and probably the black compact kind will be found to lie upon the other.

I have not seen enough of the vicinity of Montreal, to venture to pronounce, confidently, concerning its geological classification; it would appear, however, that it is partly a transition, but principally a secondary region. I saw no proof that any part of it is primitive, and cannot but wonder at the opinion entertained, as I am told, by many persons in Montreal, that the grey crystallized lime stone is granite. I saw no granite on the island.

MODE OF BUILDING IN MONTREAL.

Montreal has much the appearance of an European town, particularly of a continental one. The streets are narrow, except some of the new ones; the principal ones, are those parallel to the river, of which those of St. Paul, which is a bustling street of business, near the river, and Notre Dame street, on higher ground, and more quiet, more genteel, and better built, are the principal; the latter street is thirty feet wide, and three fourths of a mile long. A few of those which intersect the above streets at right angles, are also considerable. The town has a crowded active population, and many strangers, and persons from the country, augment the activity in its streets.

But the circumstance which assimilates it most to a continental European town, is its being built of stone. People from the United States, are apt to consider Montreal as gloomy, and, I presume it

arises from the fact, of its being built of stone, and principally in an antique fashion. The former is, however, in reality, a strong ground of preference over our cities, built of wood and brick. Stone is the best material of which houses can be constructed; if properly built, they are not damp in the least; they exclude both heat and cold, better than any other houses; they will not burn,* except in part, and scarcely need repair, and they are easily made very handsome. Indeed, no other material possesses sufficient dignity for expensive public edifices; and we were sorry to see even a few private houses, in the suburbs of Montreal, built of brick, in the Anglo-American style.

I was, I confess, much gratified at entering, for the first time, an American city, built of stone. The inhabitants of Montreal possess a very fine building stone in the grey lime stone already mentioned; it is as handsome, when properly dressed, as the celebrated Portland stone of England, and it is much superior to it in durability. A number of the modern houses of Montreal, and of its environs, which are constructed of this stone, handsomely hewn, are very beautiful, and would be ornaments to the city of London, or to Westminster itself.

Many of the houses are constructed of rough stone, coarsely pointed, or daubed with mortar, and have certainly an unsightly appearance; others,

*An advantage, which they obviously possess in common with brick.

here, as well as at Quebec, and elsewhere in Canada, are covered with a rough cement, and look rudely; it is perfectly easy to make both these kinds of houses handsome, as well as durable, as is seen in particular instances in Canada.

Many of the houses, and stores, and ware-houses, in Montreal, have iron plate doors, and window shutters, fortified by iron frames; this is obviously a precaution against fire, as well as robbery, and the tin coverings on the roofs of the buildings, are intended as a protection against the former.

The tin is put on in an oblique direction to the cornice and ridge; the nails are covered from view, and from the weather, by doubling the tin over the heads of the nails, and the different rows of tin sheets are made to lap in the manner of shingles. It is by no means an easy thing, to put on a tin roof, so as to be made handsome and durable.

Montreal is certainly a fine town of its kind, and it were much to be wished that the people of the United States would imitate the Canadians, by constructing their houses, wherever practicable, of stone.

ENVIRONS.

The environs of Montreal are beautiful, but, although considerably cultivated and improved, they are far from being brought to the state of which they are capable.

A number of handsome villas now make their appearance around the town, and there are numerous sites, still unoccupied, which will probably be hereafter crowned with elegant seats. Few places in the world, possess more capabilities of this kind than Quebec and Montreal; if the latter is less bold than the former, in its scenery, it possesses much richness, and delicate beauty, which need nothing but wealth and taste to display them to advantage; the former already exists in Montreal to a great extent, and there are also very respectable proofs of the existence and growth of the latter.

RACE COURSE AND RACING.

Near the city of Montreal, there is a race course, a circuit of about two miles. It happened that we were at this place at the time of the races, and in a ride around the environs, we came across the ground, at the time when the horses were about starting. The subject seemed to excite a good deal of interest in the community. In the steam boat on lake Champlain, Canadians, anticipating the sports of the ensuing week, were much occupied in discussing the merits of the different horses, and in predicting the results.

The same topic was the ruling one at the public houses, and, upon the turf, where we found both the gentry and the common people of Montreal. The latter were on foot, and the former were

either on horseback, or with elegant equipages, of which this city affords a few. Their number appears not to be proportioned to the wealth of the place, for the obvious reason, that from the nature of the country water conveyance, is principally used in travelling. Ladies were present in considerable numbers, and all were intent, while the judges mounted the stage—the horses were led forth, and the riders, in leather breeches, silk party coloured jackets, and jockey caps, mounted, and darted away at the appointed signal.

Three times they coursed around the appointed circle, and twice, at least, must a horse come out ahead of his competitors before the prize is won.

It was, in the present instance, obtained by a horse, famous, it seems, on this ground, for distancing all his compeers. His name is *Democrat*, and thus it has grown into a proverb that *Democrat beats every thing in Canada.*

At Quebec there is also a race course, and races were held the day that we arrived. The course is on the venerable plains of Abraham, where we saw the ground, exhibiting marks of having been recently trod. How different a strife from that between contending armies! Who would not wish to preserve these classical plains from such a degradation!

IMPORTANCE OF MONTREAL.

The point which connects the ocean, and of course Europe, and the rest of the world, with the countries bordering on the vast lakes of this continent, and upon the various rivers which empty into them, cannot be otherwise than important. This is precisely the situation of Montreal and its location certainly evinces great good judgment on the part of Jaques Cartier, who in 1635 or 36, first sailed thus far upon the St. Lawrence, and fixed upon this place as the scite for a town. It was then occupied by an Indian village. The city was begun in 1640, by a few houses, compactly built, and was originally called Ville Marie. There seems, however, to have been *one* error in locating the future city. It was meant to be at the head of navigation; it is literally so; and ships* can go up to the very city, although it is not usual to do it with vessels of more than an hundred and fifty tons. Vessels drawing fifteen feet of water, can lie at Market gate, high up in the city; the general depth of water in the harbour is from three to four and a half fathoms. Unfortunately, however, the rapid of St. Mary, at the extreme end of the town, or rather, near one of its suburbs, is so powerful an obstacle, that nothing but a very strong wind will force a vessel through, when not impelled by any other power.

* It is said even of six hundred tons.

Ships are sometimes detained here for weeks, only two miles below where they are to deliver their freight; a canal is contemplated, to enable river craft to convey freight around the rapid.

This is the rapid where the steam boats are obliged to anchor and procure the aid of oxen. It would appear that the town should have been built at this place, or a little below, and then the inconvenience would have been avoided. But as the buildings do now, *in fact*, extend to this place, it would be easy to establish a port here, and it will doubtless be done in time; it would, however, greatly forward the object, if a few spirited individuals would begin, by erecting stores and wharves, and it would be easy to have the steam boats stop there; easy I mean, as to every thing but the rival local interests which are usually in such cases arrayed against projected improvements. There are few cities in the world, especially of the magnitude and importance of Montreal, which, situated more than five hundred and eighty miles from the ocean, can still enjoy the benefit of a direct ship communication with it.

Montreal is evidently one of the three great channels by which the trade of North America will be principally carried on. It is obvious that New-York and New-Orleans, are the other two places, and it is of little consequence that other cities may engross a considerable share of trade, or

that by canals and other internal improvements, smaller rills of commerce may be made to flow towards one city or another. The great natural basins, and water courses and mountain ranges of this continent, will still control the course of trade, and direct its most gigantic currents, towards these three towns, one of which is already a great and noble city, and the two others are advancing with great rapidity. The sickly climate of New-Orleans, will somewhat retard its growth, but will not prevent it; Montreal enjoys a climate extremely favourable to health, but it is locked up by ice four or five months in the year. The carriole however triumphs over the ice, and the Canadian, when he can no longer push or paddle his canoe, on the waters of the St. Lawrence, gaily careers over its frost-bound surface, and well wrapped in woollen and in furs, defies the severity of winter.

In 1815, Colonel Bouchette stated the population of Montreal at fifteen thousand; no one now rates it, including the suburbs, at less than twenty thousand, and one intelligent inhabitant gave it as his opinion, that the population must, at present, equal twenty five thousand; perhaps the middle number is nearest to the truth.

Montreal has many good, respectable institutions, most of which are, however, French establishments, dating their origin under the French dominion, now sixty years extinct in this country. I must refer for an account of them as well as of those at

Quebec to Colonel Bouchette's work which ought to be perused by every person who would obtain a competent knowledge of the Canadas. I shall presently quote from him the dimensions and extent of some of the most important public institutions of Montreal.

The colleges or seminaries of Quebec and of Montreal, are considered as very useful institutions, and the French is the colloquial tongue in both. A gentleman of New-York, who came on with us in the steam boat down Lake Champlain, brought three boys with him—two of them his own children, and placed them at the seminary in Montreal. This institution is said to contain two or three hundred members; both here and at Quebec, they are distinguished by a peculiar costume—a blue surtout, the seams of which are all ornamented with a white cord, and they are confined around the body, both summer and winter, by a large sash or belt, doubled around the bowels, and tied in a knot, it is of woollen and of many colours, and gives them something of a military air. In winter, this appendage must be useful, but in summer, (and the Canadian heat is very intense) it must be oppressive if not injurious. Among the youths whom we saw in the streets, in the academic uniform, were some who were almost men, and others who appeared to have hardly escaped from the nursery. The morals of the boys are said to be very carefully watched, and the expences to be very moderate—two

points in which they are certainly very worthy of imitation.

I did not go into the college buildings, but their exterior, which I saw, is rude, and the building is ancient. They have a fine garden and buildings without the city, besides those that are within.

The nunneries both here and at Quebec, are maintained in all their pristine dignity. We were too much occupied at Quebec, to see the nunneries even in the limited manner in which they are shewn, and at Montreal they are open, in a restricted sense, on Thursday only; this happened, unfortunately, to be the only day in the week which we did not spend there. I went, however, into the Court yard of one of the principal nunneries, and saw one of the aged sisters with her veil lifted up; she was busily occupied in feeding chickens.

In the institutions called Hotel Dieu, both at Quebec and at Montreal, and in other hospitals, the nuns attend on sick and distressed persons, without regard to any distinctions, whether of religion or otherwise; and their humanity, disinterestedness, and skilful kindness are spoken of in the highest terms of approbation. An opulent and highly respectable citizen, of Montreal, formerly from Massachusetts, said to us, "I shall always think highly of the nuns, and feel very grateful to them; for when I first came to Montreal, poor and friendless, and became sick, I committed myself to the care of the nuns in one of the hospitals, and there I received, for months,

all the kindness of mothers and of sisters, till I was restored to health."

Perhaps we ought not to censure with too much severity, the establishment of, here and there, an institution, where the unhappy, the bereaved and even the deserted and betrayed, especially when they are persons distinguished by meritorious peculiarities of character or situation, may find at least a temporary shelter from the gaze of an unfeeling world; but it certainly is wrong, to make the desertion of the most interesting and important social relations a religious duty. It is however, a pleasing alleviation to find that any such persons make some amends to society for their dereliction of its common duties and interests, by the gratuitous performance of difficult and painful offices of humanity.

Montreal has a number of good public buildings. Besides the large Catholic and English Cathedrals, and other churches, there are, the Court House, which is one hundred and forty four feet long, the Jail and the Banks, and various other public buildings which do honour to the town. The Court House, Jail and English Cathedral particularly are modern, and very large and handsome buildings, constructed of the grey limestone, hewn and laid up with neatness and skill.

The monument to Lord Nelson, in the principal market place, would grace any of the squares of London. A figure of his lordship, crowns a high

column* of the grey limestone, which is sustained by a large pedestal on the sides of which are exhibited in alto relievo, the principal achievements of his lordship's life and an appropriate inscription, containing his last and very memorable public orders to the squadron before the battle of Trafalgar, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS ON MONTREAL.

This city is in latitude 45° 31′ north, and in longitude 73° 35′ west from Greenwich. It covers one thousand and twenty acres—what was within the old fortifications was only one hundred acres. Its climate is very considerably milder than that of Quebec, and most persons would probably consider it as a more desirable residence. In regard to accommodations, it is so to a stranger, who will look in vain, in Quebec, for an establishment equal to the Mansion House. He will find indeed in Quebec a good table, but there are deficiencies on other topics, to which an American, from the United States, and still more perhaps an Englishman will not easily be reconciled.

The following facts† as to the extent of some of the public establishments of Montreal, may be of

*I have not heard its height mentioned, but should imagine it may be forty feet.

† Bouchette.

some use, towards a correct estimation of the public spirit of the country, especially of that which prevailed under the French dominion.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1644, is three hundred and twenty-four feet in front, by four hundred and sixty-eight deep; it is attended by thirty-six nuns, who administer to the sick and diseased of both sexes.

The Convent of La Congregation de Notre Dame, forms a range of buildings, two hundred and thirty-four feet in front, by four hundred and thirty-three; the object of this institution is female instruction.

The general hospital or convent of the grey sisters, was founded in 1750: it occupies a space along the little river, St. Pierre, of six hundred and seventy-eight feet, and is a refuge for the infirm poor and invalids.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, is one hundred and forty-four feet by ninety-four; this church we thought, in some respects, more splendid in the interior, but less grand, than that at Quebec. It contains, among other things, a gigantic wooden image of the Saviour on the cross. The Cathedral stands completely in the street of Notre Dame, across the place d'armes, and entirely obstructs the view up and down the street. This church is on the outside rude and unsightly.

The English Cathedral is the finest building in Montreal—its tower, which is unfinished, is still in progress; this church is very large, but I did not

learn its dimensions. Those whom we saw attending worship in it, were persons of very genteel appearance, including many military men, but the church would have held ten times as many as were present.

The seminary of St. Sulpice, occupies three sides of a square and is one hundred and thirty-two feet by ninety, with spacious gardens. It was founded about 1657.

The new College or Petit Seminaire, is in the Recollet suburbs; it is two hundred and ten feet by forty-five, with a wing at each end of one hundred and eighty-six feet by forty-five; it is an appendage of the other seminary, and designed to extend its usefulness, by enlarging its accommodations.

There is near the mountain of Montreal, another appendage of the seminary. It appears to be about a mile from the town—it is a considerable stone building surrounded by a massy wall, which encloses extensive gardens, &c. This place was formerly called Clateau des Seigneurs de Montreal, but now it has the appellation of La Maison des Pretres. It is a place of recreation, resorted to, once a week, by both the superiors and pupils of the Seminary.

There is no English College in Canada, but a foundation for one has been laid by a gentleman,* who died in 1814, and bequeathed ten thousand pounds, besides a handsome real estate at the mountain near Montreal, "for the purpose of en-

*Hon. James M'Gill.

dowing an English College; but upon condition that such an institution should be erected within ten years, otherwise the property was to revert to his heirs." I have not heard that the plan has ever been carried into execution.

I know nothing that has excited my surprise more in Canada, than the number, extent and variety of the French institutions, many of them intrinsically of the highest importance, and all of them (according to their views) possessing that character. They are the more extraordinary when we consider that most of them are more than a century old, and that at the time of their foundation the Colony was feeble, and almost constantly engaged in war. It would seem from these facts, as if the French must have contemplated the establishment of a permanent and eventually of a great empire in America, and this is the more probable as most of these institutions were founded during the ambitious, splendid and enterprising reign of Louis XIV.

NORTH WEST COMPANY.

We have heard in the United States, much of the contests of Lord Selkirk,* with the North West Company. Fortunately the Americans of the States are not involved in the quarrel, but it is solely an affair of Briton with Briton.

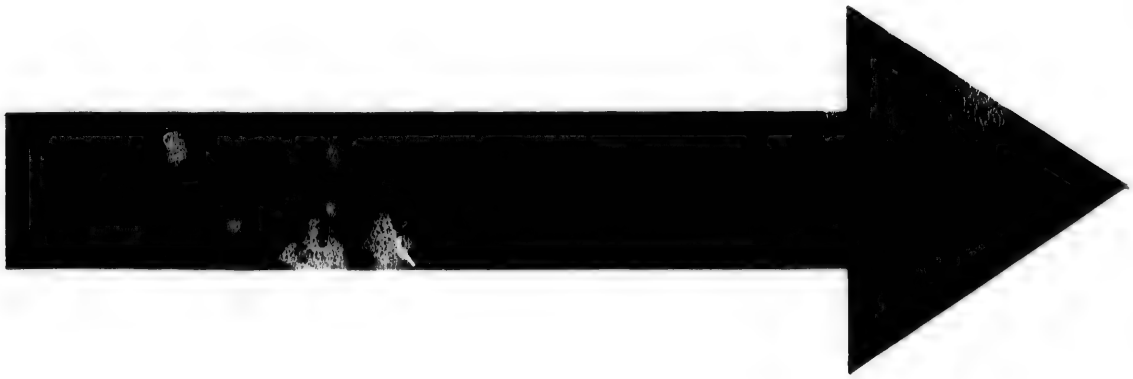
* This nobleman it seems, has now terminated his contests and his mortal career.

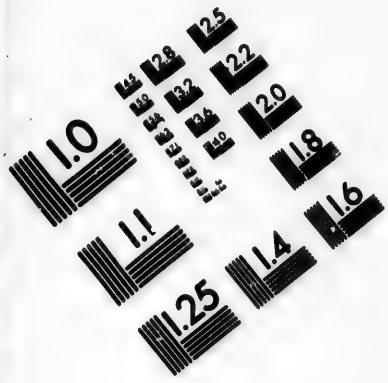
We were honoured with an introduction to Mr. Mc'Gillivray, who since the death of Mr. Mc'Tavish, is the principal member of the North West Company. This gentleman, with plain unassuming but courteous manners, and much good sense and worth, is highly esteemed in Canada.

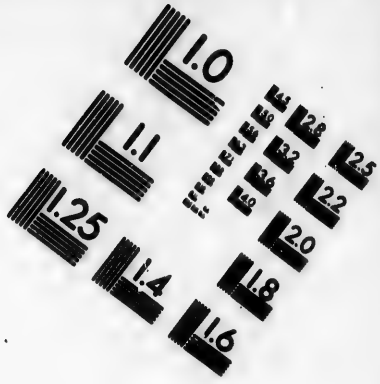
His villa, situated on one of the declivities of the mountain, about one mile and an half from the town —commanding a very rich and extensive prospect, is one of the most desirable residences, that I have ever seen, and appears to possess the charms of a fine English country seat, with a splendor and extent of prospect, of which, (in an equal degree,) England can rarely boast.

Lord Selkirk, it appears, claims, under the old Hudson's Bay Company, a territorial right and jurisdiction, over from one million to one million five hundred thousand acres of country, including the most important posts of the North West Company.

This company, it seems, claims no territorial rights, except so far as to establish posts and depots, necessary to the carrying on of the trade in furs, which are their great object, and they entirely deny the right of Lord Selkirk, to assume, or of the Hudson's Bay Company, to grant a territorial jurisdiction. The interfering views and arrangements of the two parties, it is well known, have already produced several severe conflicts, in which a good many lives have been lost. Mr. Mc'Gillivray informed us, that the thing, much to his satisfaction,







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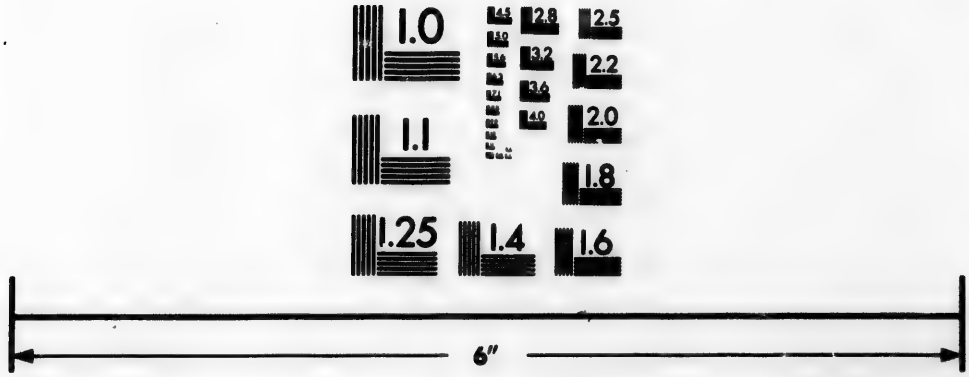

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had at last got before parliament, and he hoped would now be arranged as it ought to be.

We were informed that the quantity of furs furnished by the Indians, to the North West Company, is diminished one half, but Mr. Mc'Gillivray thought this rather fortunate than otherwise, because the impoverishment of Europe, by the long continued course of wars, had so diminished the demand, that even now, it was fully supplied, and the only effect of throwing more furs into the market, would be to diminish the demand, and of course the price.

ABORIGINES.

The native nations of this continent, it is true, were ferocious and cruel, and in this character, I have more than once, in the progress of these remarks, had occasion to stigmatize them. Yet it is an interesting, and at the same time a melancholy occupation, to remember, that scarcely two centuries have elapsed, since this continent was occupied by its aboriginal inhabitants; heroic, lofty, free as the winds, and ignorant of any foreign masters. Now, the sword, and that still greater destroyer, which all their courage cannot resist, have almost exterminated these once powerful tribes. Their lands, it is true, have been in many instances *sold*, to the whites; sold! for what consideration!—acres for beads and penknives—provinces for blankets, and empires for powder, ball and rum. Have they retired before

the wave of European population, and do they now exist in remoter and more happy regions, where trader never came, nor white man trod? No! those who once occupied the countries which the whites now inhabit, are annihilated; the blast of death has withered their heroic thousands; as nations they have sunk forever into the grave, and their dust is mingled with the fields which we cultivate.

In our older settlements, especially in the Atlantic cities, they are now almost as rarely seen, as a white man in Tombuctoo, and the few who remain, are miserable, blighted remnants of their ancestors, paralysed and consumed by strong drink, squalid in poverty and filth, and sunk by oppression and contempt.

Are there any tribes that retain their former elevation? A few of them remain in the forests of the west and of the north, and some of them find their way to the cities of Canada. In the streets of Montreal, we saw numbers of these people who had come down from the north west, and their appearance (although even *they* cannot refrain from intoxication) is such, that one who had never seen any but the miserable beings who stagger about our Atlantic towns, would hardly conceive that they belonged to the same race. Most of them, (females as well as males,) are dressed in blue cloth pantaloons, with a blue robe or blanket, thrown gracefully over the shoulders, and belted with a scarlet or party coloured girdle, around the waist. They wear hats with lace and feathers, and have a supe-

rior port, as if still conscious of some elevation of character. But these ill-fated nations will become extinct, notwithstanding the efforts of benevolent individuals, especially as manifested by the establishments formed in the south-western parts of the United States, to christianize and civilize them; and a heavy reckoning rests on the heads of the civilized communities in America, for their cruel treatment of the American Aborigines, and of the not less injured Africans.

PLOUGHING MATCH.

Within a few years, serious efforts have been made in Canada, to encourage its agriculture.—Colonel Ogilvy, one of the British Commissioners, respecting the boundaries,* was among the first to encourage agriculture. The late Governors Sherbrook and Richmond, are also mentioned with great respect, as distinguished patrons of the same important interests.

A society is now organised in Montreal, for the same purpose, and at their instance, a ploughing match was set on foot; it occurred the day after our return from Quebec, and I rode out to see it.

Twelve pairs of horses, geared after the English manner, dragged as many ploughs, each moving in its appointed portion of a large smooth meadow.

* The news of whose unfortunate death, while engaged in the discharge of the duties of that trust, reached Montreal while we were there, and created a strong sensation of grief.

Some of the ploughs were made entirely of iron, and had a very light and neat appearance. The ploughing was very well performed—the furrows were almost mathematically strait, and the turf was handsomely laid over. I was informed that there were three premiums, the highest forty dollars, and that they were granted both to excellence and speed combined.

AGRICULTURAL DINNER.

A great dinner was provided at the Mansion House where we lodged, and the friends of agriculture assembled, to partake of its fruits. *Dining in support of ones country*, and of its important interests, is a method of evincing patriotism, so generally approved, that it rarely wants adherents. Nearly forty gentlemen were assembled on the present occasion, and among them were some of the principal people for wealth and influence.

The dinner hour in Quebec and Montreal is five o'clock, but as it is always five till it is six, the time of sitting down is usually delayed to near the latter hour, and dinner is actually served, for the most part, between six and seven o'clock. By invitation, we attended, and in the present instance, sat down at seven o'clock; the dinner, however, with all its appendages, was not over *till the next day*; viz. till between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. I need scarcely say, that *we* did not *sit it out*; we

stayed however long enough, to see the peculiarities of a great dinner, in Montreal.

The tables were laid in a room of fifty feet in length, and we marched into it, to the music of a considerable band—piping and drumming, the favourite air, "*speed the plough.*"

A large transparency, occupying the space from the ceiling of a lofty room, nearly to the floor, exhibited, behind the chair of the President, a view of Montreal and of its beautiful mountain.

The table was spread and decorated in a very handsome manner, and all the meats, poultry, wild fowl, and vegetables, which are in season in the United States, at this time, were laid before us, in the greatest perfection, both in the articles themselves and in the cookery. The desert was equally handsome, and of the same kind as is usual in the United States. Who, however, that is unacquainted with Canada, would expect to see the finest cantelopes, and the most delicious grapes, the produce of the country, and that in the middle of October? The grapes are raised in the open air, but in winter the vines are not only covered with straw, as with us, but with clay more than a foot thick, and, in the summer, a great proportion of the leaves, except near the cluster, is taken off, and the vines are prevented from running, by twisting them. Peaches from the Genesee country, were on the table, but they were not particularly [illegible] apples, however, cantelopes, *and grapes* [illegible]

kind, and in the greatest profusion, have been constantly before us in Canada, and have formed a part of almost every desert, even in the public houses and in the steam boats. "All the usual garden fruits, as gooseberries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apricots and plums, are produced in plenty, and it may be asserted truly in as much perfection as in many southern climates, or even in greater." It is said that the orchards produce apples not surpassed in any country.

The agricultural productions of the country are very fine; in no respect inferior to those of the United States, and they are evidently raised, in Lower Canada, in greater profusion, and with greater ease, than with us. The market in Montreal, is excellent—it contains, according to the season, all kinds of meats, with abundance of fowl, game, fish, and vegetables, in fine order.

The fine champaign country, which occupies so large a part of Lower Canada, is exceedingly fertile, and, although we are accustomed to consider the climate as very severe, it is evidently very healthy; with the contrivances which exist here, for producing and preserving heat, and for excluding cold, the climate is, by all accounts, very comfortable; and it does not appear, that it prevents the inhabitants from enjoying nearly every production of the earth which is known in the States bordering on Canada. Their potatoes and cauliflowers, are particularly good, and are raised with great ease.

The only article which we have found generally bad, in this country, has been bread. The best which we have seen, has been only tolerable, and most of it has been so sour, dark coloured, and bitter, that it took some time to reconcile us to it in any degree. We were, beyond measure, astonished at the badness of this article, especially as it is so good in England, and in the cities of the United States, and as so many of the Canadians are perfectly acquainted with both countries.

This public dinner was conducted with great decorum and civility.

After dinner, toasts were drunk, with music; the great personages of the empire, and of the North-American colonies, were, of course, toasted, and various sentiments were given in honour of agriculture. Most of them were drunk* standing, and with cheers, three, six or nine, according to the intensity of feeling, or the dignity of the personages, or popularity of the sentiment.

*There was one circumstance in this dinner, which I have not elsewhere noticed. When the toasts were to be cheered, the Vice-President, after rising, (and the company with him,) cried out, very loud, and with very distinct articulation, and strong emphasis, and a pause between the words—hip! hip! hip!——hurra! hurra!——now! now! now!——hurra!——again! again! again!——hurra!——hip! hip!——hurra! hurra! hurra! &c.—the company repeating only the hurra, to which the other words appeared to be only a watch word, that all might join in the hurra at once. Since this dinner, I am told by an Englishman that this ceremonial is not uncommon at set formal parties in England, but I never heard of it while there.

* * * * * * *

The Canadians appear very loyal, and we cannot be a day in their country, without perceiving in the language and manners of the people, that we are under a royal government.

The mansion house, (originally built by Sir John Johnson,* son of Sir William Johnson, whose name was so famous in the colonies, during the French wars,) is the finest establishment of the kind in Canada, and would be considered as a fine one in England. The house, (as I remarked when here before,) is very large, with two wings, lately added, almost as extensive as the house itself, and contains ample accommodations for public or private parties, for balls and assemblies, for individuals or families, and is delightfully situated, with its front upon the immediate bank of the St. Lawrence, where the river, and every thing upon it, and much of the surrounding country, is in full view.

HISTORY, &c.

After the fall of Quebec, in September, 1759, Montreal became the rendezvous of the remaining forces of the French, and the Marquis Vaudreuille Governor-General of Canada, during the ensuing summer of 1760, made every effort possible, to save

* He is still living in Montreal, although now an old man.

the country. But, it was all in vain. The force which General Amherst commanded, was totally superior to all that the French General could muster. It was not, however, till September, that the conquest of Canada was fully accomplished. On the sixth of that month, General Amherst, with an army of more than ten thousand men, landed at La Chine, on the island of Montreal, having prosecuted his enterprise, under very great hardships and difficulties, through the wilderness, from Schenectady to Oswego, and down Lake Ontario, and the rapids of the St. Lawrence; on the same day, General Murray arrived with his army, from Quebec, and the day after, General Haviland, with another army from Lake Champlain, appeared at Longueil. Thus, by a singular concurrence, (devoutly regarded at the time, by the good people of the English colonies, as peculiarly the result of the favouring providence of God,) three powerful armies, amounting to more than twenty thousand men, arrived, almost at the same hour, from regions widely remote, and after encountering peculiar, and great difficulties.

Nothing remained for the Marquis de Vaudreuille, surrounded, as he was, by an overwhelming force, but to capitulate. Accordingly, on the eighth, he surrendered his army prisoners of war, and with them, the whole of Canada and its dependencies. The most honourable terms were granted to him, in consequence of the signal gallantry, talent, perse-

verance, and patriotism, which he had displayed. "Thus, in little more than a century and an half from its first settlement, in the sixth year of the war, after six* general battles, this vast country was completely conquered by the conjoined armies of Great-Britain and her colonies."†

Montreal was taken by General Montgomery, on the thirteenth of November, 1775, but without opposition, except that a little before, Governor Carleton had been defeated at Longueil, by Colonel Warner, an event, which prepared the way for the downfall of St. Johns, and of Montreal itself.

This city has been, more or less, concerned in all the wars of this country, since its foundation; but, I am not informed that any *very memorable* battle has been fought in its vicinity. It was never very strongly fortified, and, at present, there is not even the appearance of fortifications; the old walls and forts having been levelled, and even the Citadel-Hill, an artificial mound, of commanding elevation, which, with vast labour, the French had erected in the midst of the city, they are now in the act of removing, to make room for a reservoir of water. As at Quebec, I observed great piles of heavy cannon, but, probably they have reference principally to naval preparations.

* Those of Lake George, Ticonderoga, Niagara, Montmorenci, Quebec, and Sillery.

† Trumbull's History of Connecticut.

There is a small body of troops here at present, and I had an opportunity of seeing some of them parade in the beautiful ground, called the Champs de Mars. There are extensive stone barracks on the St. Lawrence, at the lower end of the city; they are occupied by the British troops, but, I presume, were erected by the French, as they are in their style of architecture.

CAUTION TO STRANGERS IN CANADA.

Soon after arriving on the St. Lawrence, almost every stranger finds his stomach and bowels deranged, and a diarrhœa, more or less severe, succeeds. The fact is admitted on all hands; and sometimes the complaint becomes very serious, and is said, in a few cases, (very peculiar ones, I presume) to have become dangerous, and even fatal. It is imputed to the lime, supposed to be dissolved by the St. Lawrence, whose waters are generally used for culinary purposes. I have never heard that any chemical examination of the waters has been performed, but it is evident that it contains something foreign, because it curdles soap. It is said that boiling makes it harmless. The same thing is asserted of the waters of Holland, which produce similar effects upon strangers. I have experienced it both in Holland, and in Canada; and Mr. W——— was, in the latter country, more severely affected than myself.

Strangers from the United States, coming here should be very cautious of their diet, especially as the hours are so different from those that prevail in most of the states, and as they are even much later than those of our cities. The late dinners, and the conviviality of Canada, subject a stranger, (especially from the eastern States,) to be eating meats, and drinking wine, when he usually drinks tea, and his stomach has been, perhaps, before enfeebled by fasting, and is then enfeebled again by repletion. The sour bread also appears to have its share in producing a derangement of the stomach.

PECULIAR MODE OF EXTRACTING TEETH.

Severe suffering from my teeth, while in Montreal, obliged me to resort to the usual painful remedy. It was rendered, however, in the present instance, much less distressing than common, by a mode of extraction, which I have never seen practised elsewhere.

A pair of strong hawk's-bill forceps, bent at the mouth, gently downward, and then inward, and terminating in delicate teeth, is applied to the tooth to be drawn; no cutting of the gum is practised, nor any preparation, except simply to place a small piece of wood, (pine is commonly used,) between the forceps and the jaw, and close to the tooth; this stick is the prop—the tooth is the weight to be lifted, and the hand applies the power just

at the end of the lever, that is, at the other end of the forceps. The pressure is applied downward, if it be the lower jaw, upward, if it be the upper jaw, and the tooth (without any thing of that horrible crash which attends the usual mode of extraction, without prying against the jaw, and thus creating danger of breaking it, besides producing much pain by the pressure on the sides of the socket,) is lifted perpendicularly from its bed; there is no other violence, than to break the periosteum, and the connecting vessels and nerves, and the thing is effected with comparatively little pain. When it is desired simply to cut a tooth off, in order to plug it, it is necessary only to compress the instrument, without prying.

It may be supposed that the pressure against the jaw, by the prop, must be painful; on the contrary, it is not felt, because the action, and re-action are exactly equal, between the pressure on the jaw and the resistance of the tooth. Dr. Fay, from Vermont, is the person who operates in this ingenious manner.*

CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

This worship is fully maintained in Canada. It is said that the Catholics of this country even lay claim to a greater degree of purity and strictness, than those of old France. In other Catholic countries, they go from the church to the

* I am aware, that this thing has been attempted in other modes, but I believe in none so simple and effectual.

theatre, but it was stated to us in Montreal, that the Catholic priests do not permit their people to attend the theatres, and that it is very rare that a Catholic is seen in them in Canada.

We visited numbers of their houses of worship, and even in their villages, these houses are decorated with pictures, and considerably ornamented in their finishing. We never entered one of them, without finding people at their devotions. They cross themselves with holy water, and then, with much apparent seriousness, repeat their prayers silently, moving their lips only. As in other Catholic countries, the people here are said to be very ignorant of the scriptures, but, of this I can say nothing from personal knowledge.

The Catholic cathedrals at Montreal and Quebec, are splendidly ornamented with a profusion of pictures, images, and gilding, and the dresses worn by the Ecclesiastics and attendants in the cathedral in Montreal, are very showy and costly, being composed of silk, curiously embroidered, and flowered with many colours, and with gold. There was worship at this cathedral, before the hour of the Protestant service, and we were present a part of the time. The building is very large, but it was crowded to overflowing; every alley and nook was filled, and the utmost attention and seriousness appeared in the congregation. The preacher pronounced a discourse* in French, in a very animated

* His object was to recommend the example of Christ, to the imitation of his audience.

and impressive manner, and it was considered as an eloquent performance, and in very good classical French. His private character also was said to be excellent.

Nine tenths of all the population here are Catholics, and, in every village, the *cross* is seen displayed in some conspicuous place; it is commonly made of wood, and is frequently surmounted by a crown of thorns. The Catholic clergy of Canada, are highly spoken of by the Protestants, and, although there may be exceptions, they are said generally to exert a salutary influence over the common people. Articles of property which have been stolen, are frequently returned, unsolicited, to the proper owners, and that through the intervention of the priests.

The Catholic Church in Canada is opulent. Its principal source of revenue is from the *lodes et ventes*, or fines of alienation, which is a certain per centage on the sale of real estate. It was stated to us as being in Montreal eight per cent. on the sales of all real estate in the seigniory; that is, in the whole island, which is thirty miles long by ten and a half wide. The Catholic Church* is the seignieur to this seigniory. The per centage is paid by the purchaser, and is repeated every time the estate is sold. This enormous charge is not, however, fully enforced; the clergy are glad to compound for five

* Bouchette states, that this property belongs to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, but this is, I suppose, only another name for its belonging to the clergy, who are the fathers and directors of the institution.

per cent. and it is even, in some instances, evaded or refused altogether, and I believe it is rarely enforced by law, although it is understood that the right is complete. Perhaps the clergy may feel a delicacy in prosecuting an unpopular claim, under a government, which, although it protects them fully in their rights, and exercises towards them a perfect toleration, is of a different religious order. It is a strange fact, not only that the Catholics of Britain and Ireland, but even other sectaries from the established church, do not experience, at home, any thing like the toleration which is enjoyed by the Catholics in Canada; rather, it would almost *seem* as if the latter were, in Canada, the established church still, and that the Protestant Episcopal, and other denominations, were the tolerated sects. The present Speaker of the House of Commons in Lower Canada, is a Catholic.

I have already remarked that we attended worship in a very large Episcopal Church recently erected, and although the building does honour to Montreal, it was by no means so well filled as the Catholic Cathedral.

Indeed, it is wonderful that sixty years of subjection to a foreign power have not done more to weaken the French establishments and institutions in Canada. They not only *remain* for the most part, but seem, in many instances, to have gained vigor, and every thing still bears a thousand times more the appearance of a French than of an Eng-

lish country. This is not more apparent in any thing, than in the general prevalence of

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

This is altogether the prevailing tongue of the towns, and the invariable language of the villages. In the streets, both in town and country; in the steam boats; in the markets; and, in short, every where, you hardly ever hear any thing but French. All people of business, of education, of fashion and influence, speak both languages; and we were informed, that the proceedings of all courts, and all pleadings and arguments in them, are carried on in both. The common people in the towns generally speak both; many of those who come to market also; but in the villages we more generally found that they spoke French only.

It is conceded, I believe, that the French gentry in Canada speak and write the language with purity. We heard an eminent French gentleman, at the agricultural dinner, sing 'God save the King' in French; but it is often said, that the common French Canadians speak only a spurious and corrupted French, having only a remote resemblance to that of France. But there seems reason to doubt the correctness of this opinion. Mr. W——, who, in youth, learned to speak the French language in *France*, not only found no difficulty in conversing with the common people—(and we had considera-

ble intercourse with them)—but he gives it as his opinion, that the French spoken by them is, if any thing, more pure than that used by the country people of France, and that it is as good as the English spoken by the common classes of society in the United States. In many instances, the phraseology of the country people was considered as remarkably apposite, and even, occasionally, elegant. I have already quoted the opinion of Charlevoix on this point; and there seems to have been, in this respect, very little change, since his time.

FRENCH POPULATION—THEIR MANNERS, COSTUME, VILLAGES, POLITICAL SITUATION, &c.

Colonel Bouchette states the population of Lower Canada at three hundred and thirty-five thousand; and of this number, two hundred and seventy-five thousand are French.* It is, therefore, still a French country, and it is surprising, that in more than half a century so little impression has been made on their peculiar characteristics.

In the lower province, where they are almost exclusively found, the soil is generally luxuriant; they inhabit, for the most part, the rich alluvial soil by which the St. Lawrence, the Sorel, and other principal waters, are so extensively bordered. Their subsistence is easily obtained—there are scarcely

* In 1663, it contained 7000 souls; in 1714, 20,000; in 1759, 70,000; in 1775, 90,000, including Upper Canada.—*Bouchette.*

any marks of extreme poverty among them, and a mendicant we never saw while in the country.—They are, however, generally without enterprize, and are satisfied to go on without change, from generation to generation. There is much reason to believe, that they give a very just exhibition of the French people in the provinces from which they emigrated, as they were two hundred years ago. I speak of the common people. They are more like an European peasantry, than any thing in this conutry; I mean in North America. They are truly a peasantry, except that they are vastly superior to European peasantry in comforts and in privileges.

It is questionable, whether any conquered country was ever better treated by its conquerors. They were left in complete possession of their religion, and of the revenues to support it; of their property, laws, customs, and manners; and even the very governing and defending of the country is almost without expense to them. They are said to pay no taxes to government, and none of any description, except a trifling sum of a few shillings a year to their seigneurs, as an acknowledgment for the tenure of their lands, and a twenty-sixth part of their grain to the clergy, with certain liabilities to contribute to the repair of churches, and various other public objects.

With the affairs of government they give themselves little concern; and it is a curious fact, if correctly stated to us by various intelligent men in

Canada, that this country, so far from being a source of revenue, is an actual charge upon the treasury of the Empire.

It would seem as if the trouble and expense of government were taken off their hands, and as if they were left to enjoy their own domestic comforts, without a drawback. Such is certainly the appearance of the population, and it is doubtful whether even our own favoured communities are *politically* more happy. It is evident that the Canadians are abundantly more so, than the mass of the English population at home. They are not exposed, in a similar manner, to poverty and the danger of starvation, which so often invade the English manufacturing districts, and which formidable evils, aided by their demagogues, goad them on to every thing but open rebellion.

Such is the richness of the soil in Lower Canada, that the farmers are said even to be afraid of raising too much produce, lest the price should fall. They have so little occasion to manure their grounds, that stable manure, as we were assured, is, in the winter—even now, and it was much more the fact formerly—carried on to the river, and left in heaps on the ice, that they may get rid of it as a nuisance; and, in general, it cannot be given away—people will not remove it without being paid for their labour. Such negligence and bad farming are much to be regretted; for even the Island of Montreal, beautiful as it is, would certainly be the

better for the manure which is annually thrown away, and I trust their new agricultural society will soon teach the people a better lesson on this subject, and prevent their wasting so rich a treasure.

In the costume of the French gentry in Canada, there is nothing peculiar. The peasantry frequently wear a blue or red woollen cap, falling back in a pendant cone, and many of them wear a red or party-coloured woollen sash around their waists. They are very fond of tobacco, and are frequently observed smoking with a short pipe while they are walking or driving their carts. We were sufficiently amused, at seeing a common Frenchman driving a cart of dry straw in the streets of Montreal, while he was sitting immediately before it, smoking his pipe quite unconcerned, although a strong wind was blowing the sparks directly towards the straw. A day or two after we met another, also smoking, and with the utmost *sang froid*, sitting *in the midst* of his load of straw.

We visited a number of villages, and went into several houses of the peasantry, besides looking into many others particularly around Quebec, the delightful weather causing them to throw their windows wide open. Most of the cottages are constructed of logs, nicely squared, and laid up, the angles are framed or halved together, the seams are made tight by plaister, good windows and doors are fitted in, the roofs are generally of shingles, the whole is tight against the weather, and neatly white-

washed, roof and all; at least, this is commonly the fact on the St. Lawrence. I have already mentioned that the better sort of cottages are built of stone, sometimes covered with cement and sometimes not. Inside, the houses appear very comfortable; they are plaistered or wainscoated, and each mansion is furnished with an ample stove, usually standing in the middle of a large room, or in the partition of two, or in the common angle of several. There are large out houses, barns, &c. built in much the same manner as the houses.

We had occasion several times to call at the houses of the peasantry for milk, or something else that we wanted. The milk was very rich, and for a trifle, was bountifully furnished. The manners of the French in Canada, are extremely courteous and kind; those of the gentry are of course polished, but the common people, also, have a winning gentleness and suavity, and a zealous forwardness to serve you, which, particularly in the villages, delighted us very much. Even the common "*oui Monsieur*," is uttered in a manner so different from the blunt coldness of our common people, who frequently also forget the Monsieur, that we were much struck with the difference.*

The women, of course, excel the men, in all that is bland in manner and obliging in conduct; there is also a lady-like self-possession about them; they

* We were treated with much kindness, by *all* classes of people in Canada.

do not appear at all embarrassed, by the questions of a stranger, but answer them with the ease and politeness of higher life, without relinquishing the simplicity of manners appropriate to their own condition. It would seem from the citations which I have made from Charlevoix, that there have been, in these respects, no serious changes in a century. After our visit to the Chaudiere, being late and in haste, we asked for some milk at a peasant's door, without meaning to go in; the milk was instantly produced, but, we must not drink it at the door; "entrez Monsieur," "entrez Monsieur," was kindly repeated by the woman of the house, and we went in; she seated us around a table and furnished us with a bowl of fine milk and with tumblers to drink it out of.

Mr. W—— was much gratified to find that the manners of the peasantry of Canada, remained precisely like those of France. Like the people of the parent country, they continue very fond of music; we frequently heard the violin in the streets of the towns and villages. At Beauport, we saw them dancing merrily at a wedding, which had just been celebrated at noon day, and the bride and bridegroom were walking home, neatly dressed, hand in hand, and with a cheerful air.

There are May poles in most of their villages; some of them are very high and splendidly painted; they voluntarily erect them as a mark of respect before the door of the man in the village, whom they

wish to honour as their best citizen, and gaily dance around them on the first of May. They are very fond of dogs—in the towns, they are, from their numbers, a perfect nuisance, and lately at Quebec, a verdict of fifty pounds, was given by a jury, for the shooting of a dog by a gentleman at whom he flew. The death of the Duke of Richmond, seems not to have excited any particular dread of dogs.

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Lower Canada is a fine country, and will hereafter become populous and powerful, especially as the British and Anglo-American population shall flow in more extensively, and impart more vigour and activity to the community.

The climate, notwithstanding its severity, is a good one and very healthy, and favourable to the freshness and beauty of the human complexion. All the most important comforts of life are easily and abundantly obtained, although the expenses of living are high, considering the fertility of the country.

A more correct knowledge of Canada, is now fast diffusing itself through the American States, since the intercourse is become so easy, and I believe few Americans from the States, now visit this country, without returning more favourably impressed, respecting it than they expected to be. It will be happy if friendly sentiments and the interchange

of mutual courtesies shall do away the unfounded impressions and prejudices of both communities. Commercial intercourse between the two countries, is also important, and I presume, mutually advantageous, and will probably continue to increase. The commercial men of Canada are principally British and Americans.

DEPARTURE FROM CANADA.

We left Montreal on the morning of the fourteenth, in a thick snow, which however, soon ceased; the crystals of snow were all single prisms, or two prisms, united at an angle, and not the usual star of six rays. The first snow of the season fell the day before, when I was on the mountain of Montreal.

The country and the appearance of the people between Montreal and St. Johns, on the river Sorel, a distance of twenty-seven miles, are so similar to what I have already described, that I find little to add.

From Montreal to Chambly, fifteen miles, is a perfectly flat alluvial country, with a deep rich soil, and appears to have been a mere swamp, till cultivation had redeemed it. The road has been made by ditching and embankment, and considering the nature of the country, the road is not bad.

Chambly is a considerably large town, for Canada; contains a few good, and some handsome houses,

extensive barracks,* both for infantry and cavalry, and a few troops.

There is here an interesting remnant of the old French dominion. It is a square fort of stone; probably forty feet high, and two hundred feet on the ground, on each of its sides. It has square towers, projecting from each of its angles, so that every approach to it could be completely enfiladed by three tiers of cannon. We were permitted to visit the inside, which is a square open to the heavens, although the walls are so thick, as to contain numerous enclosed apartments. The French military works, in this country are highly respectable, considering the immaturity of the country, when they were erected, and the length of time that has elapsed since most of them were constructed. The fort, (or perhaps it might more properly be called the Castle) of Chambly has the date 1711, cut in the stone near the portcullis. This fortress was taken by General Montgomery, in 1775, previous to the surrender of the Fort at St. Johns.

At Chambly, the river Sorel, which, both above and below, is sluggish, (at least it is so, near its mouth and at St. John's) becomes very lively, roaring over a rocky bottom and forming a pretty, although not an impetuous rapid. In the only place upon its banks, where I had an opportunity to see any of the rocks, they were flat secondary limestone, covered by slate.

* Erected, principally, during the late war, when it was a great military station.

From Chambly to St. Johns, twelve miles, there is a beautiful country, along the bank of the river; the population is a numerous one, and in summer, this must be one of the finest rides that a flat country can present.

Near Chambly, but on the other side of the river, there is a large and handsome house, belonging to General Christie Burton, who has there an establishment of mills.

We arrived in the town of St. John's in the afternoon. We were very comfortably accommodated at Cameron's Inn; but St. John's is a place in which a stranger will not wish to remain long. Although the country is fertile about it, its appearance is mean, dirty, and disagreeable. A few troops are stationed here, but the ancient fort, which was very extensive, and still looks very venerable, with its high earthen walls and falling barracks, is an interesting ruin. It was captured in 1775 by General Montgomery, after a gallant defence and a considerably protracted seige.

This place was an important post during the French wars, and even during the revolutionary war: the same was true of Chambly, and both have been taken and retaken, although I do not remember any very memorable event, that has signalized their transfer from one power to another.

In wandering about the ruins of the fort, I observed the cemetery of the garrison: their monuments are boards painted black, and the inscription is in white painted letters.

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October 15th.—At 8 o'clock in the morning, we left St. John's in the steam boat Congress, and although encountering both an opposing wind and current, we swept along with great rapidity, in one of the swiftest and best boats that I have ever seen. She is not large, but is fitted up with great neatness, and every thing about her is in fine order.

We soon passed the Isle aux Noix, which, as observed in the passage down, has also been celebrated in the military history of these countries, and is now fortified and occupied by a considerable force. Troops appeared to be engaged in throwing up additional works. There are large barracks on this island, and numbers of officers reside here, on this low spot of only eighty-five acres, in what appears to be a gloomy exile. This island is particularly important to the naval command of Lake Champlain, and here the unfortunate Captain Downie's squadron was fitted out.

In passing into Canada, I remarked that the country on both sides of the river, quite to the lake, is a dismal low swamp, with only inconsiderable clearings and settlements. It is said, however, to be healthy.

At Rouse's Point, at the confluence of the river Sorel with Lake Champlain, we again passed the strong stone work recently erected by the United

States to command the river, and now about to fall to the British government.

Once more we were in our own waters, and in a short time passed around Cumberland Head, which is composed of flat strata of secondary limestone.

PLATTSBURGH BAY.

The fine capacious Bay of Plattsburgh was now before us, and the pretty town of the same name. The important military events which have occurred here, are too recent and familiar to make any very particular notice of them necessary. This is still a military station, and when one sees the position occupied by the British army before it in 1814, and contemplates their numbers, compared with the feeble force which so gallantly opposed them, he is astonished that they did not at once storm and carry the forts, and annihilate all opposition. Every one here says that they might, with the greatest ease, have done it.* We were on shore and visited some of the works.

We learned the exact position of Commodore Macdonough's fleet, and passed over this portion of the bay. We conversed with numbers of persons who were witnesses of the action, and some of whom were on board immediately after it was terminated.

* It doubtless would have been attempted, had the fleet been victorious; but after its destruction, the acquisition of the forts would perhaps have been of little use.

We passed close to the small island, called Crab-Island, to which the dead and wounded of both fleets were carried, and which was the common grave of hundreds of friends and foes. The particular details of the scenes of horror which attended and succeeded the battle—of the shocking mutilations of the human form, in every imaginable mode and degree, and of the appalling display on the beach, of so many bodies, dead and wounded, preparatory to their conveyance either to the hospital or to the grave, I shall, for very obvious reasons, omit. Even now, their bones, slightly buried on a rocky island, are partly exposed to view, or being occasionally turned up by the roots of the trees, blown down by the wind, shock the beholder; and their buttons, and other parts of their clothes, (for the military dresses in which they were slain, were also their winding sheets,) are often seen above ground. Long may it be, e'er the waters of this now peaceful lake are again crimsoned with human blood!

One remarkable fact I shall mention, on the authority of an American surgeon, who attended upon the wounded of both fleets. The Americans recovered much faster than the British, where their injuries were similar; healthy granulations formed, and the parts united and healed more readily. This was imputed to the different state of mind, in the victors and in the vanquished.

ANECDOTES.

A British officer in Canada, of his own accord, spoke to me in the highest terms of the American navy and of its officers. He mentioned Captain Hull particularly, with a frankness of commendation, that was equally honourable to himself, and to the subject of his praise. He said that an officer of the Guerriere, who was on board of that frigate when she was captured by Captain Hull, narrated to him the circumstance, to which I am about to allude.

It will be remembered, that when the two frigates descried each other, Captain Hull was standing *before* the wind, and Captain Dacres *upon* it, under easy sail; the tracks of the ships were in lines converging at a considerable angle, so that they would, of course, cross. When they were within long cannon shot, the Guerriere fired her broadside, but it was not returned by the Constitution. The Guerriere then wore, and gave her antagonist the other broadside; still the fire was not returned; but Captain Hull, with his ship in fighting trim, continued to bear down upon his adversary, who, finding that he was thus pressed, continued, on his part, to wear and to fire, first one broadside and then the other; to all this, however, Captain Hull paid no

attention, but pressed forward, till he was now very near. The Guerriere then put before the wind, and the Constitution followed on, directly astern, till finding that the Guerriere would outsail her, she spread more canvass, and then gained so fast upon the chase, that she was soon enabled to choose, whether she would lie across her stern, and rake her decks, or come along side at very close quarters, and thus be again exposed to her broadsides, from which, as yet, she had sustained but little damage. It was this crisis of the affair that excited so much admiration among the British officers; for Captain Hull, instead of tearing his adversary to pieces, with comparative impunity, which, by tacking and lying across her stern, he might (*according to the opinion of the British naval officer,*) have easily done, waved his advantage, and did not fire till, coming upon the larboard quarter of the Guerriere, he shot along side, and thus gave his antagonist an opportunity to defend himself. "It was the noblest thing, (added the British officer with whom I was conversing,) that was ever done in a naval conflict!"

From the authentic accounts of this action, it is manifest that the gallant American had it in his power to rake his adversary, and from whatever motives it might have been done, he *actually* waved the advantage. If we do not charge it to his magnanimity and generosity, it must, at least, go to the account of his bravery, and his confidence (not unwarranted by the result) that he was able to subdue

the hostile ship, without availing himself of the adventitious advantage which he enjoyed.*

A gentleman at Montreal, mentioned to us, that a public dinner was given at Terrebonne, a small town a little way below Montreal, to Commodore Barclay, after his signal defeat by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. Barclay, who was sadly cut to pieces by wounds, of which he was hardly recovered, and his remaining arm (for he had lost the other before,) being suspended in a sling, gave as a volunteer toast, "Commodore Perry—the brave and humane enemy." Commodore Barclay then entered into a detailed account of Perry's treatment of himself, and of the other wounded and prisoners, who fell into his hands; and in narrating the story, he became himself so deeply affected, that the tears flowed copiously down his cheeks. The audience were scarcely less moved; and how could it be otherwise, when the speaker, who, but a few weeks before, had, without dismay, faced the tremendous

*I have taken care to ascertain, from unquestionable authority, that the above *statement of facts* is accurate. I understand, also, from the same authority, that the speedy fall of the masts of the Guerriere was the effect of *marksmanship*, and not an accidental result of random firing. The crew of the Guerriere appear to have been, in some measure, disconcerted, by their previous efforts in wearing so often, and in firing so many broadsides, and by the singularly cool and undaunted manner in which the Constitution bore down upon them. It is a fact that they fired badly, both as to rapidity and direction, and often did not even run their guns out of their port holes, but tore their own wooden walls with their own discharges.

cannonade of his enemy, could not now, without tears of admiration and gratitude, relate his deeds of kindness to himself and his companions, when suffering under wounds and defeat. O! this was a nobler triumph for Perry, than the victory which God granted to his arms!

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Scarcely had we been gratified by the above anecdote, when the New-York newspapers, which, in our parlour at Montreal, we were cheerfully perusing, informed us, that the brave, magnanimous, and gentle Perry, had fallen—not in battle on the water, but by a fever, in a foreign land. The news would have been sufficiently painful at home, but among strangers, and those who were so recently our public enemies, it gave us a severe shock: we not only felt that it was a public loss, but we neither could realize, nor wished to, that it was not our own private bereavement. Few men of his age, have done more to serve and honour their country than Perry, although we must still regret that he gave his sanction to duelling.

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After a rapid sail across the lake, and seeing the spot where the Phœnix was burnt, and, at a greater distance, the rocky channel through which General Arnold, in 1776, escaped the pursuit of the British

fleet, we arrived, early in the evening, at Burlington, where the carriage was in waiting to receive us.

Before leaving the steam-boat Congress, I will remark, that, under the auspices of her present commander, the younger Captain Sherman, who also commanded the Phœnix when she was destroyed, vigorous measures have been adopted to prevent a recurrence of a similar accident, and that we were much pleased with his management of the boat.

BURLINGTON, IN VERMONT, TO HANOVER, IN NEW-HAMPSHIRE, 84 MILES.

We were on the road three days, and, as it is not remarkably interesting, except for its wild Alpine scenery, I shall give but a sketch of it.

Burlington is one of the most beautiful villages in New-England. It stands on a bay, of the same name, is a port of entry, and has a population of probably nearly two thousand. Rising rapidly from the lake, and occupying the declivity and top of a high hill—abounding with elegant houses—generally large, and painted white—having several handsome public buildings, and (the most conspicuous and commanding of them all,) a college, situated on the most elevated ground, three hundred and thirty feet above the surface of the water; the impressions which it makes on a stranger, are very agreeable, and the more so, as it is scarcely forty years since

this region was a wilderness. Its buildings are, a court-house, a jail, an academy, a college, two handsome houses of public worship, one hundred and sixty dwelling-houses, and forty-three stores, offices, and mechanics' shops. It is the most commercial place on the lake.*

The college edifice, is a brick building, one hundred and sixty feet long, from forty-five to seventy-five wide, and four stories high. This institution was founded in 1791, under the appellation of the University of Vermont. The building is commodious; it contains about fifty private rooms, and good public apartments. This edifice stands in a most delightful situation, and from the top of it, to which I ascended, there is a grand and extensive prospect, although, in the present instance, it was obscured by a fog. The number of students was stated to me, by one of the tutors, to be from thirty to forty. It is well known that, in the Vermont republic of letters, there is a *divisum imperium*, and that the two rival institutions of Middlebury and Burlington, have long contended for preeminence.

It does not become a stranger to make any other remark, than that, in a state of no greater population, the united efforts of all the friends of learning are not more than sufficient to sustain *one* institution, as it ought to be supported; it is to be hoped therefore, that Vermont may, in due time, combine all her efforts, and blend her two institutions into one.

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

Burlington college has a library of about eight or nine hundred volumes, and a small apparatus. It is but just recovering from a state of partial disorganization, produced by the late war, when, for a season, the building was occupied by troops of the United States, and Mars put the muses to flight. The concession, however, it was understood, was not compulsory, and was handsomely paid for by the general government. The faculty, when full, consists of a President, five professors, and two tutors. At present, there is a President,* one professor, and, I believe, two tutors, who constitute the actual faculty of the institution.

It is worth a journey across the green mountains, which occupy almost the entire breadth of Vermont, and from which the state derives its name, to see the grand views which they present.

There is, in fact, a succession of mountains, one, two, three, and four thousand feet high; not here and there a single peak, but a vast billowy ocean, swelled into innumerable pointed waves, and bold ridges, and scooped into deep hollows.

There were but few precipices of naked rock; most of the sides of the mountains were in full forest, and the varied hues of the leaves of the maple and oak, now beginning to receive the first influence of frost, were finely contrasted with the bright evergreens.

*The Rev. Dr. Austin.

According to the barometrical measurements of Captain Partridge, the Camel's Rump, twenty miles east by south from Burlington, is about four thousand* feet high, and many others approach this elevation.

The day was somewhat obscured by rain, mist, and clouds, which, while they did not screen the mountains from our view, added a gloomy grandeur to the scene, and seemed the appropriate drapery of such Alpine regions.

Most of the country is still unsubdued by the plough. Innumerable stumps, the remains of the pristine forest, deform the fields—pines, and other trees, girdled, dry, and blasted, by summer's heat, and winter's cold—scorched and blackened, by fire, or piled in confusion, on fields, cleared, half by the axe, and half by burning—numerous log houses, of a rude construction, and incomparably inferior to the snug cottages of the Canadian peasantry—all these, and many other objects, indicate a country, in some parts at least, imperfectly subdued by man.

Along the Onion river, however, and its branches, we found much clear, good land; on the sides of the mountains, many fields fit for pasturage, and, almost every where, fine cattle and sheep, but very little ploughed land; every few miles also, we came to good houses, and a few villages, occurred on the journey.

* Three thousand four hundred.—Worcester's Gazetteer.

At Montpelier, in a low valley, forty miles from the lake, we found the legislature of Vermont convened.

Monpelier is a small, and rather neat village, of about one hundred families; the township, in which it is situated, contains nearly two thousand people; but this place is so secluded, that it seems as if the government had sought retirement, more than publicity, in fixing itself here. It is probable, however, that it was rather a regard to a central position, as this place is only ten miles from the centre of the State.

At a little village, where we attended public worship, in a very stormy day, we found a very thin congregation, but, in a new house, of considerable size, and much ornamented within, although, in what would, perhaps, be by some, esteemed an erroneous taste. It was, however, honourable to the public spirit of the vicinity.

We were much impressed in Canada, with the devout appearance of the Catholics in their religious assemblies, and cannot but think, that, in this respect, they have the advantage, not only of most of the Protestant congregations, in which we have been present during our journey, but also of the greater part of those, with which we have been, elsewhere, conversant, in Protestant countries.

The Canadian Catholic *seems*, at least, to be devout, while, in our Protestant assemblies, how often do we see, if not levity, at least vacancy, languor,

and apathy, and how few *appear* to be, really in earnest. If we say that the Catholic is so *in appearance only*, he may reply, with a force which it will not be easy to obviate, that there is no reason whatever to infer the *reality*, where there is not so much as the *external decorum* of worship.

The roads were good through our whole journey to Hanover, except the effects of recent rains, and considering the mountainous nature of the country.

Wherever practicable, they have followed the river courses along the alluvial bottoms, and, where they have wound around the hills, it is done with great skill and judgment. Very frequently, we rode for miles, on precipices, where the descent was, for a great many yards down, almost perfectly abrupt, and a slight deviation would have been fatal.

When we arrived at the height of land, which was about sixty miles from the lake, the streams, now tending towards the Connecticut, indicated our course, and, for six or seven miles, we descended with great rapidity, the carriage almost constantly urging the horses forward, and, at last, we found lodgings in the beautiful valley of Chelsea, completely environed by mountains, which, being free from wood, and prettily dotted, here and there, with flocks of sheep, reminded me powerfully of the Derbyshire scenery.

The village was very neat, with one of the best inns which we had seen; we were received with the kindness of a home, and with almost all its comforts.

The next day, (October 18th,) we arrived at Hanover, in New-Hampshire, having crossed the Connecticut river, from the pretty town of Norwich, on a bridge.

GEOLOGY.

The geology of the region over which we had passed, is simple and grand. About seven miles east of the lake, the primitive country begins, and the fixed rocks, running in immense ledges, north-east, and south-west, often vertical, or highly inclined in their position, and with a dip generally to the east, are principally mica slate, gneiss, clay slate, and chlorite slate. Mica slate is, far, the most, abundant. In some of these schistose rocks, hornblende prevails, but I observed no granite *in place*. Granite, however, in loose rolled pieces, some of them weighing many tons, prevails for the last forty miles; there is enough to build several cities; it is very handsome, has a fine grain, the feldspar is white, the quartz grey, and the mica black, and it is used along the road as a building stone; but we can discern no source whence it was derived, nor could I learn that there were any *fixed* rocks of the kind in this region.

I am informed that the famous Chelmsford granite, so much used in Boston, as a building stone, and which this Vermont granite strongly resembles, is found loose, like this, and that no quarry of it is known.

In Vermont, these masses of granite have every appearance of having been brought down from more elevated regions, for they are observed in deep vallies, and on the banks, and in the beds of water courses, and on the declivities, and even high up on the sides of mountains. But they are rolled and rounded; most of them approach the globular form, and all have their angles and edges worn away. Was this done in the primitive chaotic ocean, which alone could afford time for such an agency, and may they not even have been transported from a distant region, and scattered over a country to which they are strangers?

HANOVER.

Oct. 18.—This handsome village, of about sixty houses, is an agreeable object to a traveller. It is built principally upon a small hollow square, which is a beautiful green. Most of the houses are very neat, and some are large and handsome. The greater part are painted white, and have that lively appearance, so common in the villages of New-England.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

This well known, and highly respectable and useful institution, founded in 1769, by royal charter, occupies one side of the square. The principal

building, which is of wood, is one hundred and fifty feet by fifty, and three stories high; it is painted white. Besides thirty-four private rooms for the students, it contains all the public rooms, except those for the medical lectures, and the chapel.—The latter is a small plain building, of wood, standing in the position of a wing to the college. The medical lectures are given in a separate edifice, built of brick, a little out of the square, and devoted entirely to medical purposes. The building is not large, but sufficient for a school of fifty or sixty pupils, who usually assemble here during the season of the lectures, which continues twelve weeks, from the first Wednesday of October. The building would receive more, so far as its public rooms are concerned. The anatomical museum is small.

The number of medical professors is, at present, three. There is the same number* in the academical establishment, who, with the president,† and two tutors, constitute the faculty. The number of students at present, is about one hundred and fifty, and, since the termination of the recent contest, by which the old college has been confirmed in its powers, it appears to be flourishing more than before. During that contest, and while the buildings were in possession of the other party, it is said that they were con-

* If I am correctly informed, one other professorship is at present vacant.

† August, 1820.—This institution has recently been deprived, by death, of its excellent head, President Brown.

siderably injured; they are not now in the best state of repair, although it was stated that one thousand dollars had been expended upon them, since their restoration to their present possessors.

The library contains about four thousand volumes. The apparatus of this institution is not the most extensive, but is competent to the most important purposes of instruction. There are two libraries, of about two thousand volumes each, belonging to private societies among the students.

There is a separate building for commons, but, at present, none are maintained; the students board in the village, and many of them occupy apartments in it. I was informed, that it is optional with them to have rooms in college, or out, but their rooms are, in both cases, visited by the faculty, and, owing, without doubt, to the smallness of the place, no inconvenience is experienced from the fact, that a part of them are in town.

RIDE DOWN CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Oct. 19.—We passed down the New-Hampshire side of the river, eighteen miles, and then crossed into Vermont, at the beautiful town of Windsor, containing two thousand seven hundred fifty-seven inhabitants.*

There was nothing particularly interesting in the intervening country. Windsor is built upon two

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

principal streets, parallel to each other, and to the river, and, in the lower street, shews something of the bustle of business; the upper street is very quiet, and both are ornamented by very handsome houses, many of them of brick, giving an air of dignity and elegance to a small town. There are also two handsome churches, a court-house, an academy, and a state's prison.

The town has a magnificent back ground, in the high mountain Ascutney, measuring three thousand three hundred and twenty feet, above the sea, and two thousand nine hundred and three, above the surface of the river.† The form of the mountain is handsome, and presents naked rocks, at its summit.

From Windsor, we passed down the Vermont side of the river, to Charlestown, where we again crossed into New-Hampshire.

We saw, on our ride, the establishment of Mr. Jarvis, formerly a consul abroad. He has a very extensive farm, and an entire village, named Wethersfield, is owned by him, and occupied by his tenants. We passed the night at Charlestown.

This is another village remarkable for beauty. It is built upon one street, which is very wide, and, for nearly a mile, the houses are planted at distances, convenient both for neighbourhood and accommodation.

† According to Captain Partridge's measurement. This gentleman is establishing a military academy at Norwich, opposite to Hanover, and a large building is now erecting for this purpose.

Here, as at Windsor, a large proportion are very handsome, and there is an extreme degree of neatness in the fields, gardens, and door yards. The verdure being still fine, notwithstanding the period of the year, was charmingly contrasted with the brilliant white of the houses.

From Hanover to this place, the river Connecticut flows in a narrow channel, in most places so confined by very high ground, and sometimes by mountains, that it seems to run in the only possible place, and the channel appears, as if it had been cut by art, and laid with exquisite skill, through an almost impervious country. Rarely do the precipitous banks retire, so as to leave any meadows, or flat lands upon the border, and the country appears not remarkably fertile. The pines still occupy a considerable portion of it, but most of the large ones are cut away; here and there, an ancient tree, still raises its head to the winds, and towers above its compeers. In many parts of this region, very formidable fences are made by pulling up the stumps of the gigantic pine trees, and arranging them in a row, with their roots interlocked.

GEOLOGY.

The geology of this district is very simple.—At Hanover, the rocks appear to be a variety of gneiss, with so large a proportion of hornblende, as to become almost hornblende slate; and doubtless,

in some instances, they become decidedly that rock; distinct veins of crystallized hornblende intersect the rock, and it abounds in garnets remarkable for beauty; their angles are extremely well defined—their surfaces highly polished, and their colour almost as fine as that of the Spinelle Ruby. I have seen no such garnets, from the rocks of this country.

From Hanover, we pass along in the direction of the ledges of rocks, which form the hills, bounding the river; we no longer cross them, as in travelling over the green mountains, and it is not always easy, in driving rapidly by, or with the opportunity of only a very hasty examination, to pronounce confidently on their nature.

This may, however, be said, without hazard, that they are all primitive slaty rocks, generally highly inclined, or vertical.

Leaving Charlestown, we passed by its rich and extensive meadows, commencing just below the town, and extending nearly to Bellows Falls, a distance of eight miles. They were still very verdant, and rich in herds of fine cattle.

BELLOWS FALLS.

This place is worth visiting, both for its bold and picturesque scenery, and for the interesting nature of its mineralogy and geology.

On approaching Bellows Falls from the north, the traveller is first struck by the elegant appear-

ance of the small village of Rockingham, situated on the Vermont side of the river, upon ground pleasantly elevated. A neat church, semi-gothic, and several seats of gentry, who have clustered about these falls, are finely contrasted with the wildness and rudeness of the surrounding scenery. On the New-Hampshire side, a very high ridge of mountain rock, I presume five or six hundred feet above the level of the river, forms its immediate barrier, there being only just room for a narrow road between it and the Connecticut. Immediately at the foot of this frowning and impending mountain, is an elegant establishment, belonging to a gentleman, who seems not to feel what every observer must dread, that his house may be crushed by falling rocks.

Bellows Falls are very much unlike any thing of the kind which we have seen on our journey. They are rather a grand and violent rapid than a cataract, properly so called, for, in no place that I saw, did the water fall perpendicularly for any great distance. The river is, at this place, very much compressed between ledges of rocks, and, for nearly a quarter of a mile, it is hurried on with vast rapidity, and tumult, and roaring. In the whole, it falls fifty feet,* before it becomes again placid.

The bridge, which stands immediately over the falls, and at the most rapid, that is to say, at the harrowest place, is a handsome object. Its founda-

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

tion is literally a rock, for it is erected not only upon the precipices which form the banks, but upon the very ledges which interrupt the course of the river, and rise calmly, out of the turbulent scene that surrounds them. This is said to have been the earliest bridge erected over the Connecticut, and the view of the falls from it, is very interesting. The water, which for some way above, comes rushing over and among very rugged rocks, arrives in an extremely agitated state at the bridge, under which is the grand pass; for the stream is here narrowed into the width of apparently twenty or thirty feet, and rushes through with great rapidity; not, however, in the compressed state described by the apocryphal historian of Connecticut.* It is all foam, and both immediately above and below the bridge, resembles the most violent breaking of the waves of the ocean, when dashed upon the rocks, by a furious tempest. A little below the bridge, the river is again hurried on, between two salient points of rock, in a place so narrow, that one may easily toss any thing to the other side: the angry surges here struggle through with vast commotion, and rise, in white crested waves, the very sight of which makes one's head giddy.

Bellows Falls, as a piece of scenery, are peculiar, on account of a certain snugness, which marks the entire collection of mountains, rocks, and river-tor-

* Peter: who says that the water is here so dense that it cannot be pierced by a crowbar.

rent, and pretty houses, which are all approached without the slightest inconvenience, and are comprised within a very small compass. On the west side there is a canal half a mile long, around the falls; it has nine locks.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

The rocks at this pass are sienite, mica slate, and a peculiar aggregate of mica and feldspar, very much resembling sienite. The strata run in the same direction as the great mountain ranges in the vicinity, only they are very low; the torrent appears as if it had once broken through, and very possibly there might, anciently, have been a lake above this place.

I would strongly recommend a particular examination of the rocks about Bellows Falls. The few moments which I had to spend, I occupied in inspecting the ledges on the Vermont side, and below the bridge. They appear to be sometimes overflowed, for they contain numerous excavations, evidently worn by the water, agitating the pebbles and stones, and, as long as the freshet lasts, whirling them with incessant motion. Numbers of these cavities, both here and at the bridge, are of considerable dimensions; some are cylindrical, others are shaped like cauldrons, and are large enough to serve that purpose.

In the rocks alluded to, there are numerous veins, some of them a foot wide or more. The veins are

quartz or feldspar, or more frequently, they are proper granite veins. In them I observed violet or rose coloured mica, and that of a straw yellow; feldspar resembling the adularia; garnet; tourmatin, both the common black schorl, and the indicolite, and talc. In loose rocks there was also abundance of tremolite and of sappar. There can be little doubt that a few blasts of gunpowder would uncover fine fresh specimens of these interesting minerals.

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From Bellows Falls, we passed down to Walpole. This is another handsome village; some of the houses are splendid.

Putney, on the Vermont side, presented nothing particularly interesting.

We reached Brattleborough at evening, and there passed the night.

In Dummerston I saw a great slate quarry: the strata were vertical, and the excavation was like a deep canal, so that as I walked into it, the perpendicular strata formed a perfect wall on both sides, and I trod on their edges. It was a fine example of primitive roofing slate; and from this place and the vicinity, at Brattleborough, &c. it is extensively quarried, and carried down the river.

In speaking of the villages on Connecticut river, I often use the epithets beautiful, handsome, &c. till

they are in danger of becoming trite. Still I must repeat them with respect to the eastern* village of Brattleborough.

This village is built principally upon one street, and contains very few houses or shops that are not an ornament to the place. The street is parallel to the river, and passes through luxuriant meadows, spreading into an extensive champaign, bounded by the Connecticut, which here, for miles, washes the base of a grand mountain-barrier, that limits the view on the east. This view was best seen in retrospect, as we rose the hill, at the south end of the town. Thence we saw this mountain-range, probably here one thousand† feet high, covered with the richest drapery of the forest, and stretching away to the north, while the Connecticut, gently washed its foot, and the pretty village, with its white houses and brilliant church, rose in the midst of a rich meadow.

But, the most interesting object in Brattleborough, is its venerable pastor, with whom, at his pleasant rural abode, we had the honour of an evening interview. At the age of 75, he has recently returned from England, his native country, after a visit of eighteen months. He had been absent from England twenty-five years, and found, on returning to his native town, which, (except occasional visits,)

* The other village I did not see.

† This is a conjecture merely: I know not of any measurement.

he left sixty-three years since, that *but one person remembered him.* Even the monuments of his co-temporaries in the grave yard, were so moss-grown, that he could not read the inscriptions, and those of the persons who had died more recently, he did not know. He found, however, many friends in various parts of England, who remembered him with affection. The country appeared to him greatly improved, and to exhibit the most decided proofs of a thriving condition; but his *adopted* country he greatly prefers, and gladly returned to end his days in it.

The venerable man, at once an instructive and delightful MENTOR, entertained us with many of the incidents of his tour, the relation of which was enlivened by the most interesting remarks.

He is like the aged oak, whose boughs are still adorned with leaves, and whose root is still firm in the ground, although it has endured the vicissitudes of many revolving summers and winters.

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October 21*st.*—We left Brattleborough in the morning, and eleven miles below, crossed the bridge into Northfield, in Massachusetts.

Northfield is a neat village, on a wide street situated on a hill, but the houses are plain; the place had, however, an air of comfort and snugness.

GEOLOGY, &c.

In this street, a very interesting change was observed in the geology. Rocks occurred both loose and in place, *composed of fragments;* they were of every size, from a foot or even several feet in diameter, down to small grains. These fragments were evidently *the ruins of primitive rocks*:—entire pieces of granite, with all its constituent parts distinct; of gneiss, mica slate, chlorite slate, common slate, &c. were interspersed, and the cement which bound them together, was merely the same materials, reduced to a finer state. These rocks are very instructive. Coming immediately after the primitive country, and indeed in close connexion with it, and being composed of fragments of primitive rocks confusedly jumbled together, they appear to lay strong claims to a transition character.

Passing down through Northfield into Montague, we came to extensive ranges of primitive rocks, chiefly gneiss; but in them occurred great beds of granite, the first that I had seen *in place* on our whole journey. Primitive rocks continued to the upper lock of Miller's Falls: the canal here, is cut through a coarse conglomerate, composed of fragments of primitive rocks.

The scenery at this place is handsome; and at the confluence of Miller's River with the Connecticut, the latter forms a great bow, and looks like a lake surrounded by high hills.

Several miles below, we came to Miller's Falls. The river runs nearly north-west, and is precipitated over the strata, which at this place cross the river, and form a natural dam. In the middle of the river, the rocks rise so high that they form an island, and the torrent is therefore divided, as at Niagara. Through the whole width, which is one thousand two hundred feet, there is an artificial dam of timber, built upon the natural one. The fall thus becomes thirty feet, and is very beautiful in its kind. It is in fact, a vast mill-dam, and is said to be a very good miniature of Niagara. The whole scene is a fine one, and was so different from either of the other falls that we had seen, that it was an agreeable addition.

The object of damming these falls, is to feed with water, the canal which is cut around them, and to render the current for three miles above, less rapid. This canal is two miles long, and we rode along its bank, to its junction with the Connecticut.

The rocks which form the natural dam at Miller's Falls, are composed of fragments of primitive rocks; but generally these fragments are not large, rarely exceeding an inch or two in diameter, and generally smaller than that. The strata have an inclination of forty-five degrees, and have every mark of the earliest class of fragmented rocks. Are they not a variety of Greywacke? Their direction is nearly north-east and south-west.

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We crossed the Connecticut again, at the place where, by completing its great bend, it returns to its usual direction of north and south.

We now arrived in the town of Greenfield, and on ascending the hill from the river, I saw, for the first time, in this part of the country, *trap rocks in place.* They here constitute an extensive range, extremely well characterized, and, (agreeably to Mr. Hitchcock's excellent account of the geology of this vicinity,*) form, *very nearly*, the northern extremity of the great trap ranges, which commence at New-Haven and cross completely both the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut.†

The fragmented rocks, which in nearly the whole of this range, lie beneath the trap, I here had the pleasure of seeing emerge from under it, at a high angle of inclination, and at a high elevation, on the side next to the village of Greenfield.

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From the hill in question, we had a fine view of this village, which stands principally on two intersecting streets; has a number of handsome houses, and, for a country town, an uncommon proportion

* See American Journal of Science, vol. 1.

† The same that, in sketching the scenery in the middle region of Connecticut, were described early in this volume.

of brick buildings. Walpole also has a number, and Windsor a larger number than either.

Greenfield stands two miles from Connecticut river, on a high plain, which declines gently to the west. It has handsome churches, a court-house, a jail, &c.

DEERFIELD.

Just at evening, we drove over to Deerfield, a distance of three miles, through the most luxuriant and beautiful country, that we had any where seen in our whole journey. This country is the fine alluvial region, intersected by the Deerfield river, and probably formed by it, as the alluvial countries on rivers generally appear to be. Even now, in the latter part of October, the grass is most vividly green, thickly matted, and rich as the shag of velvet. The remains of the crops of corn, evinced also great productiveness, and seemed almost to realise the fables of the golden ages.

We were comfortably lodged in a good inn, just in time to visit, before dark, a very interesting antiquity in this town.

In the early periods of the history of the New-England colonies, Deerfield, being for a long course of years, a frontier town, was very often attacked by the French and Indians from Canada, and its inhabitants were frequently slain, or carried into captivity.

To guard against these attacks, an extensive fort was established, including within its limits, many of the houses, and forming a place of retreat and of security for the inhabitants.

In February, 1704, this fort was, by the negligence of the sentinel, surprised and taken, just before day light, and the inhabitants were aroused from their slumbers, by the furious attacks of cruel enemies, upon their defenceless dwellings. Most of the houses were burnt, and their wretched tenants were either dragged away into captivity, or slaughtered in their own habitations, or near them. Men, women, and children, were indiscriminately slain, and parents saw their little ones butchered before their eyes.

One house still remains, as a painful memento to posterity. The front door was hacked and hewn with hatchets, until the savages had cut a hole through it; through this hole they fired into the house; this door, which still bears its ancient wounds, and the hole, (closed only by a board, tacked on within,) remains now, as the savages left it, and is a most interesting monument.

Through the windows they also fired, and one bullet killed the female head of the family, sitting up in bed, and the mark of that bullet, as well as of four others, is visible in the room; in one of the holes in a joist, another bullet remains to this day. This family was all killed, or carried into captivity.

In the same attack, the clergyman of the place, the Rev. John Williams, and his family, shared a similar fate. Two of the children were killed at the door, Mrs. Williams, their mother, in the meadows, a little way out of town, and Mr. Williams, and the rest of the family, were carried prisoners to Canada.

We saw, in the museum, in Deerfield academy, the pistol which he snapped at the Indians, when they rushed into his bed room.

Mr. Williams* lived many years after his return, and I saw his grave, and that of his murdered wife. On the latter, is a very proper inscription, which I regret that I omitted to copy.

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Deerfield is a plain venerable town, with good buildings, but not many of them are in the modern style; this circumstance is, however, rather pleasing, than otherwise.

Deerfield extends about a mile on one street; it has a highly respectable academy, the finest meadows in New-England, and a very interesting ancient history, upon which I have no time to enlarge.

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Oct. 22.—We left Deerfield on a fine morning, and extended our ride thirty-eight miles, to Spring-

* The house of public worship, in which Mr. Williams used to preach, is still standing in Deerfield.

field. We followed the Deerfield mountain—crossed the fatal, bloody, (or, as it is now called, muddy) brook, where, on the 12th of September, 1675, Captain Lathrop, with almost his whole company, of ninety or an hundred young men, the flower of that region, was cut off by the Indians, who, to the number of seven or eight hundred, attacked them by surprize, when, as is said, most of the party were engaged in gathering grapes.

We rode down to the ferry at Sunderland, to obtain a good view of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, which is so well described by Mr. Hitchcock,* that I have scarcely occasion to remark, that it is composed of conglomerate rock, and that the mountain back of it, is trap.

We crossed through Hatfield, over to Hadley, and thence into Northampton, where we dined.—It is hardly necessary to say any thing of these scenes, which are so luxuriant, and so well known, that their beauty is quite proverbial.

Hatfield and Hadley are neat and venerable places, and Northampton is one of the finest inland towns in America.

The great bends of the river here—the bold scenery of Mount Holyoke, and Mount Tom, and the rich and grand landscape, from their summits, particularly from the former, have been often described, and can hardly be exaggerated.

* American Journal of Science.

At West Springfield, we called on the venerable Dr. Lathrop, now almost eighty-eight years old; he will complete that age, he informed us, on the last day of this month. His sight is almost extinct, but his other faculties appear unimpaired. He is erect and vigorous, walks well, and his features are not injured; his head is covered with fine white locks, and his whole appearance is very interesting. He is recently relieved from public duty by a colleague; and, after about sixty years of the most useful labours as a preacher, is well entitled to rest; as a writer of sermons,* he has been excelled by few in this country.

Oct. 23.—We passed the last night at Springfield, which, in beauty, hardly yields to any town on the river. In the morning, I visited the United States armory, and was much gratified; for order, neatness, and high excellence, in every department—under the able management of Colonel Lee, it merits the highest eulogium.

We proceeded through Long Meadow to Enfield, and, at the bridge, on the eastern side, I was pleased to observe the sand stone rocks, filled with the remains of vegetables, bituminized and carbonized, and affording one indication, among many, of a region containing coal. This, and the contiguous places, should be more attentively examined.

* Allusion is here, of course, made to the volumes of sermons, which *he has published.*

Through Windsor, we proceeded to Hartford, and, arriving there before evening, almost five weeks from the time of our departure, found those in health and prosperity, who were most interesting to us; and, in the retrospect, perceived much cause for satisfaction, and still more for gratitude, that, in travelling nearly twelve hundred miles, not one disaster, nor one serious disappointment, had given us occasion to regret the undertaking.

REMARK.

I have said very little of the public houses and accommodations, on the journey. Should this be thought a deficiency, it is easily supplied; for, we found them, almost without exception, so comfortable, quiet, and agreeable, that we had neither occasion, nor inclination to find fault.

Great civility, and a disposition to please their guests, were generally conspicuous at the inns; almost every where, when we wished it, we found a private parlour and a separate table, and rarely, did we hear any profane or coarse language, or observe any rude and boisterous deportment.

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